THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A ... kly
Found... Franklin

Volume 200, Number 24

5cts. Dec. 10, '27

Garet Garrett — George Agnew Chamberlain — Charles Francis Coe — Frank Condon
Richard Howells Watkins — J. P. Marquand — Albert W. Atwood — Kenneth L. Roberts

BRITTLE BAR WITH PUFFED WHEAT

2 cups granulated sugar
Quaker Puffed Wheat (or Puffed Rice) Nuts

Put two cups granulated sugar in a perfectly smooth granite pan. Place on a range and stir constantly until melted to a syrup, taking care to keep sugar from sides of pan. Place nuts and Quaker Puffed Wheat (or Puffed Rice) in a buttered tin and pour syrup over this. Cool and mark into squares.

*PUFFED RICE BALLS—See recipe below

PUFFED WHEAT KISSES

4 egg whites
3 cups Quaker Puffed Wheat (or Puffed Rice)
½ tsp. vanilla
1 cup powdered sugar
1 cup chopped dates or 1 cup shredded coconut

Beat egg whites until stiff, then add sugar slowly. Fold in Puffed Wheat, dates (or shredded cocoanut) and vanilla. Drop from a spoon on buttered tin and bake in a moderate oven for about 30 minutes. Do not remove from pan until partly cooled.

Answering The Call For Christmas Sweets That Omit Digestive Regrets

Some Unique Recipes From a Famous Candy Maker for Charming New Sweets that are Marvelous in More Ways than One

Here is a new idea in Christmas sweets that everyone, and especially mothers, will appreciate: Sweets gay, adventurous and enticing; yet kind to the stomach at the time of all times such kindness is most greatly needed.

The recipes on this page are all deliciously good. A famous caterer has long made a daily "special" of the unique confections they result in. People come from all over to get them.

Easy to prepare in a few minutes, they offer an entirely NEW note to the holiday scheme of candies and sweets. They are just sweet enough to attract, and lack the *too sweetness* that often characterizes heavier candies at Christmas.

AND—above all things—the youngsters can eat all they want of them, wherever or whenever they want.

To make them, you obtain Quaker Puffed Rice and Quaker Puffed Wheat, a package of each at any grocery store. That is all—the rest of the ingredients you have in the house.

Quaker Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam puffed to eight times its natural size; then oven toasted and crisped. In themselves, they taste like nutmeats—made into sweets, as the recipes suggest, they become the most delightful of confections.

Quaker Puffed Rice is selected rice, exploded and toasted like the Puffed Wheat. Both contain vital food elements of the finest grain food, and thus combine unique deliciousness with definite food value.

(Below) PUFFED WHEAT PRALINES

2½ cups powdered sugar
1 cup maple syrup
1 cup Quaker Puffed Wheat (or Puffed Rice)
½ cup cream
1 cup pecans

Boil the first three ingredients until soft ball is formed in cold water. Remove from fire and beat until a creamy consistency. Add nuts and Puffed Wheat and drop from tip of spoon in small piles on buttered paper.

*PUFFED RICE BALLS

1 cup corn syrup or molasses
2 tbsps. vinegar
1 cup sugar
Quaker Puffed Rice (or Puffed Wheat)

Boil syrup or molasses, sugar and vinegar until a little snaps when dropped in cold water. Pour this over ½ package of Puffed Rice. Mix well, form into balls or fritters with the hands, rubbing the hands with a little butter. Drop on waxed paper to harden and cool.

(At Left) QUAKER NUGGETS

3 cups Quaker Puffed Rice (or Puffed Wheat)
1 cup molasses
2 tbsps. vinegar
½ cup sugar
1 tbsp. butter or margarine
½ tsp. soda

Mix molasses, vinegar, sugar and butter. Heat slowly to the boiling point, then boil to 265 degrees or until a little of the mixture becomes brittle when dropped in cold water. Remove from the fire, stir in the soda and pour over the Puffed Rice in a large bowl. Stir with a large spoon until well mixed, then drop small spoonfuls of the mixture on waxed paper to harden.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

LUCILE'S FAVORED PATRONS RECEIVE A CHARMING CHRISTMAS GIFT

© H. K. Co.

LOVELY AMERICAN STOCKINGS IN PARIS SHADES

avec les compliments de la saison — Lucile

The same lovely stockings in the original Lucile French box are available at leading stores for your gift purposes.

EACH famous dressmaking establishment of Paris enjoys the exclusive patronage of certain notable women. At Christmas it is the custom for these *maisons la couture* to present their distinguished patronesses with thoughtfully selected gifts.

This Christmas, American stockings will carry the tidings of Maison Lucile. Lovely stockings, as sheer and filmy as the most sophisticated Parisienne could wish, and yet possessing practical features French stockings do not have.

These stockings, however, *are* French in one very important respect. That is their color.

Lucile, the master artist of the mode and famous for color harmonies in dress, creates new Holeproof shades before each season's opening.

As gowns and shoes are colored, hosiery shades must find their place. That's why the shades in Holeproof Hosiery represent the smartest fashion knows in every mode. One in choosing them may know unquestionably that each new color is introduced in this fine hosiery months in advance of any other.

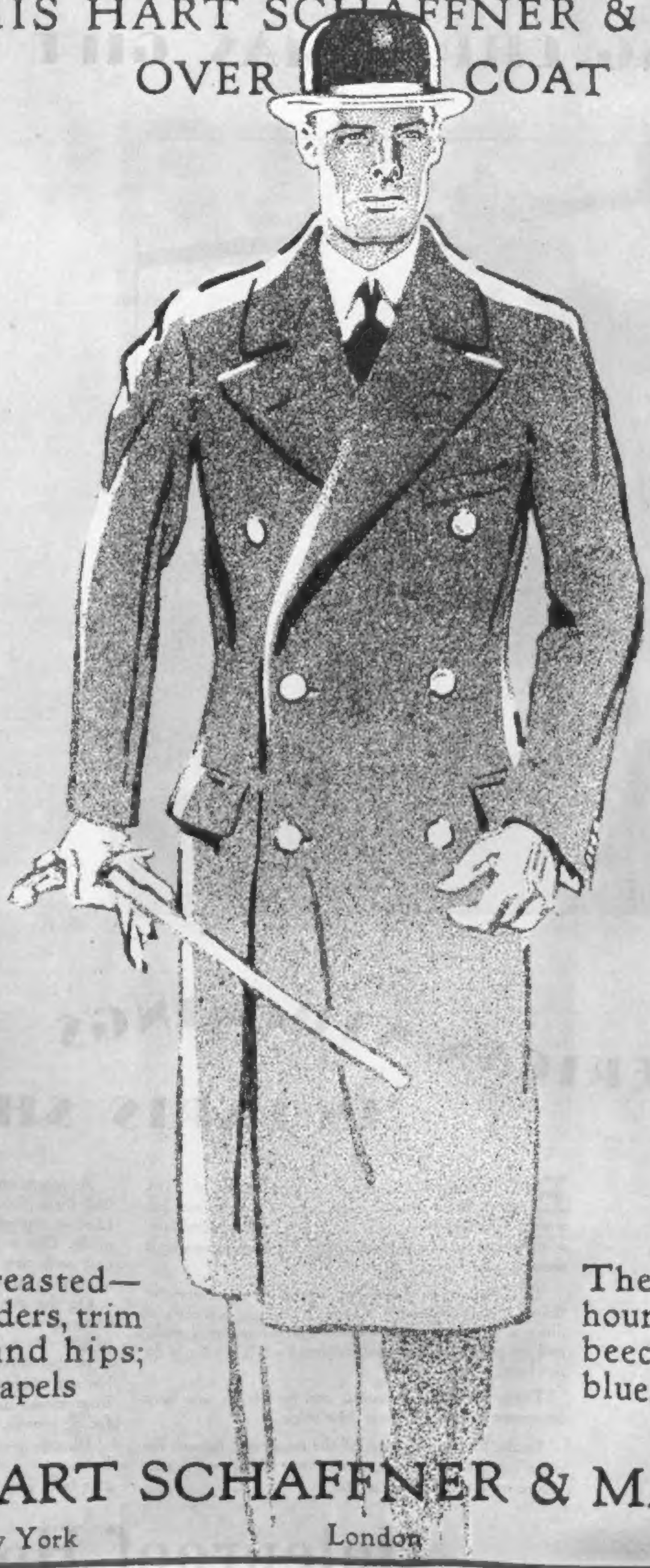
On the same day that new shoe leathers and dress materials are shown, Lucile Paris shades are at your store to give you a chic new ensemble complete.

In the weaving of sheer, lovely stockings Holeproof has won world-wide recognition. All are remarkably free from streaks and shadows. Paris colors are set by a non-fading process.

Choose from a wide variety of transparent chiffon or heavier service weights of pure thread silk. Each pair is free from imperfections. Prices $1.00 to $2.95.

Holeproof Hosiery

ON THE STYLE LEADERS EVERYWHERE
THIS HART SCHAFFNER & MARX
OVER COAT



It's double breasted—
has good shoulders, trim
at the waist and hips;
wide graceful lapels

The colors are Grey-
hound shades, Copper-
beech browns, Smoke
blues and solid blacks

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

New York London Chicago

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
George H. Lorimer, Vice-President
F. S. Collins, Treasurer and Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Copyright, 1927, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., Richmond, Va., Boston, Mass.

Volume 200 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., DECEMBER 10, 1927 — $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) — Number 24

The American Book of Wonder

By GARET GARRETT

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

TO STAND first in the earth, above the hill, is the part of one people at a time by lot and period. The sign of it went to and fro in Asia before there was a Western civilization. Sometime it gilded the dome of Africa; Rome conquered it; for 1000 years it was lost; then it rose again in Europe. Now it comes to us. Its appearance on this continent is an omen of great change; and if events have naturally a displacement in years appropriate to their magnitude, it follows that we are cast in this firstness for a long experience, with tasks to do and errands to go not yet imagined.

Here is the beginning of power in new series with new meaning. Never before had people so much power either actual or relative. The fact came suddenly to view, as if it had not been historically prepared, and that is a way of happening peculiar to the things of destiny. Nobody knows what destiny is. Often it is merely a word to dismiss questions we cannot yet answer. If perhaps it is in itself a necessity higher than our own, we do not know what law it obeys. But it does seem certain that it cannot act where there is nothing to be acted upon. For the opportunity to bring its ends to pass, it must be supposed to require conditions. Therefore, as concerning the cause, whether you conceive it to have been circumstantial or mysterious, you come to the same question. You may ask by what means we have arrived unawares at this place or you may ask what was here to attract this destiny. It is all the same.

What were the conditions?

Other people are asking—most anxiously the people of Europe, because world supremacy in one hand or another had been so long a possession of theirs that they had come to think of it as a natural right. Engineers, bankers, economists, trained observers and various missions under private and public mandate have been sent hither to discover the sources and secrets of American power. What they have found and reported in every case were the effects. Wealth, prosperity, method—these are the functions of American power; works and things are its visible aspects. Wipe them out entirely and they will presently appear again for the same first reason and in the same meaning. No foreign analysis of American conditions has discovered either that reason or that meaning.

The German investigators, with no word in their own language for what we mean when we say prosperity, have been deeply impressed by the rationality of our mechanical and methodical procedures; they have already produced a literature on the rationalization of industry, which is now having vogue throughout Europe; and they have, of course, been rationalizing German industry, more or less as the Berlin banker rationalized his clerical department after having seen in the Federal Reserve Bank of New York time-saving equipment and method by means of which one American clerk did the work of twenty German clerks. He imported both the equipment and the method and let out nineteen clerks in every twenty; but when an American asked him if he had raised the pay of the twentieth clerk he was unable to comprehend the meaning of the question. Had the clerks bought the equipment or discovered the method? No. Did the twentieth clerk work any harder than he had worked before? No. Then why should he have more pay? That view, of course, is rational.

Also, the German mind got the skyscraper idea objectively, and the first tall building

Trained Observers Have Been Sent Hither to Discover the Sources of American Power. What They Have Found and Reported Were the Effects

appeared in Berlin. Because it was intended to house shipping and export trading companies, it was made to resemble the bow of a ship. The meaning of the American skyscraper, like the meaning of the Gothic cathedral, is of the spirit. It cannot resemble anything because its essence is original. The spirit of a thing cannot be borrowed; it is possible to make an effigy of it.

The British have identified a more significant effect. They have been seeking the American secret of high wages.

A London newspaper sent a delegation of trades-union people on a voyage of discovery. They visited many works, touched the fur coats and silk garments in the individual lockers of American industry's women workers, stared at the wage earners' motor cars parked by hundreds around the factory, talked a good deal about wage-rate systems and the different theories that govern them—and went home no wiser. Their report was a tale of wonder.

Two British engineers produced a sensation with a book on the dynamics of American industry. More mechanical power, keener instruments, better method and mass production at low costs—there was the secret. Let England mind. But here again the mistake of taking effect as cause. Multiple production, now called mass production, is as old as industrial machines; Great Britain had it first. What makes it so astonishing to them as they now see it in the United States is the degree of its development, which is merely an effect. Besides, there is mass production in Great Britain directly copied from us. You may see it. At Oxford is a motor plant where the form of practice, moving platform and all, is as it is in Detroit. An American, who was neither an engineer nor an industrialist, going through this plant, came to the paint job. They seemed particularly proud of it and said to him, "Here we can paint a body in two minutes."

The American, knowing the output, made a mental calculation and said, "In that case you might easily do the whole job in one stall. Why four stalls here in the middle of your plant, making a bad traffic jam, when you could paint all your bodies in one?"

They said, "Our customers, unfortunately, are not so easily pleased as your own. We have to give them a choice of at least four colors."

The American said, "Yes. Still, why four stalls when one would do?"

Seekers After the American Secret

THEY said, patiently, "Don't you see?—the man there now is spraying black paint. The next body may call for blue. If he should have to blow all the black paint out of his tube and clean it for blue, that would be wasteful both of time and of material—what you Americans call inefficient."

The American said, "Yes. But why not four tubes to one stall?"

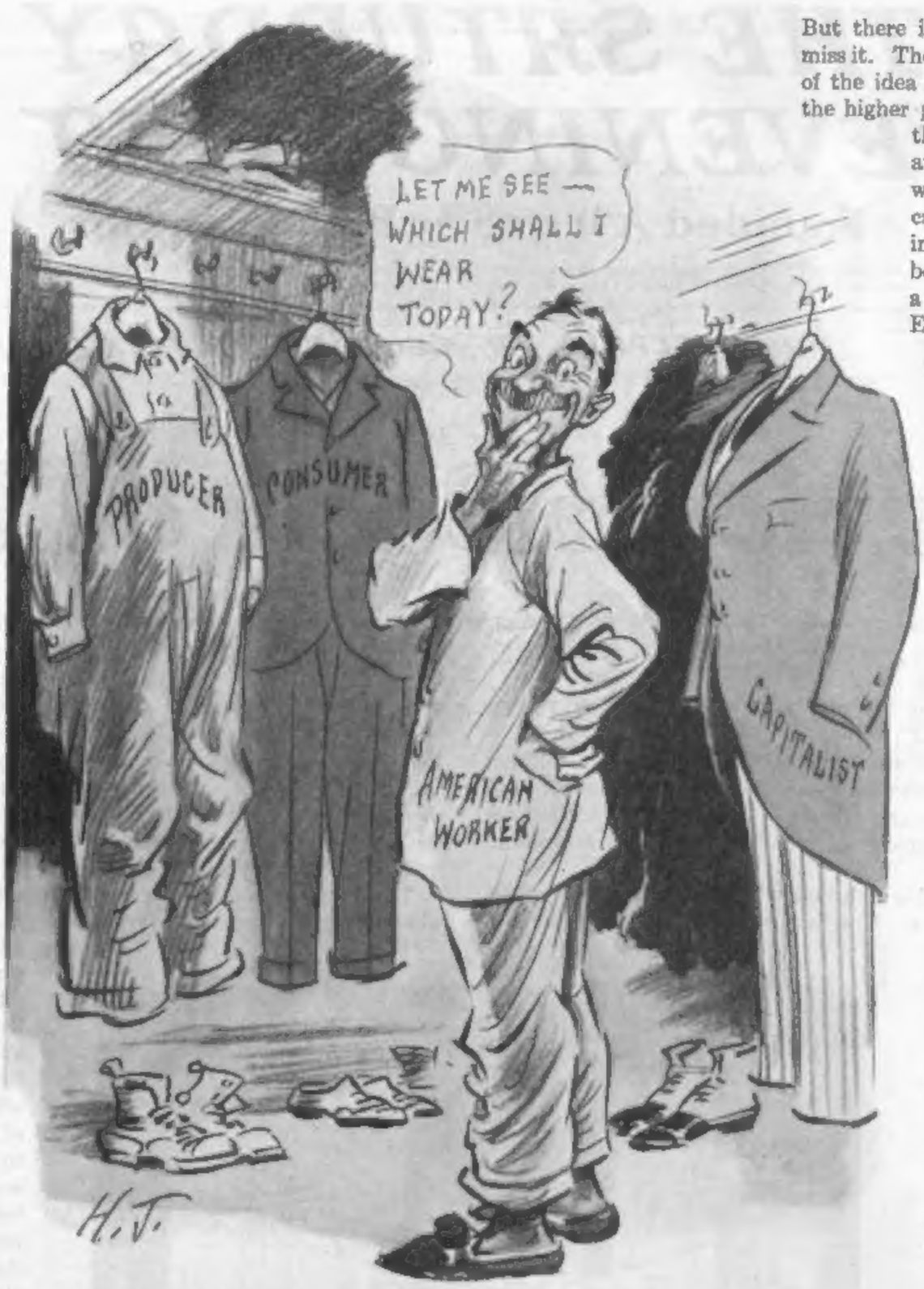
They were silent for a minute, and then answered, "Do you know, that idea had never occurred to anyone here."

The American tried to think of some way to tell them why it would be impossible for such an idea not to occur to someone in an American plant, why it might occur just as easily to the man handling the paint tube as to the superintendent, why the man at the paint tube could not help imparting it once it had occurred to him, and why —— But he gave it all up and said nothing. There was the form and not the spirit.

Then a royal British delegation was appointed by His Majesty's Government to study and report on industrial conditions in the United States. It did a typical British job, full of excellence, and reported, among other discoveries, that:

"The workpeople accept experiments toward reduced costs of production, as they have always found that the result of lower costs has been increased consumption and consequently more employment."

The British point of view is explicit in the term "workpeople." It is thereafter implicit in the assumption that when costs are reduced and consumption consequently has been increased, the blessing of it to the workpeople is more employment.



We Think Much Less About Wealth Than About Prosperity, and They are Not the Same

Lastly, the League of Nations decides to make a careful study of American industry in contrast with that of Europe in order to see if it will be possible, quoting the words of Monsieur Loucheur, "to transpose certain parts of the American system into the European system."

As well speak of transposing certain parts of a tree. You might have all the parts, yet without the subtle principle of the living tree, the natural laws of its origin, growth and reproduction, you would have only lumber for your pains. The whole American industrial system is an effect—the mere visibility of invisible powers.

What parts of it, as parts, Europe would like to transpose are not hard to guess. One of the French explorers was André Siegfried, an eminent economist, who wrote a book entitled America Comes of Age. A brilliant book, containing glimpses of deep political insight. The French mentality is political. But as to the American industrial system, touching the same idea that now animates the economic mind of the League of Nations, Monsieur Siegfried says:

"The question that Europeans find most intriguing is whether America will be able to withstand international competition and at the same time maintain her enormous wages and exceptional standard of living. Possibly we are not aware of the immense effort that has been made since the war to adapt American industry to the change in the labor market, by installing the very latest equipment. One is almost tempted to state that Europe, with her intelligence, technical perfection and high civilization, could adopt the same policy and also profit by her lower wages and less pretentious mode of living."

Which is only to show how far he had missed it—the secret they all come seeking.

They see in the American system low costs of production, high wages, high standards of common living; and they think, "If only we had those low American costs with our low European wages, how profitable that would be!"

What they seek is not obvious. Certainly it is a difficult truth to see through all the dimness of Old World traditions and mind habits.

But there is one definite and fatuous reason why they miss it. Their characteristic approach is under the tyranny of the idea that Americans got rich in the war. Thus all the higher phenomena of American prosperity appear to them to have occurred by chance and to wear an aspect of post-wartime unreality. Even when upon reflection they recognize that other causes must have been acting, still, almost invariably they put that notion first. It has become a morbidity of European thought. For a fairly complete representation of it see any European article on the subject of war debts or on the possibilities of an economic union of Europe against the United States. The following paragraphs from an essay in the English Review—London conservative monthly—are orthodoxy:

> The greater part of the gold in circulation throughout the world is now held by the United States, which, moreover, has enjoyed a prodigious commercial and industrial development since the war. New York has become a business center whose supremacy is evident. While the nations of Europe were fiercely fighting each other and concentrating their entire energy on the struggle, the economic acuteness of the United States was able to exert itself in Latin America, Japan, China and throughout the Far East, and thus capture very important markets. When the war was over the state of exhaustion in which the belligerent countries found themselves compelled them to resort to American aid, and the United States thus secured a position of constantly increasing importance in European markets, as well as in the East, Turkey, Persia and elsewhere.
>
> Possessing the greater part of raw materials, tremendous industrial and commercial power and practically unlimited financial resources, she acquired a preponderant influence in the world with a vigor and on a scale that could not be foreseen before the war. Indeed, in 1914—and European business circles were not unaware of the fact—many of the big industrial concerns in the territory of the Union found themselves in an extremely precarious position. The preference share of the Mercantile Marine was worth only four dollars. Bethlehem Steel was quoted at between twenty-five and thirty dollars. The Submarine Boat Company was on the verge of bankruptcy. Dupont Powder, the Steel Corporation, Westinghouse Electric, Gulf Steel and many other companies were in no better position.

The royal delegation appointed to study industrial conditions in the United States could not avoid the thought that we had been war-made. It wrote:

"The war gave an impetus to the expansion of manufacture in all branches of industry and left the United States a creditor nation in relation to Europe." Immediately it was obliged to add: "Since 1922 there has been a rapid increase in the volume of manufacture in most branches of industry."

If the wartime expansion of American industry was a cause in itself, then what was the expansion after 1922? Another cause in itself?

Two Solutions of the Same Problem

IT IS true, the war stimulated industry in the United States, necessarily; it stimulated industry also in Great Britain, France, Germany—everywhere—to the utmost. That after the war there was not a farther expansion in Europe, such as occurred in the United States, is the crucial fact. Conditions were similar on both sides. Inflated wages, high costs, people wanting more things than they had ever wanted before, and from the war an industrial capacity much greater than had ever existed in peacetime. The problem was the same there as it was here—whether to cheapen goods or cheapen labor.

One way is to satisfy more wants; the other way is to limit them. We cheapened the goods simply by increasing the productivity of labor, and found not only that what had been regarded as an excess of industrial capacity could be employed but that more and more was needed.

In July, 1926, the Monthly Labor Review, published by the United States Department of Labor, said: "We are at the present time experiencing the most remarkable advance in productive efficiency in the history of the modern industrial system." That means the cheapening of goods; it means low costs and high wages. The aim is prosperity.

This advance in productive efficiency was the direct cause of that rapid increase in the volume of manufacture since 1922 referred to by the royal delegation. The war stimulus had nothing whatever to do with it; neither had gold anything to do with it, nor the fact that we had become a creditor nation in relation to Europe.

It is not entirely from selling itself a political propaganda against debt payment that the European mind becomes

fixed upon the thought that it was the war made Americans rich, nor from perversity alone that it takes this to be proved by the facts, first, that the United States suddenly appears as a creditor nation where always before it had been debtor, and, second, that it has half of all the money gold in the world.

The Europeans' way of regarding wealth would lead them to believe what they assert. They think of possessions as wealth. Gold is capital, foreign investments are assets, and such is wealth.

Our way of thinking is dynamic. Gold is not capital. What we call capital is some means whereby goods are increasingly produced to satisfy human wants—tools, ideas, methods, power stations, motor cars, conveyor belts; and as for foreign investments, they represent something we have done with goods instead of consuming them ourselves.

We think much less about wealth than about prosperity, and they are not the same. The measure of prosperity is not what a people may possess; it is what they consume. The per capita wealth of Robinson Crusoe's kingdom was very great. Two men possessed everything. Yet their state of prosperity was low, because without the engines and tools to multiply the power of their hands they could not produce more than enough to satisfy the wants of simple necessity. All the gold in the world, all the foreign investments in the world, plus unlimited sources of raw materials, would not have increased their prosperity in the least.

So in the foreign doctrine that the United States got rich in the war one must recognize both malice of fable and disability of view.

The facts are these: Above their own exertions in the war, the American people, out of their own resources, produced and loaned to the Allies goods to the value of $10,000,000,000. Since the war, the American people, though their own wants were rising, have nevertheless produced and loaned to European and other foreign countries goods to the value of $10,000,000,000 more. For these goods we hold receipts in the form of paper promises to repay. Whether in fact we shall ever be repaid, or if so, how, we do not know. That is not the topic. The question is how the United States could have got rich, how its prosperity could have been increased at all, by lending away to other people in the course of ten years some $20,000,000,000 worth of consumable goods.

If we were receiving any of them back, or the material equivalent, it might be supposed that we were now enjoying a postponed power of consumption. But we are not. We are still lending away more than we are getting back. All we have to show for the goods we have loaned away to Europe are bonds—some of them of very dubious value. We cannot eat or wear foreign bonds, we cannot ride them, we cannot use them as T-beams or turbine blades, and they have no fuel value. Among all the absurdities of economic thought, this is perhaps the most weird, that a nation may achieve prosperity by exporting more than it imports.

No material part of the spectacle of American prosperity is owing to the war; it is in spite of the war, in spite of our having loaned away, perhaps forever, enormous quantities of goods that we have not ceased to want for ourselves. It may be that we owe to the experience of war a sense of power that might otherwise have come a little more slowly, a lesson in solidarity, a clarification of the national mind, a new faith in our own values; but it is no such business of the spirit people mean when they say it was the war gave Americans first place in the world.

There are certain conditions existing in nature and circumstance. Everyone knows what they are. Item: The extent and variety of our resources in raw materials. Item: Our self-containment in essential food staples. Item: The size of our jealously protected domestic market, with its apparently insatiable capacity to absorb goods. Item: Enormous quantities of cheap mechanical power. And so on.

These are conditions very favorable to economic greatness—even indispensable. But America's economic greatness is not the phenomenon in view. There is a definite event to be accounted for—namely, the passing of world supremacy from Europe to America. No table of natural resources and geographical advantages will explain why that has happened. Try but a few simple reductions.

Raw materials?

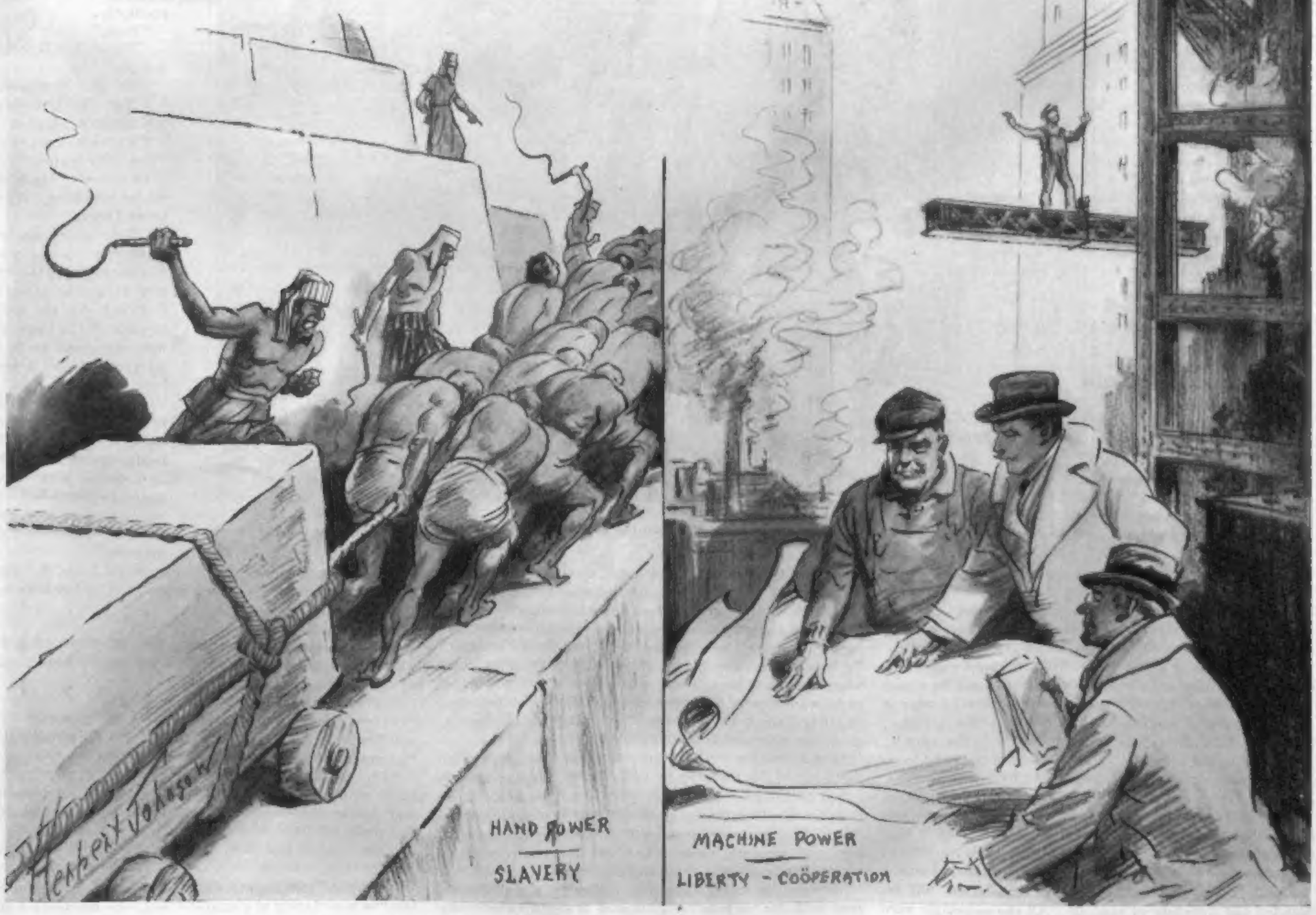
Access to sources of raw materials has presented no problem to Europe in the past, nor does it present any problem now. Those who are urging an economic union of Europe against America already are boasting that Europe, with her vast colonial possessions, is superior to the United States in such resources, and this is undoubtedly true. Moreover, there is the fact that the United States is the world's heaviest buyer of raw materials. We are, for example, Great Britain's largest rubber customer.

Our self-containment in food staples?

Europe for more than half a century has deliberately pursued the policy of exchanging manufactured goods for food, skilled labor for peasant labor, as a paying proposition. Besides, the market for food staples is an international market; the price is a world price.

The capacity of our domestic market? This is, of course, very important. No country in

(Continued on Page 71)



The Pyramids Were Built by One Way With Wealth, the Skyscrapers by Another

THE STRANGER AT THE FEAST

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

With One Hand She Held to the Bottom Rung of the Ladder and With the Other She Was Dragging In the Man

BURIED alive for seven years," muttered Tappen to himself through clenched teeth. "That's what it amounted to—buried alive." He was leaning over the rail of the dirty coaster, watching the stevedores unload his back pay. Up it came, more and more of it, in sacks, bundles, bales, and even in loose logs. The thing he had done might not be ethics anywhere outside of a prize court, but it was sheer justice below the line and over the rim of the world. What his pay could have bought, had he been paid, was all he had wrested from the tight fist of fate, and here it was. Monkeynuts and smelly copra by the metric ton, a few bales of Mozambique pink rubber, five hundred kilos of live ivory and fifty choice logs of the bastard ebony of the east coast. All marked:

"Cornell Tappen, Marseilles"—and this was Marseilles.

"Add two with Porter's Column," he growled. "That makes nine—nine years sliced out of life. How fast do you have to run to catch up with nine years?"

It is not only the mad who talk aloud to themselves. The cleverer a man is, the surer will he have formed the same habit after seven years away from his own kind. Seven years of sitting under a lean-to behind a pair of scales, of keeping an eye on Goanese storekeepers, of hounding native *capalaces* so that they in turn would hound the desultory labor. Seven years of watching the lazy ebb and flow of the black tide of Africa, dark current across the human spillway, warm and cold, sinister and gay, dewy fresh and stinking old, but never familiar—forever as alien as the crocodiles in the creeks or the ghastly baobab trees of the arid plains.

Hold that imbedded in the back of sight and then look up to see the fair city of Marseilles, lying like a teasing woman between the cool Cévennes and the deep blue Gulf of the Lion. It is a wonder he did not shout instead of mutter. His browned hands gripped the rail as if he would hurl himself over it bodily at the mirage. Then he relaxed and a peculiarly winning smile flickered across his face, puckered with the myriad tiny wrinkles of the tropics. Counting in the nine lost years, he was only thirty-four; leaving them out, he was merely a lad fresh from college. After all, there was one thing he had brought out of Africa besides his pirated back pay—patience. Not patience the virtue, but patience the deadly weapon.

He straightened and stretched with a supple movement of his narrow hips. He had a body that tapered like a wedge. It was thin to the point of emaciation, but reminded one somehow of rawhide. All the essentials were there—bone, muscle and brain—crying out for new air and fresh food to show what they could do in the way of presenting a full-grown man to a jaded world.

In spite of his empty pockets, soiled cotton-drill clothes and badly dented sola topee, Tappen offered a prepossessing figure as he strolled along the Quai de la Fraternité. Perhaps the fact that his misshapen helmet and threadbare white shoes had been freshly pipe-clayed overnight helped to raise the tone of his appearance out of the bass octave of the beach comber. That one touch stamped him gentleman, but otherwise got him nowhere.

He was looking for a certain name. It was not to be his first visit of the morning by any means. He had already called on three of the largest importing firms and learned the absolute futility of a beggar in search of a king's ransom. The merchants he managed to see merely glanced at him, and promptly measured the goods he had to sell by his need instead of at their value.

He was not angry. A horse ridden by a well-dressed man with his pockets full of money is worth twice—nay, ten times—as much as the same horse ridden by a starving tatterdemalion with a tongue black from thirst. It was an unpleasant truth, but its hoary age demanded respect.

He found the name, not on the Quai itself but in an alley just off it. From the wall beside a narrow door protruded a shingle bearing the single word "Zubenbüler." He opened the door, brushed by a clerk who happened to have his back turned, entered a room beyond and discovered the man he was after. Zubenbüler was a Swiss and the indirect agent of half a dozen German firms, one of which was a large user of bastard ebony. He had a high-domed bald head, but a blond mustache proclaimed him still in his fifties. Here Tappen was more in his element, for he knew himself to be in the presence of a man who could look through the bronze of a strange face and see his own youth as in a mirror.

"East or west coast?" asked the Swiss promptly.

"East."

"Tanga? Dar-es-Salaam?"

"Oh, no. Parapato."

"Not the Bennington Reserve, Limited?"

Tappen smiled. "Yes—the corpse."

"I know. They blew up for a million. What broke them?"

"The war—native prosperity—a ten-year hang-over from the big pay of a few months. Couldn't get the well-to-do Kaffir to leave his new wives and go back to work. Don't blame him, do you?"

Zubenbüler shook his head. "With two or three wives to hoe his fields, pound his millet and fetch wood and water, he'd be a fool—as big a fool as you and I. . . . What can I do for you?"

"I don't have to explain the kind of fix I was in," said Tappen frankly. "Not to you anyway. I had to take my pay in produce or not at all."

"What have you got?"

"Fifty logs of Angoche ebony. We both know what it's worth, landed. I'll knock off 25 per cent for spot cash against the bills of lading."

"Where are they?"

"Here," said Tappen, and produced the papers.

"You're in a hurry, aren't you?" said Zubenbüler, his lips smiling faintly under the thin blond mustache.

"Oh, you know how it is," said Tappen, answering the smile with another. "I'm starved—starved for pleasure and clothes and the taste of good food. Man alive, why do you make me think of them?"

"Yes, I know how it is," said the agent. "I'll take the logs."

"Thanks," said Tappen with a sigh of relief. Five minutes later he was staring at a sizable check. He borrowed a pen and indorsed it. "Do you mind sending out for the cash?"

"Not at all." Zubenbüler called to the clerk, handed him the check and gave him the necessary order. "I was counting on that," he continued to Tappen.

"Counting on my asking for the cash?"

"Yes. I've played fair with you; now it's your turn. What else have you got?"

Tappen hesitated. "You're right," he said presently. "It's only fair to tell you." He started to enumerate the sum total of his back pay.

"One moment," interrupted Zubenbüler, reaching for a pad of paper. "Now. Start again."

Tappen obeyed, and when he had finished the agent began figuring, occasionally referring to the file of correspondence on his desk or to the morning paper. The clerk returned with the proceeds of the check. Tappen counted the money and stuffed it into a flat wallet which immediately cracked at the seams, making him laugh. Zubenbüler looked up with a frown, and then smiled.

"Dry rot, eh?" He tore the slip on which he had been writing from the pad and handed it across the desk. Tappen studied the figures after each item carefully. Then he totted up the column and the color began to rise to his sallow cheeks. The sum frightened him. He had known all along approximately what his produce was worth, but never before had he quite visualized it as a small fortune.

"What's the matter?" asked the agent sharply.

"Easy—easy now," said Tappen with his disarming smile. "Can't you let me enjoy my thrill?"

"Thrill, eh?" said Zubenbüler. "Does that mean we close for the lot at that price?"

"No—not yet," answered Tappen. "Let me show you the inside of my mind." He tapped the wallet. "Zubenbüler, I was counting on taking some of this money, fitting myself out to look like a million dollars and going back along the Quai for amusement. I was going to set all those big fellows by the ears, scrapping for my stuff, and in the end I was looking forward to making all but one of them eat dirt."

"Not a chance," said the agent promptly. "You haven't got enough stuff. It looks like a lot to you, and I admit it would be the largest single order I've ever handled, but to the half dozen big fellows you're thinking of it would be merely an item. You can believe me or go and find out for yourself."

Tappen waved the slip of paper. "How much more than this would I get, do you think? Do you mind telling me?"

"No," said Zubenbüler, after a pause, the faint smile twitching the ends of his mustache. "If you worked hard enough and waited long enough you might raise some of the lots as much as 15 per cent, but I'll bet you a supper at the Maison des Romans et Étrangers that in the end you wouldn't average 5 per cent over my offer—counting out your expenses in the meantime."

"That's straight?"

"On my honor."

"Then the deal's closed. What are the terms?"

"Thirty, sixty and ninety days."

"All right," agreed Tappen. "Make the first draft on Paris, the second on London and the third on New York."

He asked for the address of the best tailor in town, promised to send for the drafts during the afternoon, sauntered out and stood for a moment on the Quai as if taking a long farewell of the shipping. When he began to walk it was by fits and starts. He would begin slowly, enjoying the snap in the air of the fine April day, grow absent-minded, awake to find himself racing along, and stop with an abruptness which was comical to others and highly amusing to himself. He diagnosed the symptoms accurately. Life was bubbling in him—an uncorked bottle of champagne.

He was unconscious of the fact that his vagaries were causing somebody else distinct discomfort. Almost from the moment he had left the ship he had been shadowed. During every one of his visits to the merchant princes, and throughout his protracted stay in Zubenbüler's office, a dingy figure had followed him from afar, waiting in niches or standing blotted against a wall. In no other port of Europe would a red fez, khaki shorts and bare brown legs have been so inconspicuous.

Tappen had completely forgotten his Swahili servant, Abdul. He had not forgotten him in a moment, but through a slow process covering several weeks. For years, in common with every other white resident of Africa, he had looked upon his "boy" as the basic necessity in life—the shortest road to all other needs. Through him one acquired food, clean linen, a hot bath, general comfort, amusement and endless information.

Two months ago life without a "boy" would have been simply unlivable, and it had not even occurred to Tappen to leave Abdul behind when he bade farewell to the tropics. For several days after they boarded the steamer this subconscious sense of utter dependence had still persisted. It was Abdul who brought his master's morning coffee and shaving water, laid out his clothes and pipe-clayed his shoes. Then they struck the monsoon. When Abdul staggered into the cabin his clear brown complexion had turned saffron and yellow shot with green. Unfortunately, he was forced to give up a valiant fight in Tappen's outraged presence.

After that it was the steward who attended competently to Tappen's wants, and Abdul, in the steerage, became more and more of a shadow. His master visited him occasionally to see how he was getting along, but even after he had completely recovered he was not reinstated. Gradually Tappen had perceived the insidious treachery of background and that an everyday necessity in Africa might become a fantastic encumbrance in other lands. As a consequence it had been almost a relief when, only that morning, the lack of a passport or other identifying papers had condemned Abdul to remaining on board until such time as the steamer should return to his native port.

But Tappen was only moderately surprised, upon looking out of the tailor's window, to see Abdul standing like a stork beside a lamp-post, rubbing one bare calf with one bare foot. At first he was angry; then the woebegone expression of the boy's face forced an unwilling smile to his own lips. After all, there is something besides servitude between master and the willing slave—an allegiance approaching the fine texture of friendship. He opened the door and called. Abdul approached slowly, but without servility; almost he seemed to move within an aura of philosophic calm.

(Continued on Page 103)

His Eyes Glanced at the Door Longingly and Then Fell on a Well-Shod Foot

The Harvard Square Student

By J. P. MARQUAND

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"OLD fellow," said Beverley Witherspoon, on one of those lean years when the sudden ending of the war forced us reluctantly to earn our living, "do you happen to recall Pulsifer Van Skuy?"

It was a question more rhetorical than necessary. Anyone striving to partake of an education at Harvard ten years or so ago could scarce fail to recollect Pulsifer.

"'Roughs it at Harvard Despite His Millions?'" I suggested, and Beverley understood the allusion. It was a news headline which I quoted, penned in that distant past, written ironically above a biting description of Pulsifer's rooms, when it was discovered that Pulsifer had inherited the Van Skuy money.

Beverley sighed and thrust his hands deep in his pockets, which were frayed from continual thrusting. The room of the New York club where we were sitting was nearly deserted, for it was three of a week-day afternoon. A row of African animal heads donated by a philanthropic explorer glowered glassily upon us and emphasized our loneliness.

"You couldn't by any chance lend me ten dollars, could you?" inquired Beverley.

"No," I said.

"Well, then, have you a cigarette?" asked Beverley.

"No," I said.

"Of course," said Beverley, "I'd offer to buy some if I didn't happen to be posted here for last month's bill. . . . Are you posted?"

"No," I said.

"Please don't think I was suggesting that you take the initiative," said Beverley. "I'm beyond such things, of course. Have you happened any time lately to have been—shall we say—in touch with Pulsifer Van Skuy?"

"By that do you mean borrowing?" I inquired.

"Not necessarily," said Beverley; "any kind of touch."

"Somehow," I replied with elephantine sarcasm, "the interests of Pulsifer Van Skuy and myself have not run side by side."

"See here," said Beverley, "you can't insinuate anything against Pulsifer. I won't have it."

"Curiously enough," I said, "I don't own a string of polo ponies, and butlers just won't seem to stay, and my yacht ——"

"Stop!" cried Beverley. "Do such matters as personal possessions make a difference, when we were boys together?"

"I suppose," I remarked, "that you have been playing all the time with Pulsifer."

"Your expression hardly describes my present activities," said Beverley thoughtfully. "Shall we have some cigarettes?"

"You know as well as I," I said, "that we can't keep up with the very rich. You know as well as I that everything has an equal and opposite reaction. If you are given something, you have to return it, and what have we got to return? It may be crass, but just what have we to ante up for Pulsifer?"

Beverley looked pained. He frowned and pursed his lips.

"You hurt me," he said at length; "positively you hurt me. Does all the past mean nothing because of a barricade of wealth? Personally I'm in a position—an excellent position—to offer Pulsifer a service, and I consider service, real service, beyond mere financial consideration."

"Do you mean," I inquired—and at last I saw the light—"that you've been trying to sell Pulsifer a bond?"

Of the many activities in which Beverley had engaged, bond selling was his latest, and the uneasy manner that Beverley evinced was my answer before he spoke.

"The Check's Been Jacked Up Fifteen Dollars," Cried Leo. "It's a Bum Steer, That's What, Mister, and These Guys—Fellers—are Friends of Mine"

"Yes," said Beverley, and quite unexpectedly that languid calm which made him great even in adversity vanished for the moment; "yes—confound him! And do you know what's happened? In spite of the past, in spite of everything, I haven't even been able to see him. Up at his office they tell me he's out, and when I wrote him I received an answer from his secretary saying that he never makes appointments. And furthermore he never sees any of his old friends. The truth is—Pulsifer always was a snob."

"Has it ever occurred to you," I inquired, "that Pulsifer may remember you never were—what we might call a good influence on him? You always played horse with Pulsifer."

"You act as though I want to get something out of him," cried Beverley. "I simply happened to mention Pulsifer at the office, and do you know what the chief said? He said it was the first useful suggestion I'd ever made. You see, the firm has just taken on a lot of long-term 5's, and naturally we have to sell them."

"Has it ever occurred to you that everyone else has thought of Pulsifer as a possible receptacle for long-term 5's?" I asked.

"My boy," said Beverley, "you don't seem to get the point. Why are you so obtuse? You look upon me as a pusher, tainted by commercialism. I'm not. The point is, I'm too untainted. I was called into the office yesterday by the square-jawed executive who runs us, and actually do you know what the fellow thinks? He thinks I spend my time in here playing bridge instead of making business calls. Did you ever hear of such an idea? And do you know how he ended the interview? He actually remarked that I should have to prove something or my connection would be severed. Now what else was there to think of but Pulsifer?"

"Never mind," I said. "You've been severed from lots of things. . . . Here come the cigarettes, and if you like, Pat there in the bar can send around the corner ——"

"No," said Beverley mournfully; "no, not today. The time has come to put aside childish things. The time has come to rally to the aid of the party—this party. Pulsifer Van Skuy must buy a bond. Nobody else will. The mere sight of me somehow sends securities down on a rising market. Strong though I am, merciless though I am when it comes to business, I do not seem to inspire the buying confidence. Pulsifer must be seen. If Pulsifer could once be brought to understand everything in its true light, he would come across—good old Pulsifer. But how am I going to see him? I don't know anyone who knows him any more—do you?"

"No," I said.

"It occurs to me," said Beverley, "that the world is not quite just. I'm trying to think. Didn't I do Pulsifer a favor once? Can't you remember?"

"A favor?" I said. "A favor?"

The cloud from Beverley's cigarette had blotted out the rhinoceros head on the wall before us, and somehow or other, as it did sometimes unbidden, the past was coming back—a past that was more glorious than the present, and promising of greater things. Beverley was greater—we all were greater then. Our minds once soared above the world in some vanished ether which was free and pure. Untrammeled, we dealt with vast abstractions once, though when the end arrived there was nothing but a ruck of dust and disillusion. For now the end was clear before us, stretching drearily toward the horizon which we could see at last, a path of sordid little dramas of bonds and commissions and righteous maxims at which we once could scoff when we were free. I cleared my throat and looked at Beverley, suddenly very sad. "See here," I said, "Beverley, let's go in and see Pat. Pat can send right around the corner ——"

But that answering unfaltering enthusiasm which Beverley would once have shown was gone from him like a discarded garment which would never entirely fit him, should he choose to don it in the future.

"Don't," said Beverley; "don't. I'm engaged in serious matters. I'm actually thinking. When was it I did Pulsifer a favor? Don't you remember? We were sitting in those rooms where Pulsifer had to rough it, and Pulsifer was bored, and then there was something about—about —— Don't interrupt me. I'll get it in a minute."

Strange how a few words did it—passing strange. But hardest of all to remember, strangest of all, was that once upon a time Pulsifer Van Skuy did not amount to much. Once Pulsifer was simply a friend of Beverley's and nothing more. It was a late afternoon, leaden with an Eastern Massachusetts grayness, that chanced to find us in the rooms of Pulsifer Van Skuy, not shopworn and disillusioned, but languid gentlemen of the world. For we knew our world ten years ago as we never knew it since, in those days when a common cause made us friends, when we strove shoulder to shoulder to stay in the academic department of Harvard University, despite the carping regulations of an

unsympathetic president and fellows. A common danger held us then, and once we all were brothers—more or less.

Yes, despite this common danger and the material benefits frequently derived, there was often more interesting company than Pulsifer's. Even before leaving the stricter cloisters of St. Swithin's School for the broader worldly life, the impression was prevalent that Pulsifer was afflicted with a plodding intellect, coupled with a rather sickening sense of his own social importance. Yes, a certain pompous dumpiness of mind in Pulsifer fitted adequately a physique somewhat puddinglike in those early years.

Under the circumstances, there was no wonder that he had an admiration for Beverley, though there was some cause for wonder that one of Beverley's sprightly genius should have tolerated Pulsifer's clumsy efforts at emulation. Sometimes it was gratifying to reflect that Beverley's interest in Pulsifer seemed prone to confine itself to the end of the month, when funds were running low. One recollects, on that particular afternoon, that the end of the month had so nearly come that one felt safe from want—the end of a hard month, when we were all relaxing after an enforced period of labor, during which our resources had been largely consumed by the fees of tutors.

"It seems to me," said Pulsifer, "that life is very dull—when it is dull."

Beverley paused in the act of removing several cigars from Pulsifer's rich mahogany humidor and looked somewhat annoyed. The shallow smartness of those words, the slavish attempt at imitation, of course, were grating.

"There you go," said Beverley, "imitating me again. But let it pass—let it pass. Now I have an idea to stimulate matters. Would you care to match coins for—for ten dollars?"

"You're joking again," said Pulsifer. "Do you think ten dollars will make me interested? Ha-ha!"

When one comes to think of it, such small words as those, a careless laugh, a careless shrug, are what make the world go round, for in those days we were men of the world with a position to maintain. Naturally one could not allow such a remark to pass. Beverley dusted the ashes from his saffron corduroy waistcoat carelessly upon Pulsifer's rich wine-red carpet and rose from Pulsifer's best soft armchair.

"I may be amusing," said Beverley, "but I'm never vulgar. You not only flaunt your riches before me but you are ungrateful—positively ungrateful."

"Why, see here ——" began Pulsifer. His mouth had fallen open. It was amazing, his lack of tact. "See here, I didn't mean ——"

"Don't!" said Beverley. "Don't remonstrate! You will only pain me more. It's hard to be treated so—very hard. Before we ever arrived here—before I was severed from St. Swithin's, I once thought you could feel gratitude; but never mind it now."

"Honestly now," exclaimed Pulsifer, "I don't know what you're driving at. Just because ——"

"Yes," said Beverley, "gratitude. Do you remember that night? We were lurking in the shrubbery outside our sleeping quarters. The hour was half-past two."

The three or four of us who were also lounging in Pulsifer's room looked at one another in astonishment, aware at last that something strange was happening. No one who strove to belong to our particular set exerted himself without due reason or resorted to eloquence without a purpose.

"Half-past two, or thereabouts," said Beverley; "and who was it who volunteered to climb up a rain spout and unlock a door? I did! And who was caught midway up? I was! I was sacrificed, one might say, upon an altar of sacrifice."

"You didn't volunteer," said Pulsifer; "you matched me for who'd stay down, and I won. And what's more ——"

"Don't!" sighed Beverley. "You only make it worse."

"And what's more," said Pulsifer, "you always get me into trouble. The only time I'm ever in hot water is when I do the things you suggest. Why, confound it, only last week ——"

"Don't!" said Beverley. "You only make it worse."

There was a silence. We all knew what had happened the week before. Beverley sank back into an armchair.

"Is that gratitude?" he asked. "I ask you—is it? You find things dull, and when I try to help you, what thanks do I get? After all, the sergeant at the desk said it was a boyish prank, and your name never got in the papers."

It was hard—very hard not to be annoyed. The very fact that Pulsifer should show irritation gave evidence of a baneful lack of sporting spirit, hardly to be condoned. The incident to which Pulsifer referred was one of those small affairs which might occur to anyone of a pleasure-loving bent under the circumstances of bright and shining lights. It related to the temporary borrowing of a motor vehicle a taxicab, as a matter of fact—without the permission of the driver. The resultant pursuit and capture of Pulsifer by police officers through careless slipping upon an icy sidewalk were both unforeseen and both unworthy of complaint. Yet Pulsifer still seemed shaken by it.

"In the papers!" cried Pulsifer. "Good heavens, I never thought of that! Why, if it got in the papers, I'd be · I'd be ——"

Beverley sighed. "That's it," he said. "You have no sense of gratitude. You even laugh when I try to divert you again. You laugh and flaunt your riches. Do you know what occurs to me? It occurs to me that you're a bad influence on me—an evil influence."

Pulsifer's mental equipment, as one recalls, was aimless and not swift. As he stared at Beverley there was a glazed look in his eyes.

"Me!" cried Pulsifer. "On you! You must be crazy!"

"I know," said Beverley; "I know." And a flicker of pain crossed his languid features. "But your mere presence, Pulsifer, makes me think of the most peculiar things. Your mere presence gets me into the most complicated situations. I feel myself getting into one now. I could stand it if you did not laugh. But now that you begin to scoff at me, I must think of myself at last. . . . Good-by, Pulsifer."

Beverley rose, reaching again toward Pulsifer's humidor. Pulsifer pulled himself with difficulty to a standing posture.

(Continued on Page 114)

"Huh?" He Said. "What's That?" "Good Evening, Brother," Said Beverley. "I See We Belong to the Same Fraternity"

HARDSHIPS OF NEW MEXICO

The Charles G. Dawes Fish, Game and Riding Association After Morning Gun Practice. Left to Right—Gillette Hill, J. E. Otis, Ben Ames Williams, Gen. Charles G. Dawes, Waite Phillips, John T. McCutcheon, Kenneth L. Roberts, Dana Dawes

By Kenneth L. Roberts

THE Santa Fé Trail country has long been noted for its toughness. That section of it that lay between the Arkansas River and the Cimarron River, in the northeastern corner of New Mexico, was particularly tough; so tough that when the hardy traders of the 1830's and 1840's plodded across its tousled volcanic surface with their ox teams, they saw—or thought they saw—more mean Indians and rattlesnakes in an hour than the most accomplished sufferer from delirium tremens could see in a week.

It was so tough that when a man entered it with an advanced case of cirrhosis of the liver or hardening of the arteries, his liver and arteries quickly grew ashamed of their comparatively puny efforts and returned sheepishly to normalcy.

In the ponderous two-volume tome snappily entitled Commerce of the Prairies, or Journal of a Santa Fé Trader during Eight Expeditions across the Great Western Prairies and a Residence of Nearly Nine Years in Northern Mexico, one learns that the toughness of the New Mexican surroundings pulled the author, one Josiah Gregg, out of the worst accumulation of ill health visited upon any one person since Job suffered from boils and other maladies.

Before and After

"MY HEALTH," writes Mr. Gregg in the cheery and direct style so frequently encountered in and around 1840, "had been gradually declining under a complication of chronic diseases which defied every plan of treatment that the sagacity and science of my medical friends could devise. This morbid condition of my system, which originated in the familiar miseries of dyspepsia and its kindred infirmities, had finally reduced me to such a state that for nearly a twelvemonth I was not only disqualified for any systematic industry but so debilitated as rarely to be able to extend my walks beyond the narrow precincts of my chamber."

Such was Josiah Gregg before he hobbled with morbidly debilitated groans into the tough, hard-boiled atmosphere of Northern New Mexico and the Santa Fé Trail. A few months later, while encamped with other traders on the banks of the Cimarron, Mr. Gregg's debility had been so abashed by the toughness of the country that he was able to engage joyously in a violent conflict with 100 Comanches, eat a seven-pound slab of buffalo steak, and curse his mule with all the passionate ferocity of an undertipped Italian taxicab chauffeur.

Most of the toughness seemed to center around Cimarron. There were mountain lions and bear and various other fascinating forms of wild life in the beautiful mountains that ringed that sleepy desert town; but few of the hardy traders took the trouble to look for them because of the large numbers of treacherous Utes and Apaches and Jicarillas and Mescaleros who were reputed to lurk behind nearly every tree of the heavily forested ranges.

Gen. Charles G. Dawes Coldly Examines the Range of Mountains Over Which He Proposes to Ride

When the hardy Santa Fé traders got as far as Cimarron, they took a long drink, gave their oxen a swift kick and surged as rapidly as possible through the tumbled scenery of Ute Pass and down to the gay saloons of Taos and Santa Fé.

Through the passing years the New Mexican section of the Santa Fé Trail continued to be a tough country. The mountains on either side of the trail are equipped with an assortment of canyons that would take the bulk of the prizes in any canyon show and drive a canyon collector wild with delight.

It is a volcanic region; and the volcanoes that once lived there appear to have died from a violent attack of indigestion, leaving behind them a plentiful assortment of rocks ranging in size from that of a grand piano to that of the more expensive variety of portable bungalow. When several million of these rocks are concentrated in a canyon, the canyon becomes a tough one, and a somewhat dubious resort for all except the toughest characters, such as cutthroat trout, mountain lions, Ute and Comanche Indians and an occasional outlaw like the prominent desperado and gun-fighter known to all as Billy the Kid.

Mr. Gregg cursorily examined one or two canyons in the vicinity of the Cimarron River, back in 1831.

Wild and Savage and Tough

"SOME of us," he remarked in his light-hearted and undyspeptic way, "pursued a path along the ravine, winding through dense thickets of underbrush, matted with greenbriers and grapevines which, with the wild currant and plum bushes, were all bent under their unripe fruit. The wildness of this place, with its towering cliffs, craggy spurs and deep-cut crevices, became doubly impressive to us as we reflected that we were in the midst of the most savage haunts."

In view of these tough conditions, there was some perturbation in the minds of the active members of what, for the purposes of this narrative, may be called the Charles G. Dawes Fish, Game and Riding Association when the titular head of the organization announced that the 1927 meeting of the association would be held on the ranch of Waite Phillips in Cimarron, New Mexico.

Mr. Gregg had specifically stated that Cimarron was a savage haunt; and in spite of the admittedly morbid condition of his system, his long residence in New Mexico had doubtless qualified him to recognize a savage haunt when he saw one. Consequently the perturbation of the Eastern members of the Charles G. Dawes Fish, Game and Riding Association was caused by their lack of knowledge as to what sort of equipment should be carried or worn to a savage haunt.

Members of the Charles G. Dawes Fish, Game and Riding Association Rehearse a Mountain-Lion Hunt. Left to Right—James E. Otis, Kenneth L. Roberts, Ben Ames Williams, John T. McCutcheon. The Mountain Lion is on the Pile of Rocks

Nor was this perturbation allayed to any noticeable extent when the Maine delegate to the Charles G. Dawes Fish, Game and Riding Association telegraphed wildly to the adjutant of the expedition in Chicago for information and received a reply reading:

"Bring your evening clothes. Somebody is giving a stag dinner somewhere in New Mexico."

Further passionate communication on the same subject only elicited the reply:

"Your protest disallowed. You have got to go to the stag dinner whether you like it or not, and the governor of New Mexico will be there, so you have got to bring your evening clothes."

What the Hunter Should Wear

THE questions involved in the affair were more delicate than one might suspect from a casual survey of the situation. If, for example, one did not take white flannel trousers, one might insult the more sophisticated New Mexicans. If, on the other hand, one did take white flannel trousers, one might be shot by some of the coarser and more ribald elements of New Mexican society.

It obviously would not do to carry such effete garments as riding breeches and riding boots into the most savage section of the cow country, in as much as any student of Western literature and Western moving pictures learns at an early age that all Western cows laugh so uproariously at Easterners in riding boots and breeches that their flesh becomes strong and unfit for human consumption. On the other hand, if one carried evening clothes and enough formal garments to support the evening clothes in proper style, one would have no room for fishing and hunting clothes.

Thus the start of the expedition was complicated by doubts and misgivings. The Maine delegate brooded over the matter to such an extent that he got away to a late start and was obliged to request the Boston and Maine Railroad to hold its Boston-Chicago express for half an hour.

Another Eastern delegate, who for the purposes of this narrative will be designated as Ben Ames Williams, had failed to acquaint himself with the sartorial requisites of the expedition and consequently knew nothing about the governor of New Mexico and the need for evening clothes until after he had started on his journey.

When apprised of the need, he telegraphed hastily for evening clothes, which soon began to follow him by air mail and special messengers, and provided a fertile source of gay, carefree laughter on the part of the other members of the expedition, who took delight in picturing Mr. Williams' discomfort and sheepishness when the immaculately clad governor of New Mexico should look at him quizzically and remark, "Well, my good man, don't you bums in New England know what to wear to a formal dinner, hey?" or words to that effect.

As in the old days of the Santa Fé Trail, the true hardships of the expedition did not begin until the expedition left Chicago under the guidance of a well-known fisherman and scout who, for the purposes of this narrative, will be designated as Ed Otis.

Mr. Otis had hunted and fished in the wild, tough Cimarron country in its early days. In those days, one gathered from Mr. Otis' conversation, the sportsman stood on the banks of the trout streams in the Cimarron country, cast a fly into a likely pool and then threw rocks at the trout to make them keep in line when dashing after the feathered lure.

One of the earliest of the many hardships encountered on this expedition of the Charles G. Dawes Fish, Game and Riding Association was the fact that Mr. Otis, doubtless due to his early training in the tough, savage Cimarron country, had become a Chicago bank president, a director of the Santa Fe Railroad and the boss of the private car in which the expedition traveled.

Consequently none of the statements of Mr. Otis could be greeted by anything more cutting than the phrase, "Is that so?"

Finding that his statements went practically unchallenged, Mr. Otis began to speak a little more freely after the expedition had passed Fort Dodge. To hear Mr. Otis tell it, there were deer on the Phillips ranch. From deer he worked up to elk and from elk he passed cautiously to buffalo.

When nobody questioned the buffalo statement except to say "Is that so?" several times, placing the accent on a different word each time, Mr. Otis relaxed in his chair and began to talk about wild turkey. There were not only several sorts of trout on the Phillips ranch, and mountain lion and bear and deer and elk and buffalo, but there were wild turkey, according to Mr. Otis. Sure, wild turkey that could run faster than a horse. Probably every one of us would have a chance to see a wild turkey. Why, they're common on the Phillips ranch! You're apt to stumble onto one almost any minute. Is that so? Certainly it's so! And so on. Such are the hardships that one must endure while traveling with a railroad director in his private car.

Bloody Bridles McCutcheon Plumb Shore Draws a Bead on a Clay Pigeon. General Dawes in the Background

Even greater hardships resulted from the efforts of a celebrated hunter who, for the purposes of this narrative, will be called Mr. John T. McCutcheon, together with the delegate from Maine, to master a dialect that would make them welcome in the rough, tough, savage cow country to which they were going.

A Capable Yes Man

MR. McCUTCHEON had, in years past, established something of a reputation as a hunter and linguist, having hunted spare parts, souvenirs, police stations and other interesting game in Manchuria, Japan, Belgium and other remote sections of the world, and having learned how to say yes in eleven languages. The mastery of a new dialect consequently was merely a matter of one or two days' intensive study for Mr. McCutcheon.

Each morning on the long journey out along the Santa Fé Trail, Mr. McCutcheon and the delegate from Maine would conscientiously attack the cowboy dialect.

"Howdy, stranger?" Mr. McCutcheon would remark. "I plumb cal'late

(Continued on Page 48)

The Simple Little Fishing Lodge at the Juncture of the Rayado and Agua Fria, in Section 981 B of the Phillips Ranch

STORY BY—

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD VINCENT CULTER

ON A HOLLOW-CHESTED pink couch under a bridge lamp with rickety legs, in a Hollywood hotel apartment, a plump man, partly dressed, lay at ease and ran his eye over the motion-picture reviews in that Bible of the movies, the Film Gazette and Exhibitors' Mercury. As he perused, he grunted and made vague noises of disgust. His purpose in reading was to discover what they said about John P. Britt, and his annoyance visibly increased as he made sure that they said nothing whatever about John, good or bad. Only in a blue moon with pink edges did the reviewers mention by name John P. Britt, who was the plump one on the couch.

"The lovely so-and-suches!" he murmured softly, meaning the reviewers.

In the midst of his profane cogitations, the door opened and a pale gentleman entered, flinging his cap across the room with a flip of profound dejection. Mr. Britt turned his head the fraction of an inch.

"Now what?" he inquired listlessly.

"Same old story," answered the pale man. "Cast your eye."

He removed carefully from his vest pocket a bit of folded paper, a check, upon which, in so many words, the This-and-That Motion Picture Corporation requested the Ninth National Bank of Hollywood to pay Mr. Julian Thune the round sum of two hundred dollars and no cents. He handed the check to his companion.

"Two hundred bucks," he sighed, "and I'll give you my word, I practically did the thing over, from the opening title to the last fade-out. . . . What's the use?"

"Not any use," Britt admitted. "We are just a couple of homeless orphings. Here's the new Mercury and two nice reviews of pictures I worked on and made what they are today. . . . Is my name mentioned? Does it say, Scenario by John P. Britt? Yes, it does—in a pig's ear!"

"This thing," the other man continued, tapping the check, "represents ten days' work by me, about six three-hour conferences at the studio with a lot of people who ought to be threading mops, and four visits to the palatial home of Mr. Herman Rummelsburg, the author, to find out did he have any good suggestions -which I may say here and now he did not. I happen to know that this foreign prodigy was paid in all twelve thousand—twelve thousand dollars, not rubles, as you might think. I did his work over for the studio and I receive two hundred. Put all that together and see if it spells 'mother.'"

Mr. Britt made no reply, but continued to stare at the ceiling in glum meditation. Mr. Thune paced to and fro murkily, pointing to the melancholy fate that had cast him among the abused ones of the films.

"We're nobody in this business," Britt said presently. "We're never going to be anybody or get anywhere—a couple of obscure continuity hacks, mulling around hopelessly and usually up against it for cash. Why should these movie people pay us real money? They're smart. Sometimes I think it would be better if we went at this from a different angle."

"Possibly," agreed Thune, "if my name was only Sadowa Ivanovka and if yours happened to be Nijni Zasmuk, and if instead of being Britt and Thune, trained workmen of Hollywood, California, we came from Kolpitchia, West Vasilikos, Upper Tannenwald "

"And had weak eyes," Britt interrupted, "a mangy look and smelled sort of funny ——"

Mr. Thune retrieved his despised check and stuffed it out of sight.

"You know," he said meditatively, "that isn't such a silly wheeze as it sounds."

"Meaning?"

"Well, why shouldn't we be some unhealthy and talented genius from a foreign clime? They eat it up, don't they? Just show these movie managers a set of strange foreign whiskers attached to a furtive-looking immigrant whose name they cannot pronounce, spell or remember, and they begin handing him seven thousand dollars before he can get his spats off. Isn't that the truth?"

"It is," Britt conceded.

"And isn't it further true that they starve us to death, year after year, with checks like this one?"

"You can't do anything about it."

"Can't we? How would it be if we changed our system? Suppose, for instance, when we did a job of work for some studio, it was not by Britt or Thune, but by a distinguished outsider named, say, Señor Felipe Alvarado or Gonzales Esperanto."

Mr. Thune continued to walk slowly and consider the notion, and Mr. Britt swung his plump legs from the couch to the floor, cast the Mercury aside and betrayed signs of interest in the idea.

"Fellow," he said earnestly, "maybe you're joking, but just the same, there's a germ here. Sure as you live, there's a germ."

"Of course," Thune reflected, "it would take a lot of money to do anything of the kind. How much have you?"

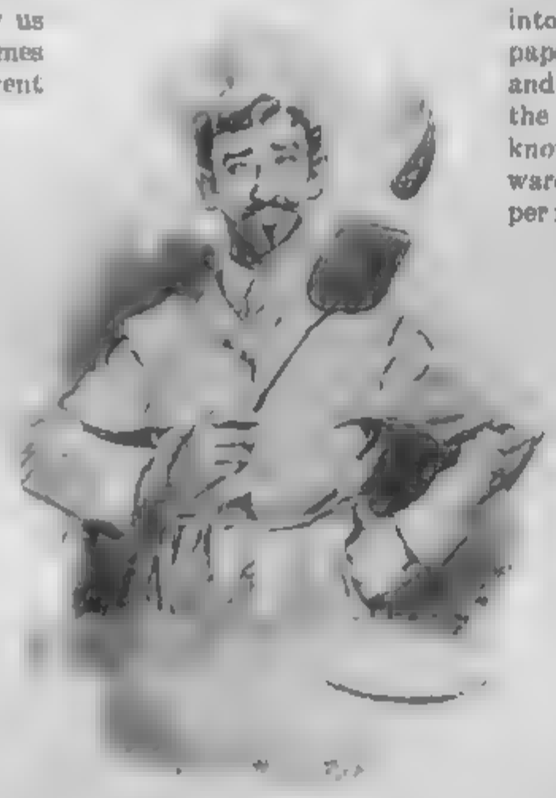
"About four hundred dollars."

"Is that cash, or just your usual money?"

"Cash. Why?"

"To swing it, one would have to be fairly well heeled. I should think that sixteen or seventeen hundred dollars might at least get it under way. I know I can get three hundred for my car from the man who runs the oil station. Would you be willing to throw in with me and see what we can do?"

"Whatever you go in, I'm in, too," responded Mr. Britt. "Let's talk about it."



Mr. Kiadas, Glancing Out, Observed Citified Strangers and Flipped a Cake With More Than His Usual Verve

Messrs. Britt and Thune had stepped into the movies from the ranks of the newspapers, lured by the tales of fine money, and had plodded along, never rising into the small select group whose names are known and whose work is handsomely rewarded. Mr. Thune had been a newspaper reporter and a press agent for theaters. Britt had come from the advertising department, and at the outset neither man had burned with the noble fires of ambition or sought to achieve greatness. They had not come to lift the movies up. They had considered mainly the money, the big money; and strangely enough, the big money had passed them by.

Thune was a pallid fellow in his thirties, with sharp blue eyes and an oily manner. There was a dead lackluster look about him, and he moved slowly. When he spoke, his manner was mild and semi-apologetic, filled with a hesitancy that did him no good when he walked before the gods of the town.

Britt was a brisk type, with a round, shining face and a partly bald scalp, and belonged to that large class of male humans who try to fool the world by hurrying through the daily job, and whose energetic stupidity often deceives. He was given to moments of boyish enthusiasm and at times regarded himself as one having in him the true seeds of greatness.

These men had been tossed together by the winds of movie misfortune and eventually became roommates at the Harrow Hotel on the boulevard, where they shared an apartment, which they paid for when the voice of Mrs. Harrow became definitely hysterical. Mrs. Harrow is the sole remaining hotel owner in Hollywood who believes in giving credit to scenario writers, clinging even yet to the belief that they are noble fellows and will pay up at the next assignment. She has lost small fortunes babying this theory and has been bitterly deceived. Ordinarily, Thune and Britt owed her from two to four hundred dollars, thus assuring themselves of a constant home, for you cannot eject a lodger who owes you four hundred dollars without ejecting the four hundred.

The comrades were expert scenario writers, if seven years of hammering makes a man an expert, and yet they had never done more than earn a meager and insecure living. They were employed by the less important film concerns and sweated over inconsequential motion pictures which were later shown in obscure hamlets and immediately forgotten. Poverty Row gave them refuge and fugitive jobs and they pounded out complete scenarios in six days for minor sums. In frequent periods of financial depression they borrowed from more successful associates, and so the two drifted along from year to year on the ragged edge, waiting for the break that never came.

There are four or five hundred scenario writers in Southern California, a dozen of them forming the topnotch brigade. The others get along as best they can—a second-hand flivver this year and a purple limousine next, each condition being temporary.

The royal dozen receive large sums of money for their important labors, and many of the lesser lights are paid from five hundred to a thousand a week. Bringing up the rear ranks are the men like Britt and Thune, who claw feebly at the flying coat tails of the business and hope for better times.

The Villain on Board the Ark Has Been Trying Desperately to Prevent Noah From Landing at Newport, But Fails, and Noah Debarks at the Head of His Animal Entourage

"Look this over calmly," Thune said, returning to the problem and pointing his cigarette at the recumbent Britt. "Why is it that you and I have never been able to get anywhere in this game, after seven years of work? You know the answer?"

"Certainly I know the answer. We don't put up a front, for one thing."

"Correct—partly. There are other reasons too. We are regarded as a couple of third-class continuity duffers. Nobody ever comes to us asking for material, and so we grind along down in Poverty Row, taking the leavings and the low pay. They know we are always about broke and will accept any check. I'm ready to turn a new leaf, and it may be that this Señor Alvarado thing is the leaf."

"I'll turn with you," Britt declared. "No matter what happens, we can't do worse."

Thune warmed a trifle.

"What we now lack and always have lacked," he said, "is good publicity, which pays high in the movies. That's Lack Number 1. The second is the broad, imposing, diamond-studded front that makes the producer send a limousine for you and usher you into the royal presence without benefit of office boy. Those two constitute our main weakness."

"Yeah," Britt agreed dryly, "and I suppose you've heard about the main weakness in Hades—a little water and some ice in a pitcher."

"Never mind the comedy. Suppose from today forward we are no longer us. We are, instead, the highly regarded Señor Alvarado."

"Good!" said Britt. "Where is the señor from?"

"Spain, of course, or maybe Hungary."

"Make it Hungary. Nobody in Hollywood knows anything about Hungary—except when you are that way you eat."

"Spain is better. The señor lives over there in Madrid or Barcelona in a large stone house with parapets, domes and cupolas, all of which can be clearly shown in the photographs. He is, of course, the foremost dramatist of all Spain, including Portugal and whatever other small countries we can find on a prewar map. He has written monumental plays for the Spanish theater, and a few of them have been clawed into Spanish motion pictures by the Madrid and Barcelona Film Cinemas, but these movies were amateurish, in spite of the powerful material. In brief, this señor of ours is now a trifle sore, the same as Bernard Shaw, because nobody seems to be able to film his plays right."

"Let me get this straight," said Mr. Britt, thinking. "We invent this guy and call him Señor Alvarado?"

"No!" shouted Thune. "We don't invent anybody. That's silly. But we do see that on a certain day a certain Señor Alvarado in the flesh rides triumphantly into Hollywood, the resting place of art. And when he does so ride into town, the movies will break arms, legs and femurs trying to sign him up."

"If there is no such a gent anywhere," Britt inquired, "how can he arrive?"

Mr. Thune glanced sadly across the boulevard to a gang of foreigners who were busily tearing up the pavement. Somebody is always tearing up Hollywood Boulevard. Occasionally it is a group of strangers who haven't heard of anything better to do, but usually it is the street-car company.

"John," he said seriously, "you ought to be of a lot of help to me. I shall require plenty of coöperation if we go through with this, and it is nice to know that I have a quick-witted fellow beside me."

"Where are you going to get this señor?" Britt persisted.

"I know where it is right now. Don't worry about him—worry about the money. Are you still positive you want to go into this, or not?"

"I'm positive, but it looks a little woolly. I have seen your foot slip before, Julian, and when your foot slips, the scar never goes away."

"This gets better all the time," Thune reassured him. "Instead of dragging down a paltry five hundred dollars for a good screen story by Thune and Britt, we will take away ten or fifteen thousand for the same yarn, only it will be by the famous Señor Alvarado, Spanish playwright and world figure. Is that much clear to you?"

"So much crystal. Where is this bird?"

"The señor? He is now in the humble village of North Alamos, California, population about seven hundred. I looked in a window one day, and there he was."

"Do you know him?"

"I do not."

"Then we'll have to go up and see him."

"Precisely what we're going to do."

"When?"

"Tomorrow morning," returned Thune. "If this nail is any good, let's hit it while it's hot."

North Alamos is a sun-kissed and motionless village, pushed off to one side of the world and inhabited by a languid people who haven't enough gumption to rise and leave the town. The inmates loll about in the heat and glare feebly at motorists, who buy oil and gasoline and depart in haste. There are several restaurants, all on the main street, and one of them parades through life as the Busy Corner, though it happens to be in the middle of a block.

At certain hours of the day the Busy Corner was wont to grow active. The curtain of small-town somnolence rolled away and there appeared in the window a small figure in an apron and a box cap, which figure proceeded to mix batter and produce hot cakes before the eyes of the passing public. He was a pastry cook, if you wish to call a compounder of hot cakes such, and he bestowed upon his effort a certain dramatic passion. The name of this small man, in this obscure town, flapping his cakes into the air and scraping them off the hot metal with a trowel, was Deazo Kiadas. He claimed at times Greek forbears and on other occasions his ancestors were Armenians, depending upon the listeners. He gave information in comprehensible English, which he had picked up in a hundred restaurants and places not so respectable.

The enlargers of an idea arrived in North Alamos in the Thune automobile, which they parked across the street from the Busy Corner and from which they surveyed the sleeping town.

"What's next?" Britt inquired, having spent the ride from Hollywood listening to the financial plans of his confederate.

"Have a quick look at the señor," advised Thune.

"Where?"

"In the window. You there observe an insignificant runt in an apron. It is the Señor Alvarado, who is going to be one of the prominent figures in cinema history, little as he suspects it."

"So that is our bullfighter," mused Britt, staring across the way. "He doesn't look like my idea of a foreign dramatist."

"He is no doubt a very dumb fellow, and what we require is the dumbest man since Adam took up apple testing. That lad is obviously some sort of steerage passenger from a distant port, and I hope he doesn't read English."

"Let's get it over," Britt urged. "What if the cake hurler refuses?"

"He won't," murmured Mr. Thune, and the schemers stepped from their motor and approached the Busy Corner.

Mr. Kiadas, glancing out, observed citified strangers and flipped a cake with more than his usual verve. The restaurant was half filled, and at the instant its owner labored in the kitchen, safely out of the way. Thune and Britt entered and studied at close range the creature who might figure largely in their affairs. They beheld a swarthy, rat-eyed little man with a wisp of inky mustache, puffy cheeks, bad teeth and a goatee that completely justified the present custom in America of not wearing goatees. He was undersized and looked undernourished. Some sort of vague scalp disorder had afflicted him in years gone by and left him with bare patches. There was also a slightly astonished air about him, and his manner of tossing the cakes was a blending of defiance and apology.

"We want to talk with you," Thune began abruptly. "Can we talk here, or shall we go outside?"

Mr. Kiadas decided that the gentlemen were bearers of bad news and looked at Thune with cold hostility.

"What about?" he asked.

"Business," replied Thune. "Is it all right to talk here?"

(Continued on Page 83)

UP FOR GLORY

By Richard Howells Watkins

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

WHEN Lieut. Fletcher Wintwell reported to Maj. Bill Chatham, commander of the Jayhawkers, as a replacement for a pilot whose machine gun had jammed at an awkward moment, Major Bill was pleased.

"A right nice boy, Fiz," he told Lieutenant O'Brien, who had dropped into the office to borrow some cigarettes. "And he's got a jaw on him like the Statue of Liberty. Did you notice it?"

"It's all right if he don't get it shot off," said Fiz O'Brien, who was an ace, in spite of his small chin. "Who inherits him?"

The commander of the Jayhawkers did not answer at once. He sat at his desk and dreamily shuffled some papers that should have been filed or indorsed or noted long ago.

"A right nice boy," he repeated. "Said he wanted action."

"He can have some of mine," Fiz O'Brien said generously.

Major Bill grinned. "He'll be in Sam Allison's flight with you, Fiz, so break him in gently."

Fiz nodded. "Sam and I will keep him in cotton batting until he knows a Breguet from an Albatros," he promised.

Certainly it would have been a captious criticaster, indeed, who could have found any fault with Lieut. Fletcher Wintwell's appearance. He was a tallish young fellow, with large brown eyes set in a face of fair skin and regular features. His lower jaw was prominent, but it was balanced by a broad high forehead and a straight and sizable nose. His air was alert and serious.

His uniform was a thing to hold the breath over. Tailored by an artist, it enhanced the manly curves of his broad-shouldered, small-waisted figure. His leather puttees shone with a spotless brown glow unmatched on that busy flying field.

It is no easy thing for an inexperienced young man just out of aero school to take his place at mess with a gathering of men like the pursuit pilots of the Jayhawker Squadron, a hard-bitten lot who had spread trouble thick and plenty on the enemy Jagstaffels opposing them. But Fletcher Wintwell took his seat that night between Fiz O'Brien and Capt. Sam Allison with quiet composure.

Superficially, of course, Wintwell need not have worried about comparisons. Fiz O'Brien weighed a hundred and thirty-seven in his Teddy bear. He had sustained a broken nose in some discreditable affair long before the war. His straight black hair always needed trimming. He had downed seven ships.

Sam Allison, their flight commander, was a worried fat man—nearly fat, that is—with a moon face, baldish head and blond eyelashes. He had a fat man's unexpected dexterity, and could—and did—make his ship do unexpected things, to the annoyance and sometimes to the grief of opposing air fighters. He was having some trouble in downing his fifth enemy.

Maj. Bill Chatham, leaning forward in his chair at the head of the table, decided that the squadron's appearance was improved enormously by the newcomer. A scraggy lot. There wasn't a stern, aggressive-looking officer in the outfit. He cocked his ears attentively as Lieutenant Wintwell spoke.

"Yes, sir," the newcomer said to Captain Sam. "I've heard quite a bit about the Jayhawkers and I saw to it that I was assigned to them. I want to have a hand in this man's war, myself."

And Then Sam Saw the Propeller of Fiz's Ship. It Was Not Whirling, as it Should, in Shimmering Invisibility; it Was Moving Sluggishly Through the Air at No Greater Speed Than a Boy Could Twirl a Bat. Fiz's Motor Had Quit

"Uh—yep," Captain Sam agreed with absent cordiality. He looked hungrily for more bread.

"At last—a hand in the war," repeated Wintwell solemnly.

"It's all right if you don't get a foot in it by mistake," remarked Fiz O'Brien thoughtfully. "I remember having an idea like that in mind myself the time I went down on a camera bus—a Hanover, it was—over Thiaucourt way. And before I got my fingers on the trigger I found about five Fokkers on my tail and enough lead in the air to sink a battleship."

"Did you get it—the Hanover?"

"Me?" asked O'Brien. "I got a chill—and it wasn't in the feet alone, though it started there."

"What did you do?" the young pilot pursued, frowning a bit.

"Ran like hell," Fiz answered gayly. "I never stopped that day till I was ten miles this side o' the lines and the sky was as clear o' ships as this soup is o' nourishment."

Fletcher Wintwell stared at the man next to him with eyes frankly accusing.

"You mean you retreated—without firing a shot?" he asked.

"Retreated!" exclaimed Fiz derisively, as if the word were inadequate. "Man, I'm telling you I put on the sauce and ran like a rabbit!"

He chuckled reminiscently and reached out a quick hand for the salt.

"Well, I wouldn't boast about it, if I were you," said Wintwell coldly. "The war's more important than a man's life, and you might have won much distinction by continuing your attack."

The hand that held the salt over Fiz O'Brien's soup was stricken with paralysis. It poised, unmoving, while dark blood flooded into Fiz's face. His head whipped around toward Wintwell, but the younger pilot had turned elaborately away from him. All Fiz saw was the amiable and slightly apprehensive countenance of Major Bill, farther up the table.

Suddenly Fiz continued salting his soup. One eye flickered with reassuring merriment at his commander. Then he shook his head regretfully for Wintwell's benefit.

"It never occurred to me," he said. "I might have got my name in the papers. Dumb, wasn't it?"

"You can call it that," said Wintwell over his shoulder.

This was too much for Capt. Sam Allison. He exploded into mirth, not unmixed with bread crumbs.

"You blasted coward, you!" Sam said scorchingly to Fiz O'Brien. "To think that a man in my flight should run from half a dozen of the enemy! You craven!"

Fletcher Wintwell pushed his chair back as if to clear a way between the two men. But O'Brien merely picked up his spoon.

"That was all there was to run from," he explained meekly.

A puzzled frown gathered upon Wintwell's countenance. A man—an American military aviator—had been called a coward before his brother officers and he had not resented it. Silently he continued his meal.

"Do you think Wintwell was kidding us, Bill?" Captain Allison asked Major Chatham later that night.

"Damned if I know," Major Bill confessed. "It doesn't seem likely that a man could stay that green all through his training. And yet—he's a remarkable actor if he didn't mean it."

"He's got Fiz guessing too," Sam Allison said, feeling his bald spot meditatively. "The kid sort of got Fiz aside after dinner and apologized for being too abrupt. Then he made a little talk how important it is to win the war and how every man must do his bit unflinchingly."

"Huh!" muttered Major Bill, and his forehead was corrugated like the galvanized iron ripples of a hangar wall. He was an old Lafayette Escadrille man and he had been in the war so long that his sense of proportion was somewhat rusty. "Sam, I don't know. I'll keep Wintwell on the ground for a few days to age him or sober him. I don't know which he needs."

"Right!" agreed Sam Allison. "Fiz says he isn't going to kid him back—he's scared the boy might be in earnest."

At the end of a week, during which time he had been inducted into various functions presided over by such functionaries as the flight, engineering, operations and supply officers, Fletcher Wintwell was raring to go.

Only after six days on the ground had he been permitted to make short flights over the field. These had been under the watchful eye and specific orders of Major Chatham. Wintwell was somewhat overconfident in the use of his ailerons near the ground, but beyond that the commander of the Jayhawkers could find no fault with his stick work.

"Take him over with Fiz tomorrow morning and see if he can see anything," Major Bill finally told Allison.

At eight next morning, as Flight 2 ships were dropping their tails on the field after two hours of chilly patrol, the three pilots were ready.

Now the first flight of a young aviator over the lines is something of an initiation. The chances are that he is as blind as a bat, despite all training, to the presence of enemy formations which do not desire to be seen. To him, flying a ship is still something of a daring deed in itself, so that it seems unfair and unduly hazardous to encounter skillful enemies who wish to shoot him down. There is also to be considered archie fire, with its formidable black puffs of bursting shrapnel and its areas of swirling, riotous air. It has made macaroni of many a backbone, despite chatter to the contrary.

"I feel as nervous as if I were going over myself for the first time," Allison confided to Fiz.

Today, in his baggy flying suit, Sam looked more than ever like a brown bear who has gone in too strongly for honey.

"Cheer up!" said Fiz. "We'll know all about him in twenty minutes."

"I've told him eight times to keep formation and obey signals, but I'm going to do it again," Sam decided.

"Don't spare your voice in the cause of democracy," Fiz said with a grin.

Allison walked over to the tiny Nieuport in which Lieutenant Wintwell was eagerly revving up his little rotary motor.

The young pilot bent his head and nodded impatiently as his flight commander bellowed into his ear. Fiz O'Brien, who had had his crew chief warm up his ship, pulled on his helmet and with great reluctance climbed into his cockpit.

Allison took off first. Fiz O'Brien waved Wintwell on next and waited at the line until the two other ships had begun to climb. Then he breezed across the least muddy portion of the field and lifted his Nieuport easily into the air.

At five thousand feet Sam Allison began circling over the field. Fiz, who had climbed rapidly, fell in behind and to his right. Wintwell obediently took his place parallel with Fiz and to the left of the leader. In this V formation Allison led them toward the lines, fifteen miles away. He climbed sharply all the while, for he wanted sixteen thousand good feet beneath him before the flight crossed No Man's Land.

It was a bright spring day, with just a few beautiful cumulus clouds lazily traversing the lower reaches of the sky. For a time Fiz kept his agile neck in motion as he maintained a sharp watch upon these possible ambushes. But soon the flight was well above the puffy masses of vapor and he looked for trouble instead in the sky around the blinding sun. He sighted nothing at all, however, save a Rumpler camera ship, heading placidly into Allied territory at an altitude that a Nieuport could not hope to attain. Sam saw it, too, but made no sign. Wintwell missed it entirely, for he was eagerly staring ahead at the forested region that was within the enemy territory.

In a businesslike way Sam pointed his ship direct for the enemy anti-aircraft battery near Seicheprey. It was here that Wintwell would get his first taste of the war. As they approached it the gunners obligingly put up a storm of bursting shells, filling the clear air with black expanding puffs. The three little Nieuports danced and plunged in the miniature tempest aroused by the explosions.

Fiz O'Brien, looking across space toward Wintwell, caught sight of a rather startled face. The young pilot's ship was behaving badly. Soon, however, he got it straightened out and followed Sam.

"Good boy!" murmured Fiz. Allison, with a waggle of his wings, dived a few hundred feet and looped and barrel-rolled his ship to express his extreme contempt of the archie gunners three miles below. The black puffs grew thicker as the furious artillerymen buckled down to work. Fiz languidly threw his ship into a few maneuvers, and Wintwell, gaining confidence, essayed a few stunts himself in the agitated air.

Though it seemed as if the bursting eighteen-pounders spread a hail of shrapnel all over the sky, the three Nieuports whined through it all untouched.

Finally, Sam, mindful of possible enemies attracted by the barrage, waggled his wings again for attention and headed out of the zone of fire. Fiz turned to follow him.

But Wintwell did not rejoin them. Nosing his ship over, he dived almost vertically at the archie battery. Sam Allison, turning, saw him as soon as Fiz. Both men watched an instant, hoping he would come out of it. Then they piqued after him. Three targets, coming straight on, presented themselves to the gratified gunners down below.

The Nieuport had a nasty reputation for shedding its wings under the stress of a power dive, but Sam Allison shot down at full throttle nevertheless.

Wintwell charged on. He had cut his motor, but gravity kept his speed up. He was pressing his trigger now and sending a spatter of machine-gun pellets at the battery position far below. It was like tossing pebbles at a battleship. Allison edged in closer to him as he gained and finally passed below.

As the other plane whistled by close to his wing tip Wintwell looked over and saw Allison's fat face contorted in a savage grimace. The flight leader waved vigorously, and then, with a gentle hand on the stick, eased out of his headlong dive. Wintwell followed.

Fiz O'Brien, who had been conducting his own plunge at some distance from the two others in order to split the fire of the gunners, also came out of it before his wings left him. Though the fire of the archie battery was severe and decidedly threatening at this low altitude, Fiz kept his anxious eyes upward. If there were any Fokkers within ten miles they could not fail to have been warned of enemy planes by the hail of shrapnel. Reeling through the rioting air, with bullets singing around them, the flimsy little ships slogged on.

Allison fled hastily from the vicinity of the roaring guns. Then he forced his bus upward in a quick climbing turn. He was looking behind now, distrustfully, at Wintwell and he was heading rapidly for the home field.

Fiz O'Brien's grim face relaxed in a sudden grin.

"Poor Sam don't want to be caught out in the rain with that gay young chick along," he muttered. "Not till he's told him a few more things, anyway. He wasn't kidding us—Wintwell wasn't. He meant every word he said. The boy's out to win the war."

Marveling, he followed Sam Allison, keeping formation rigidly to induce Wintwell to do likewise. They buzzed back toward the lines. Nowhere in the sky on that beautiful day for aerial activity was there a sign of a Fokker out for a romp.

"We're traveling in luck," Fiz O'Brien decided. He had never felt more peacefully inclined in his life, as he considered what would happen if a flight of enemy combat ships did sight them.

With a feeling of real relief, he caught sight of a well-kept formation of six Spads — Frenchmen — patrolling the lines a thousand feet below them. No rapacious enemies were likely to start anything while they were near.

Somewhat enviously, Fiz looked at the trim little Spads. They had something more than a coffee grinder to push them through the air, and their wings were on until some mechanic purposely took them off with a wrench.

His attention was rudely jarred by something nearer at hand. Wintwell had swerved out of place. He circled around to get behind the Spad formation.

"Great ——"

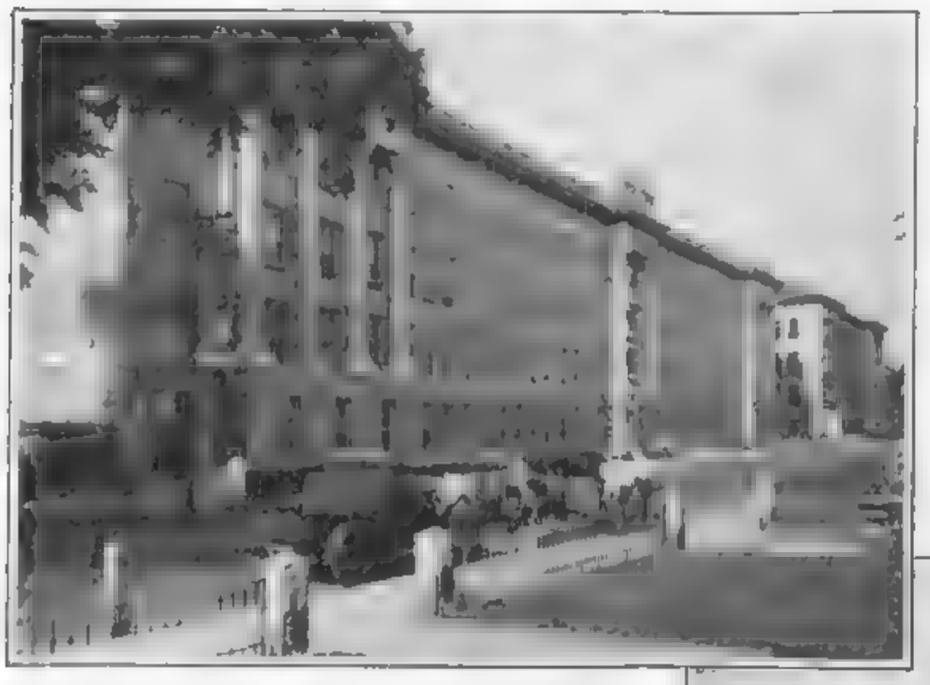
Fiz wrenched his ship around. There was no chance of attracting Wintwell's attention save in one desperate way. He was looking through his sights, not at his brother officer.

(Continued on Page 150)

"An Albatros Pilot Landed in the Field to Take Me Prisoner and I Stunned Him With a Rock"

WHAT CAN A CITY AFFORD?

By Albert W. Atwood



The Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.

The New Columbia High School, South Orange, N. J.

The Central High School of Peoria, Ill.

IN A LETTER written to the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST by the city manager of a prosperous Western community of some 70,000 population, the direct question is asked: "What can a city afford?" This brings forward in clean-cut categorical fashion the topic which is or should be in the mind of every adult citizen—namely, the cost of government and the burden involved in that cost.

"I have read your editorials and special articles on taxes and taxation," writes the city manager, "with more than interest—I have read them with a searching for practical enlightenment upon the absorbing subject. I am heartily in accord with your efforts to rouse the public to the fact that governmental costs can be high or low, as the public desires. I am convinced that many public servants are making an honest and successful effort to render economical and efficient service to their communities and constituents.

"The question that prompts this communication is this: Is there a fair and reasonable standard of civic development for communities of differing size and wealth? What can a city afford in the way of public improvements? Are we justified in considering certain improvements vital to community life, regardless of their cost? If so, what structures or improvements may be so classified?

"This letter is not written in a spirit of criticism or for any purpose other than that of soliciting helpful counsel."

The simplest and at the same time most nearly accurate reply which can be made to these searching questions is that as yet no one knows what a city can afford. Obviously it must not spend so much as to kill incentive to productive effort, or to leave nothing to pay principal and interest on its own bonds. But, short of some extreme fiscal catastrophe, there are no standards or yardsticks to determine how much it should or can afford to spend.

A Question of Service Rendered

IN PRIVATE business there are definite financial results—what we call profits. If government adds a new function it may be worth all it costs and more, or it may not. In many cases no one ever quite knows. If a steel company spends $10,000,000 for a new mill, it is likely to pay larger or perhaps smaller dividends. At least we can compare its dividends with those of a competitor.

But here we have Detroit and Los Angeles, of practically the same size. What yardstick or standard is to be applied to them? Who can say what either city can afford until the people know what they are getting for the present expenditure? There is no simple financial measurement of results, such as gross earnings, net income, dividends per share and additions to annual surplus.

Comparative costs of government are as yet vague and uncertain, because very little progress has been made in measuring the results of government. We do not know as yet how to compare the services performed, and therefore the costs are relatively meaningless.

The fact that taxes are larger or smaller, in the aggregate or per capita, in one city than in another means nothing of and by itself. The real question has to do with the service rendered. A manufacturing establishment might afford to pay twice as large taxes in City A as in City B because the water in City B is sure to ruin its boilers. Tax rates mean nothing. There are too many other factors and influences, too many variables.

How can we say that one city spends too much on schools as compared with another place of the same size, when in one case playgrounds are included in the school budget and in the other under the head of parks? In one city all payments for care of the deaf, dumb and blind are included as part of education and in another as charity. One city lists an item for school lighting and another spends nothing for this purpose but a great deal for lighting "bridges, docks and other public places."

It is difficult even to compare the same bureaus and departments. One city spends forty-nine cents per capita for health, a second seventy-three cents and a third nearly $1.75. But the second includes the operation of the pound, which in the first case comes under the city clerk; and the third includes garbage collection, which, with the others, is under the department of public works.

Does City A spend too much on schools? First we must know how much of the state taxes come from that city and what educational institutions the state maintains within the city. Does your state or mine spend too much on highways? How can we answer that question unless we know what amount villages, towns, cities and counties within the state are spending for the same purpose, what portion the Federal Government contributes and what share of the Federal revenue comes from the state? Is it fair to compare the per capita tax burden of Nevada and New York, one sparsely and the other densely populated?

But as citizens we cannot throw up our hands in a hopeless gesture of despair. We must form judgments, or at least opinions, as to whether government is worth the cost. It is just as essential for us to take reckoning as to what government can afford as it is for the individual to decide whether he can afford a new automobile or a trip to Europe.

No subject has been more discussed in print and in conversation these past few years than the rising cost of government, especially of state, municipal and other local divisions. Yet most utterances are in superlatives and extremes, bitter and unreasoning condemnation of all rising costs or an ostrichlike condonement.

This is natural enough, considering how arduous is the process of thinking through the basic questions involved. Whether or not taxation is oppressive depends on the ratio of expenditures to wealth and income, the uses to which tax money is put, the effect of expenditures upon production, the efficiency of government in getting a dollar's worth for a dollar spent, the relative distribution of wealth and income, the character of taxes and their administration and the attitude of the people. These are hard, forbidding topics for the high-spot after-dinner speaker, newspaper headline writer and golf-club orator.

Everyman's Silent Partner

YET fortunately the subject of what a city can afford is not altogether dry and financial. Gladstone said that budgets "are not merely affairs of arithmetic, but in a thousand ways go to the root of the prosperity of individuals, relation of classes and strength of kingdoms."

The Bronx River Parkway and Bronx River at White Plains, New York

The commonwealth of Pennsylvania, for one, receives its revenues—or did a few years ago—from ninety distinct sources. This is in addition to local and Federal taxes. No wonder someone has said that "the doctor who assists the stork must pay a tax, the dealer who feeds and clothes the citizen while living must pay a tax, the pleasures he enjoys at the theater and circus and in motor riding are taxed, and finally, when he dies, the undertaker who buries him must pay his state tax or he cannot officiate."

But from the moment a child is born, the state—that is, government in all its forms—has a hand in promoting his health, in protecting and prolonging his life, in protecting his property and savings and in providing him with education and even recreation. Government takes a share, it is true, in every man's business, but it is his silent partner as well, and without it, in some form, he could hardly survive at all.

Yet men often talk and write as if all public activity were mere waste and as if the payment of taxes were like throwing money into the sea. The impression is given that all government activities are artificial and extraneous to normal economic pursuits. At best, taxes are viewed as a necessary evil and activities are regarded as unproductive, simply because they are carried on by government instead of by individuals.

When government is referred to, it is in such terms as waste, graft and extravagance, and there is a frame of mind which takes it for granted that such faults are never found in private activity. From this standpoint all government officials are politicians and mostly parasites.

"Taxation," says one of the more humorous of this group of thinkers, "is the process by which money is collected from the people to pay the salaries of the men who do the collecting. The surplus is used to pay the salaries of the men whom people elect to determine the amount to be collected from them."

A Skeleton at the Feast

ENTIRELY aside from any question of fact as to whether a particular government function is wise or well performed, the view that government activities are wasteful and uneconomic has a simple psychological basis. Government contributes indirectly rather than directly to human wants. It is for the most part not only a silent but an unseen partner. It is impersonal and collective rather than personal and individual. Most of us are unable to project our interests beyond what we can see, touch and feel.

The trouble is that government is a common pool. Men prefer to do their spending and wasting themselves. A man who squanders $100 himself complains if the Government squanders one. That is because government is vague; it is not in his hands and in front of his eyes.

If I buy an article in a store I see it, but the protection that comes from organized government is largely unseen. Yet it has to be paid for just as truly as if private effort were responsible. The real difficulty is that public spending follows group decisions, whereas wealth production follows individual decisions and efforts. One is indirect, the other direct.

Then, too, though people generally no longer cling with the ardor of frontier days to the golden maxim of Léon Say that "that government is best which governs least," this old idea still crops out. It is evidently the view of Edward P. Doyle, of the New York Real Estate Board, for in addressing a meeting of tax officials he once remarked:

"The Egyptians had a custom of having a skeleton at their feasts, and I presume it would serve just as useful a purpose that there should be at every meeting of this conference a taxpayer, although necessarily in this gathering he feels something like a lamb among wolves. All these taxes you have been discussing arise from the fact that you feel you must have extraordinary incomes to satisfy the mob; in other words, on the same principle that a family pets an unruly and turbulent child."

There is truth, I fear, in this shrewd overstatement, but it is only part of the truth. A new process for manufacturing coke, discovered at the University of Illinois, may add more to the wealth of the state, so it is said on competent authority, than the total appropriations which the state university is likely to receive in the next century. Much the same claim could be made for the Babcock milk test discovered at the University of Wisconsin. One of the most productive of all economic conquests was that of Dr. Theobald Smith over the cattle tick.

Are these unsung but mighty heroes of science to be labeled unproductive just because the funds for their work come from taxation through Federal or state bureaus of health or agriculture?

It is shallow, indeed, to picture every officeholder as a tax eater riding on the backs of several tax producers. An officeholder may be among the most fruitful of men, lightening the burden of the tax producer. Very often he is a fighter—fighting fire in forest and tenement, disease and plague, flood, drought, heat, cold, poison, uncleanness, pollution and waste.

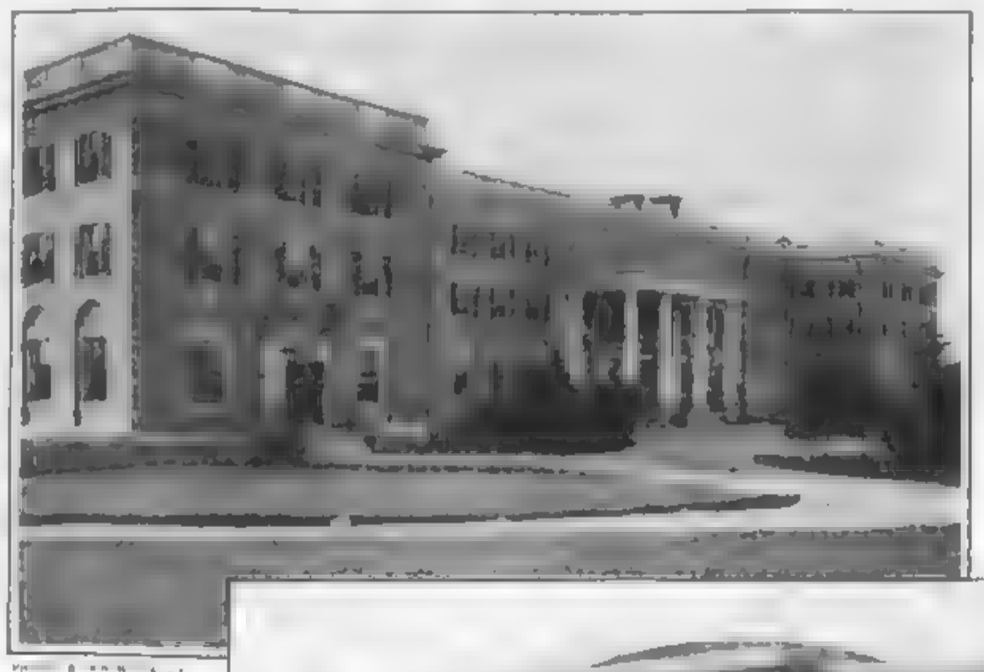
The officeholder gives warning of storm and fair weather, rescues mariners wrecked at sea, sends light upon the waters, Pasteurizes milk, sees that food and drugs are what they purport to be, watches for false measures and short weights, is ward or guardian of Nature's resources and defenseless creatures, and in no small degree cares for the ill, the fatherless and the widowed.

Thomas S. Adams, father of the income tax in this country, speaks of how both industrial captains and statesmen stretch eager hands toward the great stream of income: "Let him have who can use best. There is no divine right. Both are parts of one great social unit. Public institutions must have the initiative and efficiency which mark private business at its best, and private business must have the spirit of social service."

We cannot group all private activities as a single claim on economic resources ahead of public activities, nor can the ranking be done the other way. In any scale arranged in order of importance the two types would be mixed. Protection of person and property would come near the top, with food, clothing and shelter.

It is childish to talk and write as if all public expenditures were waste. But it is just as puerile to condone and defend all such outlays merely because they are for a public purpose. The point has been reached where criticisms of school costs are almost invariably met with the reply that defenseless children are being attacked. If an unfeeling taxpayers' association scrutinizes the school budget the question is asked if they propose to use an ax on weak little children.

C. E. Arney, Jr., secretary of the Washington State Federation of Taxpayers Associations, speaks of the "sentimental and mistaken belief that money spent in the cause of education, no matter how spent, is justified; that anyone who has the temerity to suggest that the system for administering education is unsound and uneconomic is an enemy of education and of the schools."



The City Hospital in Fall River, Mass.

At Right—The Municipal Auditorium in Macon, Ga. It Has Three Convention Halls

A General View of Grant Park, Chicago, Ill., and the Vast Automobile-Parking Space

From the Mouths of Babes

I AM sure it is a conservative statement that more and more the spending of money upon public-school education is regarded as meritorious in and of itself. The process is taking on a certain sacrosanct character. Certainly it is difficult to weigh economic questions when issues are decided upon emotional grounds.

In one city, prior to a school-bond election, all the younger school children were taught to sing a little song extolling the virtues of bonds. These tender little melodies were sung individually and in unison in families and in public, and coming from the mouths of sweet, innocent babes, moved many a father and mother to vote yes. The songs gave the impression that bonds embody some inherent virtue. Nothing was said regarding the fact that fathers and mothers, and later on the darling babes themselves, would have to meet the serial payments.

I do not say the school issue was not a wise expenditure. But I do say that it was difficult for a voter or taxpayer to

(Continued on Page 177)

GUN-SHY

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

There Were Six or Eight of the Gang in There and They Were Rats

I SUPPOSE that, like everybody else, when I first applied for a police job I did it because I wanted to wear a shield of authority. But looking back over nineteen years of police work that covers the whole thing from walking a beat to first-grader in the detective bureau, I cannot make myself admit it.

A steady job was what I wanted most of all; one that was not going to fade into a bread line when some strike came along or some organizer made a trade so highly specialized that no ordinary worker could make a living at it.

As a youngster just out of school, that idea played a big part in my plans; but after I met Mamie and we fell in love, then it was everything. I wanted steady work, steady pay and Mamie. I really think it was Mamie who got me to make a try for the police force, though little did she know what she was sending me against when she did it.

"What I've got to have, girlie," I told her once, "is the kind of a job that will stay a job as long as I take care of it. We can't take a chance on getting married and then being thrown out of work." Mamie was always a sensible kid, just as she is a sensible woman now. She saw the point. "I got no great education," I told her, "and if I start out learning a trade now we will have to wait five or six years before we can marry and have a home."

That idea did not set any better with Mamie than it did with me, so she said:

"You might try the fire department, Tom, or the police. They are both steady jobs with fairly good pay—enough, anyway, for us—and I think you get more and more salary as time goes on."

That started me off on the police job, because in the fire department Mamie thought I would be away from her all the time. That was what made a copper of me, sure enough, though everybody says it was because I wanted to wear the shield and have the say about things around our neighborhood.

I was working as a receiving clerk in a big store at the time and making only nine dollars a week. Mamie and I did as well as we could on that. We went to the beaches on Sundays and saw a cheap show now and then, and talked a lot about all we would do when I got appointed a policeman and made good money. There was only one thing, though, we really planned to do. That was to get married. We even had a few flats picked out before I ever heard from the tests I had taken. You know—one of those things—two kids very much in love.

Though we are still just as much in love with each other, and though I would not change places with the best and richest man alive, I make mention of this condition solely to show you what an effect it had on me as a copper. What I thought of all the time was keeping out of trouble and holding out the right hand regularly for the little old pay check regardless of panics, strikes and general poverty. Because I thought so much about it in that way, I guess I got to be a pretty good cop. It takes sense to be a cop. This business of arresting everybody you can brings only a lot of trouble, and the first thing you know you arrest the wrong man and then you are hunting a harder job at lower pay.

I never will forget the day I got the notice to show up for final examination. I met the mailman on the corner while I was headed for work in the store and he grinned at me and called me across the street.

"Civil service, eh?" he smiled. "Guess you been makin' a try for a job. Well, here's somethin' about it."

I grabbed the letter and saw printed across the envelope, and showing like a blot on a wedding invitation, the name of the Civil Service. To me it looked like a nice ad for the Fountain of Youth. I ripped the envelope open in front of the mailman and I could see when I did it that my fingers were trembling. There it was!

It was a printed form and it ordered me to report to the commission for examination in connection with my application for appointment as a patrolman. Right away I thought of Mamie and the flat. I laughed out loud and the mailman grinned again.

Across the bottom of the form, printed in red, there was a notice that if I did not care to have the application considered further, I should so advise in the space set aside for that purpose and return the form in the inclosed envelope. Oh, boy!

Work had no appeal for me that day. I started back to my room like a cat after a mouse. Then I put on my best suit and hopped a car to go to the address of the commission. I met a lot of other applicants there, and they were all waiting, as I was, for whatever came. All were happy and excited.

First, we proved we were citizens, where we were born, how old we were and all that. When I filled out the original application I had put all that in, with three character vouchers who swore it was true, but they were particular and asked it all over again. I guess they wanted to see if you had forgotten what you put down the first time.

I proved I had lived a year in the city and then they turned a doctor loose on me. He had a stethoscope hung around his neck and he wore a beard that looked like a sunshade for his Adam's apple. He was a fussy little guy, and he listened to my chest and back with an expression on his face that was the most doubtful I ever saw. After that he made me twist and turn and hop and jump. Crazy stuff, it seemed like, and my heart was already pounding like a trip hammer. But I got by finally.

After that they gave us more tests—muscular tests they called them. We had to chin ourselves, which means hanging to a bar at arms' length and raising your body until the chin is at the bar. I did it twelve times and they said that was enough. It was a good thing they did, though I guess I would have stayed there going up and down all day, the way I felt. I kept thinking of Mamie at work in the factory and what she would say and think when I told her all this.

After that they spread us on parallel bars and made us push our own weight up and down until they saw what we could do in that line. Then they laid us on the floor with a thirty-five-pound weight as a pillow. One man then sat on our feet to hold them down and told us to reach our arms over our shoulders and catch handles on the weight. That done, we had to raise ourselves to a sitting position and carry the weight with us.

I mean you would think they were crazy if you did not want the job very badly. It seemed to me to take the cake when they brought me a queer little machine that I had to put between my knees and squeeze against with my legs. On the machine there was a dial that registered how much you squeezed. I watched that hand like a mother watches her newborn baby. When it seemed to lag I pressed on it with crazy strength.

Each time I did something a man grunted and marked on a paper. You never knew whether you were doing well or badly. I was perspiring like a blacksmith in the tropics. Next they gave us another device to take between our hands and try to pull apart while holding it in front of our

chests. I pulled that thing until my arms seemed ready to burst, and as far as I could see I hardly moved it. A lot of other men had used it and the leather handles were damp with perspiration and slippery.

Next the guy that was trailing me switched a little lever on the same machine and instead of pulling on the handles I pushed on them.

Cripes! They came on you from unexpected angles. It was hard for a new man to see what all this had to do with walking a beat in a snappy uniform.

Finally they measured me for height and weight. The shortest they would take them was five feet seven and a half inches, and for that height, a man had to weigh at least one hundred thirty-eight pounds. I was five feet eleven and weighed one-eighty, so that was easy.

When all that had been done and I was trying to look like good material for a policeman while holding my pants up with one hand and keeping possession of my shirt with the other, they told us to dress and took us into another room. There we got tested for eyesight, hearing and special tests for color-blindness.

By this time all the men—there must have been a hundred of them—were looking at one another with glances of contempt. One guy next to me swore he was being framed when they told him that green was not red. I knew he was not being framed, but he was sure he was.

"The whole thing is rotten politics!" he growled so that everybody could hear him. "That is red and you know it. Don't you think I can see? Mebbe my name ain't Feltz, too, an' mebbe I never come here at all. You're tryin' to make me out nutty."

Well, they shooed him out finally. He was color-blind and never had known it before. The rest of us stood around for our turn, and they kept switching the colors and the reading signs, and every time a poor guy made a mistake there would be a buzzing around the room that was fit to make your hair stand up. But from watching the others, I knew I would make the grade all right.

At last a little fellow with the biggest nose I ever saw on one face called ten of us aside into another room and said that we had passed the physical tests, and in a week would be given mental tests. He suggested that we study up on certain things and told us how to go about it. Then we were finished for that day and we gathered outside the building and got acquainted. The things that were said among that gang were funny. As usual, there were a few smart ones that knew everything and told it. Most of what they said was wrong.

I felt all steamed up after those tests. We had finished them well before noon and that left all afternoon before I could see Mamie and tell her the good news. At first I thought I would go to work for the rest of the day, but there was something in the whole thing that kept me on pins and needles and I knew I would be no good on the job.

So finally I went to the pool room where I used to play now and then. The boss of the place was a little Irishman who was a pool shark and played in tournaments. He practiced a lot and used to be glad when people would come and watch him. I went in and he asked me how it was that I was not working. I told him I had taken the tests for the police department and right away he suggested I go to see Simon Flaherty.

"Simon," he said, "is the district committeeman for this district, Tom. He's got a lot of weight an' you ought to see him an' make friends."

That sounded reasonable, so I went to see Flaherty. His place was well known and not far from where I lived. When I went in I found him standing behind the bar. Simon was always in his place of business and liked to say that he stuck close to his job, and no matter if he had a million dollars, always would stick there with the boys.

"Well, well, well!" he boomed at me when I went in. "Young Tom Fogarty, so it is. Step up, lad, an' lemme buy you a drink. Sure it's never before you've been in the place!"

I was surprised that he knew me. I grinned and had a drink with him. After that I bought him a drink, and there was a stranger standing at the bar and I asked him to join us. That seemed to please Flaherty and we got friendly right away. Finally I told him I had taken the police tests and his eyes narrowed down and he looked me over mighty close.

"Police, eh?" he grunted. "Well, lad, that's a steady job, an' a good one fer a man with sense. A cop can do a lot of good if he's got sense, an' a lot of harm if he ain't."

I told him that Mamie and me wanted to get hooked up and that I would always try to use sense on the job. Simon took a liking to me, and after we had talked for an hour or so, he winked at me and told me he would fix things because he saw that we were going to be friends.

"There are ways an' ways"—he grinned—"of gittin' what a feller wants. I like your looks an' I think you'd be decent to have around. A good cop never fergits a friend, Tom."

"I certainly never do," I told him. "I want this job right bad, and if you help me get it, Flaherty, you've made a friend that'll stand by you."

And for that matter, Simon and me are still the best of friends, and we have seen friendship tested a whole lot since those first days of our meeting. He is still at the old place and a lot of water has flowed over the dam since that first talk of ours.

That afternoon he called a police captain and had a talk with him. Then he told me to run down to the station house and see the captain. I felt that things certainly were rolling along pretty, and I was happy as a fly in a sugar refinery when I thought of telling Mamie all this.

The captain met me in his own room. He wore tan shoes and gray pants, but a faded uniform coat with gold trimmings. He sat in an oak swivel chair in front of a roll-top desk and he chewed tobacco as hard as a man could. Every now and then he would spin the chair around and spit all the way across the room at a chipped porcelain cuspidor that stood in a corner. Most all the time he hit it, too, but he did not mind when he missed a little.

"So you're figuring to be a copper, Fogarty," he smiled.

"Yes, sir," I said. "I took the tests today—the first ones."

"You ought to get by the physical," he said, as though he was talking to himself, "and almost anybody can pass the mental if he studies up a bit. Here, take this along. It's a copy of the last mental tests they gave. Read that up and get the answers. When you get a notice for the mental examinations, drop in and I'll ask you a few questions."

"That's certainly mighty nice of you, sir," I told him. "I will appreciate it a whole lot."

"One of the first lessons a good cop learns, Fogarty," he told me, "is never to forget a friend. I had my friends at the start and I've got the same ones today. Simon Flaherty is one of them, and he's a friend of yours too. Simon swings a lot of weight around this town. He gets what he goes after and he is always strong for doing whatever he can for this district."

"He sent me to you," I started to explain. The captain interrupted me.

"You stick to Simon," he said firmly. "He'll get you examined early and take care of you after you get appointed and you couldn't make a better friend. Almost anybody can pass the tests for a patrolman, Fogarty, but out of them that do there's only one good cop in a thousand.

"If we took them as they come along we'd be hiring and firing new cops in hundred lots. A cop must use sense and judgment. It ain't all arresting people. I know one young fellow that made eighteen arrests and got sixteen convictions his first month on the force. He never had a second month."

The captain laughed to himself and I saw what he meant. He might just as well have said that this young cop had arrested the wrong men and politics had finished him.

"You read these over," the captain went on—"get the dope to pass a good examination, and then stand close to Simon. Say nothing and do nothing, but pass high when the chance comes. Simon will do the rest. Then you can marry this girl and have a home for yourself as long as you use sense."

I took the examinations he gave me and went back to thank Flaherty again. Simon told me that everything would be all right if I studied up strong and went to the captain before I took the tests. He suggested that after I got appointed he would steer me through so that everybody would be happy and satisfied. I told him I never would forget what he was doing and would stand by him with all I had.

By the time I left Flaherty's it was pretty late and I went to the factory for Mamie and hung around until the whistle blew. She knew as soon as she saw me that something was up.

"You didn't work today?" she wanted to know, her eyes wide with the question. "Say, Tom Fogarty, you been drinkin'?"

(Continued on Page 168)

"I Will Never Forget the Thing I am Going to Tell You and I Wish That it Could Happen, Just as it Did to Me, to Every Young Cop That is Handed a Shield"

UNCLE HELPS OUT

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

HALFWAY through Uncle Neme's eagerly awaited letter, Arnold Dorrance shook his sleek blond head dolefully and said, "Nothing doing, Fliss. Get this; it's good."

With Felicia, his pretty young wife, at his shoulder, he read aloud with an assumed nasal twang of peculiar raspiness:

I'm sorry to hear you're in a jam, as you call it, but it looks like, to me, you've got yourself to blame, and I don't see why I should pay for your mistakes. The big mistake you made was going on this note without security. Friends are all right, but notes is business, and if you get let down you can't expect to shift onto other folks. If I loaned you a thousand dollars and you couldn't pay, I'd be in the same fix you are, and I don't call to mind anybody I could shift onto. If you'd saved ten dollars a week out of your wages, in two years you'd have had enough to pay this note. It will be a good lesson to you.

"Isn't he wonderful!" Arnold broke off to exclaim with bitter sarcasm. "Can you beat him for a sagacious old dodo? Can you even tie him? Puts it in a nutshell: If we had a thousand dollars already it wouldn't be necessary to try to borrow it. D'you know, Fliss, it seems uncanny to me, the way he sweeps aside the trivial little matters I mentioned when I wrote, and cuts right into the heart of things. Dear old man! Ha, and likewise, ha."

"Read the rest of it, you ape, and don't be smarty," his wife directed impatiently.

"Read it yourself. I've got all I want of it," said Arnold rather petulantly, and poked the letter at her. She took it and retreated to the sofa, where, with one slim shapely leg tucked under her and the other dangling, she became at once absorbed.

"Not that I counted at all on the old skinflint," Arnold muttered untruthfully. "At least, not much, really." His gloom became apparent, and he drummed with the tips of his fingers on the arm of his chair, casting from time to time furtive glances at the poor woman who was to suffer her full share for his relative's tight-fisted obduracy. In a moment or two her visible leg stopped swinging and became suddenly rigid, and the other one appeared beside it, both indiscreetly extended, with the backs of her heels on the floor and her toes upturned; her arms dropped to her sides, her head fell limply to one shoulder and her eyes closed. The two sheets of paper covered with crabbed handwriting fluttered to the floor.

"I know," said Arnold. "He's like that."

Felicia recovered and pulled her skirt over her knees. "Courage, brave heart, all is not yet lost," she observed in a faint flat tone. "Good thing I looked at that letter. He's coming to pay us a visit if we've no objection. Business calls him. He says"—she stooped and picked up the letter:

"'Lend money to a friend and you lose both'—no, that's not it. Here: 'I've got business in New York that I have to tend to personly, and if agreeable, I'll stay with you for a few days. Tell Felicia she don't need to go to any trouble'—isn't that sweet of him?—'I can hang on a nail anywheres and I'll pay my way.' He'll pay his way, Arnold."

"That's his sturdy New England independence," Arnold commented sourly. "I wonder where he gets the idea that it might be agreeable after he's turned us down this way. When does he foolishly think he's coming?"

"Now don't get excited. He arrives tomorrow night, darling lamb."

"I'm going right out to wire him to stay away from here."

"My dear one," said Felicia, "I know that you don't intend to do anything of the sort. And don't you see, stupid, that all this gruff and glum stuff is just his defensive armor against the hordes of impecunious wolves that are howling for loans ——"

Arnold pointed out that a pecunious wolf would be a novelty, or a pecunious lamb; also that wolves ran in packs, not hordes. Not that it mattered.

"—— who would eat him alive if they knew what a big, warm, generous heart was beating beneath his shirt of hodden gray—whatever that is," Mrs. Dorrance went on, ignoring the interruption. "He's a lonely old man who is aching for love and sympathy, Arnold, and you are his only kith and kin. Yes? Well, he gets your letter and his first impulse is to reach for his check book, but only to check himself. He is not a person who is full of belief. Sad experience has taught him that the world is full of unworthy people and he reflects that you may be among them. He has not seen you since infancy—your infancy."

"Little Pitchers——" Felicia Warned. "——Have Big Ears." Annamarie Finished for Her. "That's Old Stuff"

"Not since he took a barrel stave to me for feeding a large batch of expensive onion sets to the cows when dad and I visited him once," Arnold informed her. "I shall always remember that exotic onions are not proper fodder for cows," he said reminiscently. "The old devil impressed that on me very earnestly. Dad was almost as sore about it as I was."

"Never mind about that," said Felicia. "The point is that in spite of the strong urge to send you a thousand dollars by return mail, he feels that he must be just before he is generous, so he decides to investigate you personally. After all, there will only be a few days' delay and your joy will be all the greater if he leads you to suppose that he's hard-boiled. Well, he comes—and what does he find? A nephew of whom he may well be proud, a young man whose engaging personality is but an index of the noble qualities within. He finds a beautiful and accomplished niece with an amiable disposition, good sense and infinite charm, also a lovely little grandniece whose childish endearments ——"

Arnold again interrupted to inquire where the kid was.

"Playing with the Johnson children," replied Felicia. "I wish you would give me your attention. —— whose childish endearments melt the—the—oh, whatever it is they melt. You've got me all mixed. Anyway the result is that he gets out the check book again, liberally relieves our necessities, makes his will in our favor, gets double pneumonia and dies with a happy smile on his grim old face, surrounded by the weeping Dorrance family. See?"

"Oh, quite distinctly," Arnold replied. "Especially the weeping part of it. Your slight girlish form shaken by sobs."

"Oh, I can sob," said Felicia, and her lip quivered a little. Arnold rose from his chair and seated himself beside her and patted her shoulder. She smiled at him brightly and then jumped up quickly and, evading his embrace, kissed his forehead and hurried from the room. "I was forgetting all about dinner," she called over her shoulder. "You must be starved."

"Can I help?" Arnold shouted, and a cheerful negative floated back from the regions of the kitchen. In a moment or two Arnold heard her singing, but he wasn't fooled. "If ever there was a game little sport," he murmured. "You could cut her into pieces and she'd smile and kid you."

He looked round him at the pretty little sitting room with its harmonious array of assorted furniture, each piece the entirely satisfying complement of the other and having its own thrilling story of discovery and acquisition at an amazing bargain. He looked at the delicately tinted walls with their spoil of water colors and etchings from raids that he and Fliss had made together on poky little holes in a terra incognita of East Side by-streets; he looked at the bookshelves crammed with treasure and trash, in bindings of musty, age-furred leather and of gaudy cloth, and from these through the glazed doors to the sun porch with its grass mats and gayly painted wicker. Beyond was a stretch of emerald lawn of divided ownership but common use, and there was a tulip bed ablaze with color.

A pleasant vista and a striking contrast to the stuffy and shabby apartment in Jamaica, with its ugly outlook on the noisy street. Luck had been with Arnold and Fliss when they took the big jump and bought the little house. The payments were rather sizable for a man with Arnold's salary, but they had, until the past two months, managed somehow to meet them; and oh, man, how real-estate values had gone kiting since they had established themselves in the suburb! Every time he saw Glaub, the man who had sold him the property on such easy terms, Glaub had expressed his chagrin and disgust with his own shortsighted easiness.

"I made you a present of ten t'ousand dollars, oder fifteen, you lucky stiff," Glaub would say. "I could already bite myself on the leg when I think of it. But I ask you how could I know?" Arnold reminded him that at the time of the sale he, Glaub, had predicted just such a phenomenal appreciation of the property, but Glaub was not abashed. "*Es ist nichts*," he said. "You don't think I tell you it is a rotten buy. Listen: Suppose I take it back and refund you and give you a hunnert dollars. So you get all your rent free and a good profit. Huh? A hunnert fifty—two hunnert ——" His gray, piggish eyes were really imploring.

Arnold had simply laughed at him and, disengaging himself from a detaining hand, walked away, still laughing. Now he was by no means merry, and Glaub was no longer imploring or complaining. Glaub's fat face wreathed in a derisive smile when Arnold passed his office on his way to the station. A crafty old sinner, Glaub! He had not given the slightest indication that he was aware of Arnold's default of two months' payments, and Dorrance knew that this was not owing to ignorance, carelessness or indifference. The wily old spider would let his fly get completely

entangled in his gummy web before he made any premature descent upon it, but once he felt sure that no sudden frenzied struggle could free his victim, he would dart down quickly enough. And that would be before Arnold made the pivotal payment that would give him an equity and the right to execute a second mortgage. That would be due in six weeks, and in less than two weeks there would be another payment to make, so much more money to raise.

A thousand dollars! That would put him on Easy Street. A paltry thousand that he had fondly imagined he could borrow from any one of half a dozen men; a sum that he had himself owned, free and clear of all encumbrance, not so long ago—the inviolable nest egg, the sacred sheet anchor—the last of the paternal inheritance. He and Felicia had agreed when they married that this they would keep apart and not touch except in grave emergency. Then, like an idiot, he had indorsed that note of Hughie's, and Hughie, being the victim of unheard-of and almost unbelievable bad luck, failed to meet it, and the Dorrance thousand had to go. In one respect that money had been a detriment, for it had given him such a sense of security that he had allowed himself to drift into debt and even miss payments on the house. Expenses had been heavy anyway—Annamarie's illness and the trained nurse and the rest of it—but neither Arnold nor Felicia had worried. Arnold would soon be getting a much bigger salary, and there was always the nest egg to fall back on. Well, he had certainly fallen back on it, or Hughie had.

Hughie was his best friend and would never have let him down intentionally. The trouble with him was his darned optimism. Give that lovable fool an addled egg and right away he thought he had a flock of prize chickens, and he believed it so hard that he made you believe it too. He had been all broken up over his failure to pay that note—felt so bad about it that neither Arnold nor Felicia had the heart to tell him of the impending disaster.

There came the sound of a fumbled knob and the outside door was flung open and, like a sudden gust of wind, a small-sized girl of seven years or thereabout flew into the room and hurled herself into Arnold's lap, half strangling him with tightly embracing arms and knocking from his hand the cigarette that he had just lighted.

"Daddy!" she cried excitedly. "Daddy!"

Arnold pulled her to one side while he brushed the sparks and ashes from his knees. "Wait, Annamarie," he said. "There! Now where's the fire?"

"Daddy," Annamarie squealed, "Johnsons' 'Melia has been teaching us the Charleston! Watch me!"

"Well, Annamarie, You Got a Kiss for Me?" "No," Answered the Child, "It's Unsanitary"

In an instant she was out in the center of the room, her thin bare legs energetically kicking from side to side with grotesque movements of hands and arms, her face glowing with corybantic rapture. Arnold was irresistibly moved to laughter and was patting an accompaniment when Felicia came briskly in and interrupted the performance.

"You come with me and get some of the dirt off you, young lady," she said. "Yes, I know. I saw you and it's lovely; but we're going to stop for refreshments. Daddy, if you want to spruce up you'd better hurry. Dinner will be on the table in about three minutes and the cook doesn't like it if you let the soup get cold."

At the table Annamarie paused with a spoonful of mashed potatoes halfway to her mouth to ask with prim politeness what news daddy had for mother and her. Arnold, with equal courtesy, informed her that Uncle Neme was coming to visit them, and wasn't that lovely?

"I don't know," said Annamarie sagely. "It depends. Is he anything like Uncle Bim?"

"Exactly like him," Arnold answered. "He'll come all loaded down with expensive Paris dolls and playhouses and all kinds of candy and everything you can think of for his darling little grandniece, and if there's anything that he hasn't brought, just mention it to him and he'll rush right out and buy it, no matter what it costs."

"Arnold," Felicia remonstrated gravely—all but her eyes, "don't put such ideas into her head!"

"Do you suppose I don't know when he's kidding?" Annamarie demanded with some indignation.

"Say joking, darling," Felicia corrected. "Don't laugh, Arnold. It's nothing to laugh about. Those Johnson brats ——" She bit her lip. "Eat the rest of your potatoes, dear."

"I'm fed up with potatoes," said the child. "I want some pineapple jelly and cream, but of course I'm willing to wait until you and daddy get to it," she added, with a resumption of her polite manner.

"That's a lady," Arnold commended, and Annamarie sat quietly reflective for a few moments.

"I 'spect he's an old tightwad," she said, breaking the silence.

The ringing of the telephone bell saved her from a reprimand. Arnold answered it. "Why, hello, Hughie," he said. "I thought something had happened to you. . . . Has, eh? Oh, that's rot. Forget it. Where are you? Can't you come over and see us? . . . You make me sick. No need of feeling that way. We want you to come. Flisa wants you and Annamarie wants you. . . . Well, if you won't you won't. . . . Eh? What's that? . . . You don't say! That's fine! . . . I'll say it is good news. . . . Glad? Of course I'm glad. . . . I can't help the way my voice sounds. Get a better connection and my voice may sound better. . . . Yes, I'll tell her, if you won't come and tell her yourself. But listen, Hughie; if you slip up on it, it won't make any difference with us. You can't shake us for anything like that. . . . Fine! Glad you let us know about it. Thanks a lot, Hughie. Good-by."

Arnold hung up the receiver with something between a laugh and a groan. "He says ——"

"Little pitchers ——" Felicia warned.

She Took the Letter and Retreated to the Sofa, Where She Became at Once Absorbed

"—— have big ears," Annamarie finished for her. "That's old stuff. And my ears aren't big. Look, this is all the big I can make them." She seized both ears and stretched them alarmingly. "That hurts," she said. "Mother, why can't I hear what Hughie said?"

"It's a secret, and nice people don't tell secrets."

"Then why was daddy going to tell it?"

"Little girls who ask questions don't get any pineapple jelly," Arnold told her, and she retorted that mother had asked one. There was more argument in which the parents figured lamely and had to resort to brute authority to suppress. It was not until after Annamarie was tucked into her bed that Felicia got the gist of the telephone conversation. After all, it amounted to little.

"Only that he's going to pay us back that thousand inside of a week, or perhaps sooner. He's got a big deal on that's as good as closed. I gather, in fact, that all it needs is closing. It came right out of a clear sky, he said, and he could hardly get to the phone quick enough to tell us to make our minds perfectly easy." Arnold grinned sardonically. "He particularly asked me to reassure you. I asked him to come over and reassure you himself—you heard that—but he wouldn't. Said he was ashamed to look you and Annamarie in the face until he actually planked the money down."

"I should think he would be," said Felicia.

"Well, he really is. He said that the fact that it's all coming out all right didn't excuse him for taking the risk—only he hadn't considered it a risk. How does he get that way? His voice sounded as if somebody had just handed him a certified check for a million—just bubbling and gurgling with joy. He simply hasn't any doubt about the matter."

"'Simply' is right," Felicia remarked. "Not so simple as we were though. Oh, Hughie's incurable. It's funny how we are! Now if Hughie happened to be a shifty-eyed, mean and ugly-looking man like Glaub, we'd hate him and want to send him to jail, but just because he's young and handsome and attractive, we forgive him for practically ruining us, and try not to hurt his feelings. I could kill old Glaub without a pang of remorse, but I'm only sorry that Hughie won't come over tonight and cheer us up with some of his fairy tales."

"I wonder!" Arnold meditated. "I wonder what that deal is! Perhaps, after all—it might be. He seemed so absolutely certain."

"Wake up!" cried Felicia—sharply—for her. "I won't have it, Arnold. You know and I know what Hughie is, and that there's no more chance of his paying back that money than there is of Glaub making us a present of the deed to the house."

"I suppose not," Arnold sighed. "Still ——"

"We've got to look the situation squarely in the face," his wife continued. "It isn't a pretty face, but we must try to get used to it. You can't do much looking round until your uncle has gone, but you might hear of some place—Flushing or Bayside, perhaps—that we could get along with at a low rent. I don't want to take Annamarie back to an apartment if we can possibly help it."

(Continued on Page 58)

AMERICAN TRAVELS OF A GEM COLLECTOR

By Dr. George Kunz

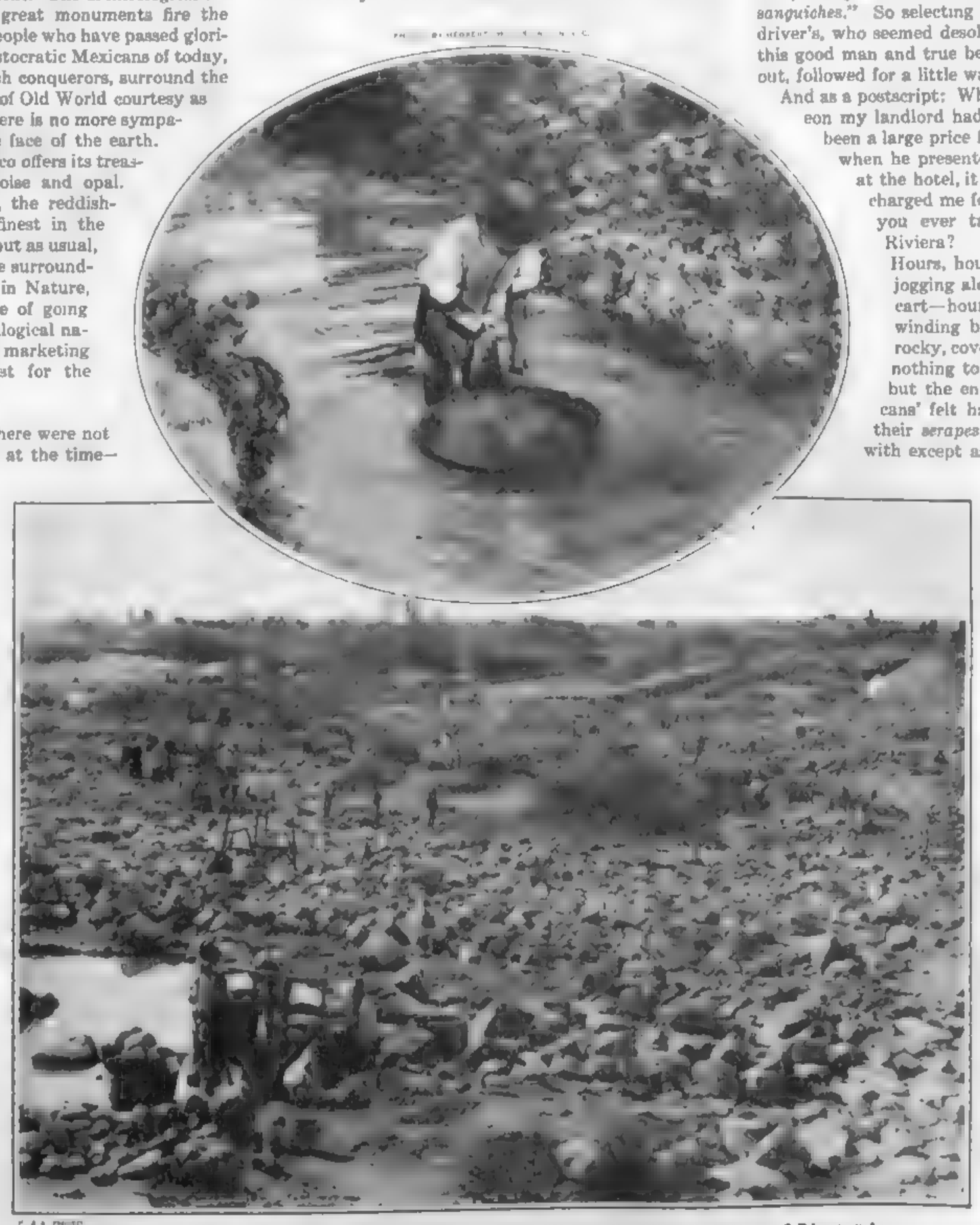
As Told to Marie Beynon Ray

MEXICO has many charms for the gem expert—and not all of these are gems. As a treasury of magnificent memories of a golden past, Mexico is unsurpassed memories of a great race which left this country richer in prehistoric records than any other part of our North American Continent. The archæological remains of temples and other great monuments fire the imagination with stories of a people who have passed gloriously into history; and the aristocratic Mexicans of today, descendants of its early Spanish conquerors, surround the traveler with such a tradition of Old World courtesy as to send him home swearing there is no more sympathetic and gallant race on the face of the earth.

For the seeker of gems Mexico offers its treasures of jade, obsidian, turquoise and opal. Though a semiprecious stone, the reddish-yellow opal of Mexico—the finest in the world—is worth up to $1500; but as usual, it is not the price but the whole surrounding drama of their formation in Nature, their discovery, the adventure of going out to seek them, their mineralogical nature and significance, and their marketing which constitute their interest for the gem expert.

Mexico! Mexico in 1890!

There were few railroads—there were not so many in the United States at the time—and one did much of one's traveling in stagecoaches, oxcarts, on horseback with mule packs following, or in wagons. At the Queretaro station, where I descended from the train late at night I engaged an *opéra bouffe* officer, mustachioed and armed for any contingency, to accompany me, and was deposited safely at the local hotel—a somber, unprepossessing pile to approach at night, for there was not a light showing. But as we drove through the great, creaking gateway into the inner court, or *patio*, of the hacienda, I understood and forgave this, for it gleamed with many little bursts of ruddy light from open windows. The walls on the street side—for reasons known best to the Mexicans—have no windows, but all the rooms opening on this quiet, cool inner court are liberally supplied.



A Scene in the Kimberley Region of South Africa, Illustrating the Handling of Diamonds, Called Diamond Digging, Which is Somewhat Along the Line of Placer Gold Mining. In Coat—A Diamond Miner and His Pan

Sanguiches

MY FIRST jaunt was of course to the opal mines some thirty miles distant. I thought I would be well fortified with a thoroughly American luncheon, being by this time somewhat fed up with the highly spiced messes of Mexico. So I explained to my landlord that I'd take a picnic luncheon. Had I asked him for his head he could not have been more surprised. I don't know—what do they do in Mexico when they are to be all day out of reach of a hotel?

At last I got the revolutionary program through his head, and he began checking off on his fingers what he would supply me.

"—— and *frijoles* and goat's cheese and stuffed peppers and chile con carne ——"

"Heavens, no," I said impatiently. "Some sandwiches and fruit."

"Sanguiches?" he stuttered. "What may that be, *señor*—sanguiches?"

"Good Lord, man, haven't you ever heard of sandwiches—bread with chicken between it, or ham?"

"Chicken ham?" he stammered.

"My good man, go and look in your cookbook, or ask somebody sandwiches."

"But surely the *señor* will have some chile con carne?"

"No, no chile con carne."

"But there is room under the seat for a nice pot. Surely the *señor* will take a little chile con carne?"

"No."

"No chile con carne?"

"No chile con carne."

He turned limply and oozed from the room. Half an hour later he was back—six times more in all he returned, each time beaming with a new, outrageous suggestion for *frijoles* or beans or what not, and every one of those conversations wound up:

"And then the *señor* will have just a little—a very little—chile con carne?"

"No!"

"No chile con carne?"

"No chile con carne!"

The fame of that luncheon went abroad, and when I was finally ready to depart, though it was the witching hour of one A.M., I found I had quite a little group of volunteers for the journey—men to whose ears had come tales of "*los sanguiches.*" So selecting one, a particular friend of the driver's, who seemed desolated at the thought of leaving this good man and true behind, sandwichless, we started out, followed for a little way by the respectful gallery.

And as a postscript: When I got the bill for that luncheon my landlord had charged me what would have been a large price for three days at the hotel; and when he presented me with my three days' bill at the hotel, it was what he might fairly have charged me for the luncheon. But then, did you ever try to get sandwiches on the Riviera?

Hours, hours, limitless stretches of time, jogging along dusty roads in a springless cart—hours I mercifully lost count of winding between low, monotonous hills, rocky, covered with a stunted growth, and nothing to relieve the tedium of the view but the enormous span of the two Mexicans' felt hats and the brilliant colors of their *serapes*, which no Mexican ever parts with except as a last resort across the gaming table. At last the mines!

Gems of Fire

THEY had been working these mines for a century and yet, as we looked up the height of rock, there, peering and winking at us like myriads of curious eyes, shone thousands upon thousands of these bright opals, from lucent pastel to the rich red of the fire opal. They gleamed like little electric lights flashing on and off, as the sunbeams faltered on them, flaming like beast eyes when a beam of light strikes them through the night. There at the mine I went over the hoards of opals, each one a miniature sunset as it lies in your palm, like a shower of fireworks as they pour from your fingers. It takes time to make one's selections here, for only one stone in a thousand is a really valuable gem. I made my selections of the gems that day, and the next night started on the hot, weary journey back to Queretaro.

The heavenly play of color in the opal, possessed by no other stone, and which, in spite of unfounded superstition, makes it the preferred gem of many people, is usually due to titanium or oxide of titanium permeating it. The more transparent species contain a larger percentage of water than the others, rendering them liable to crack; those containing a smaller percentage are more stable. Many of the red and yellow opals of unusual quality which I obtained on this trip I added to the collection which eventually went to Mr. Morgan.

I remember the day we sold that collection—the second one that went to Mr. Morgan, for he bought two, with many later additions, both of which he eventually combined with the Bement Collection and presented to the American Museum of Natural History. The first collection,

representing American gems in all their phases, which I was some eight years in making, was completed in 1889 and bought by Mr. Morgan while on exhibition in Paris; the second, which I was another eleven years in gathering, making a total of nineteen years devoted to this collection, was completed in 1900.

A few days before the second collection was to be packed and shipped to the exposition in Paris, Mr. Morgan, who had never seen it, was informed that I would like to show it to him before it left America. Mr. Morgan was ill at the time, it wasn't practicable to transport so large and valuable a collection, and I feared that my plan would fall through. To make such a collection and to sell it are two different things, and no one wishes to keep a collection like that indefinitely on hand. Well, at the eleventh hour Mr. Morgan rose from his sick bed and made the trip. He spent about one hour going over the entire collection and hearing my reports on certain outstanding pieces. By the time he left I felt sure he would not let this collection—which contained examples of everything in the gem kingdom from the hardest stone, the diamond, down to the softest, amber—escape him. It exhibits the finest examples of precious stones from all over the world, as well as the beautiful semiprecious stones, and in many cases there are as many as fifty or a hundred specimens to illustrate the different forms of a single species. In all there are more than a thousand specimens.

An Ancient Figure of the God Buddha, Carved From Rare Blue Jade and Now in the Possession of the American Museum of Natural History

The Mysterious Royal Stone

WHEN Mr. Morgan finally bought this collection I was naturally much pleased, for I had had my moments of doubt about being able to dispose of so formidable an affair. However, I tried never to let my uneasiness appear. Later, I remember, the gentlemen of the press, somewhat overwhelmed with this purchase, asked me how I had dared to invest to the extent represented by this collection.

"Oh," I said, "I knew there'd be a Mr. Morgan to buy it." I rather admired my own aplomb.

But to return for a moment to the opal. I remember the day when I received the first opal ever sent to this country from Australia for commercial purposes. Always, on the discovery of a new gem source, comes the question of its effect on the present sources of supply. Australia was reported rich in opals, but I had no fear for Mexico. I had seen those mines down there and on the score of neither quality nor quantity was I disturbed about our supplies from Mexico. Hungary was a different story. Their mines were poorer, the quality inferior. I had seen those mines, too, and realized at once what this discovery would mean to them. As I expected, in a short time the Hungarian mines closed down, but the Mexican mines still flourish.

But opals were not the only gems I obtained in Mexico. There's jade, for example—most illusive, mysterious and intriguing of gems, as the royal stone of China has every right to be. Jade! Why must it always present the same mystery? We find it anywhere; yet we seldom know where it comes from. What is true of Mexico is true of Europe, and what is true of Europe is true of Alaska. But that part of it is another story. Here I shall only say that plenty of jade has been found in Mexico, but none in the place God put it. None. Rather is it found in wells, in ancient graves, in old churches, and in other places where men have secreted it, and none of it is newly mined, but all of it is old—very old. Thousands of years ago it was marked by the hand of primitive man, rubbed and polished and formed and clumsily carved and graven—all the jade that's ever been found in Mexico. So intensive was the search of prehistoric man for this sacred stone that not one piece—no, not so much as a thimbleful—escaped his greedy prowling; or else we must believe what is even harder to believe—that it was brought to Mexico from China in frail Chinese junks, breasting the Pacific all those thousands of years ago. No gem ever caused the mineralogists and archæologists quite the heartache that jade has

Men have lived a lifetime in Mexico, searching for jade—that is what the jade fever can do to an otherwise normal man when it gets him and have found plenty; but none that had not already passed through the hands of prehistoric man and borne his mark. Two friends of mine, Doctor Thompson, who spent a lifetime in Mexico, and Professor O'Neill, who lived there for more than thirty years, both fell victims to this malignant fever which, once it fastens upon a man, yields him up only to death. But, as the gem enthusiast sees it, both men were amply

Pearl Merchants Examining and Dickering for Pearls. In Insert—A Rare Jade Vase, Carved by a Burmese Artist Seven Hundred Years Ago

A Rare Collection of Jewels Shown at the Paris Decorative Arts Exhibit

rewarded for their devotion. Jade is not always "*la belle dame sans merci*," though I know of one eminent scientist who gave his whole life to its service only to have it proved after his death that all his conclusions regarding this elusive, utterly feminine gem were erroneous. But of that later. One day, in the never disappointing mail of a gem expert, I received a little box which, on opening, I found to contain a small piece of jade nice enough I thought, but after all, why? Though it was obviously old and much worn by human hands, it had little intrinsic value. I set it aside. Then I came upon a letter from Doctor Thompson, and that put an altogether different face on the matter. The devoted man had at last achieved his reward, for he had discovered, not a few odd bits of jade but a treasure-trove that had no bottom.

To the Spirit of Water

IT IS strange, these connecting links we sometimes come across between the nations of the world—the same word in the languages of widely separated nations, the same god worshiped continents apart, an identical custom or garment or belief, seeming to point to a universal cradle of mankind. And here in Mexico my friend had come upon one of these odd, connecting links. In Europe, in the Orient, in Mexico, the same prehistoric custom a votive well. Perhaps it was to propitiate the god of water that primitive man took to throwing his most treasured possessions into the well. In Plombières, in France, is such a well; in Japan are many; and now my friend had discovered one in Mexico. So many were the bits of jade—thousands upon thousands—and so lost and buried in silt and earth, that it was a Herculean labor to unearth them. However, time meant little to a man who had spent thirty years in quest of jade, and who now had discovered the largest store of it ever found in Mexico, in a well a hundred feet deep. I carry that first little piece always with me, as much in honor of my indefatigable friend as of prehistoric man.

And O'Neill—his is another story. Equally devoted, knowing that jade was to be found only in some sacred, secret place, he bought up ancient graveyards and began excavations.

"Kunz," said he to me one day in Mexico, "it's a strange thing—a damned queer thing—but in all the hundreds of excavations I've made I've never found a single piece of jade—not one single piece. No, sir, I've never seen a gem nor a gold ornament leave a grave. But curiously enough"—his eyes began to twinkle—"plenty were brought to me from over the mountain. Invariably, whenever we had been excavating for several days, valuable ancient bits

(Continued on Page 172)

COUNTERBALANCE

By A. W. Somerville

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

"I Didn't Even Know We Were on the Ground," Said the Hoghead, "Till I Heard Fred Yell. We Both Unloaded—Joined the Birds"

T. P. PATCHBOLT was the division master mechanic. Fat as a filled balloon, short as a sawed-off shotgun, small blue eyes that held an edge like high-speed steel, a silk shirt that would have put a bird of paradise into hysterics, pants that bagged at the knees and sagged at the seat—T. P. Patchbolt, as tough as Tobin bronze, as ingenious as Archimedes.

T. P. had been down to the main shops personally to work over the general foreman, a certain Mr. Deekman, very recently promoted. T. P. went to the main shops for the very simple and excellent reason that Mr. Deekman had refused—with suitable comments and embellishments—to make various changes on certain motive power unless authority was issued from the drafting room, and unless blue prints accompanied this authority showing that these changes were not the idle whims of a fat master mechanic, but approved and intelligent innovations.

When T. P. was informed that such was the case, that words had been spoken and no changes made, that fat gent hitched a cubic yard of sag out of his breeches, cocked a beady blue eye at an imaginary horizon, adjusted a trailing sock and marched on the enemy with much muttering, more indignation and a determination to have done what a fat man wanted done, or else —— He arrived. The attack was magnificent, a mighty frontal thrust, the battle was a windmill of gestures and a cloud-burst of words—and the defeat of the master mechanic was no less decisive than the battle was reverberatory. The Retreat from Moscow had nothing on the return of Mr. Patchbolt; he was utterly routed.

The general foreman had not taken the proper attitude, decided the fat man, as he thought the matter over from his seat on the hotel steps. Mr. Deekman had best watch how he drove his rivets and fitted his bolts, for a fat little man was going to ride him. Did the master mechanic of the division have to get permission from a bunch of scissor bills in the drafting room before he could change a six-inch to a seven-inch nozzle on a passenger engine—his own passenger engine? Did the master mechanic of the division have to get authority from a gang of cheap clerks before he could put brass crosshead shoes on a freight engine—his own freight engine? What the hell? Were these his engines, or did this guy Deekman think he bought them? Who did this guy Deekman think he was—Jay Gould? Every time a dumb-bell got promoted the railroad went to hell! The best thing to do with a flathead like Deekman would be to fire him or strangle him; a guy of his type was nothing more or less than a loose brick in the fire box.

T. P. conceived various schemes for putting the skids under the flat-headed Deekman. He rejected them one by one because the results attained would not reach total annihilation. T. P. had long since had the milk of human kindness drained from him by mechanical means; he had as little love for his fellow men in the abstract as has a Moslem fanatic filled with hop. He was in the middle of a very appealing little plan when he was interrupted.

It was a panhandler. He was dirty to the point of filth; he was crippled. He held out his hand and asked impudently, whiningly, for money to buy food. T. P. thrust his hand in his pocket; after much fishing he finally produced several crumpled dollar bills. Another careful search failed to produce any change. The beggar got a dollar!

"I knew you was a white man," he whined, and went on.

T. P. mentally patted himself on the back for his generosity.

"I'll bet," he declared aloud, "that that damned Deekman would have asked him for change!"

He resumed his mental obliteration of Mr. Deekman. He became as full of strategy as a military-science instructor, but he could hit upon no practical scheme to rid the suffering railroad of the obstructor of progress—who had made a bum out of the thinker a few short hours before. He had the worthy general foreman soaked in kerosene and was wiping off engines with him when the northbound hot-shot came in. The hotel was a railroad men's hang-out; it was only twenty feet from the tracks.

The master mechanic eyed the massive Mountain type locomotive as she rolled by. It was his business to know engines, and T. P. knew his business. There was a slight blue haze that seemed to come from under one of the drivers. The man on the steps sniffed the air suspiciously and waddled down to where the engine had stopped. He had on a gray suit bought new the day before—in spite of its newness it bagged at the knees and sagged at the seat—a shiny silk shirt with alternate half-inch stripes of white and green and red, and glossy new Oxfords that were as near sunset as male vanity will permit. He carried his coat on his arm and he had the forerunner of all headgear stuck on the back of his skull.

The engineer was on the ground flat on his back, half under the engine, poking about very mysteriously and very profanely.

"Got a hot one?" asked T. P.

The engineer stuck his head around the flange of the big wheel and admitted in unmistakable language that he certainly did have a hot one.

"Grease all run out?" questioned the brains of the mechanical department.

The engineer acknowledged with embellishments that such was the case.

"Lemme see," ordered Mr. Patchbolt. He threw his coat down and began to roll up the sleeves of his dazzling raiment.

"You'll get all dirty," objected the hoghead. "Better let me do it."

"Outta my way!" commanded the fat man. "You'd be all day, an' you don't know a damn thing about packing a box anyways. Lemme get in there!"

"Suit yourself!" retorted the engineer, and crawled out from under.

Quite a little crowd had collected. You'll always find this true, for railroad men have a faculty for hanging around an engine in trouble in order to convince themselves that the job could be done much better if they were doing it, using their own methods. They often have to pitch in and help the other fellow do it his way, and afterward they will tell you that it was an agony to the soul to piddle away so much time when anyone with any sense could have seen that they would have saved five minutes and done a better job if someone had only used his head. But they do the job as they are told, and while doing it they keep their mouths shut, and they get the job done. Compare that with a traffic jam, with everyone blowing his own particular horn and wanting the other guy to get out of the way.

T. P. crawled under the engine in all his glory. It was a pressed fit, but he made it. It was hot as a furnace; he lay just forward of the fire box and it was as greasy as an oil vat. Hot water and melted grease dropped eagerly on his brilliant plumage.

"Throw water on the outside of that box!" he shouted to the engineman.

"You'll get all wet," protested the man.

"Hell's bells, is it a tea we're having?" demanded the fat man. "Shut up and get some water!"

The fireman began passing big hunks of prepared grease to him; T. P. shoved the grease up against the axle with the aid of a stick. The axle was so hot that the grease would melt and run like butter; liquid grease dropped plentifully upon the recently laundered shirt and the brand-new pants. The owner of the shirt and pants shoved more grease into place and scowled. The first bucket of water cascaded, sizzling, over the crown brass and 50 per cent of it made a bull's-eye on the face of Mr. Patchbolt.

"Little more to the left!" shouted T. P., when he got the water out of his mouth.

Ten minutes, twenty pounds of grease and numberless buckets of water later—T. P. emerged from the firing line looking like a cross between a fat mermaid and a thousand-barrel gusher.

"Get her out of town," he told the engineer. "Keep your eye on her. Gimme some waste, my hands are dirty."

"Yes, sir," said the engineer respectfully.

"Ready to go, Mr. Patchbolt?" inquired the conductor, also respectfully.

The Apprentice Boy

"Ready to ride," declared the fat one, wiping his hands carefully.

"'Board!" shouted the conductor.

T. P. looked her over as the rail joints clicked her out of town. As she passed from view to the north, he shoved his watch and a handful of waste into his hip pocket. He took his coat from the man who had been thoughtful enough to pick it up out of the dirt. He observed to no one in particular: "She lost four minutes on her leaving time. It was a damn good thing I was here; they never would have got that box packed. Who ever heard of a hoghead that could pack a box?" He waddled off with his coat hugged close to the ruined glory of his shirt.

He had a room at the hotel and he went there to change clothes. So far as he was personally concerned, he would have worn them for the rest of the day, but he'd heard

that the general manager was coming in on the noon train—and he knew only too well that the boss was cranky about clothes. So he changed. He concluded that he didn't really need a bath—just tidy up a bit. It was nearly noon.

T. P. had been asked out to dinner by the chief electrician; he descended to the lobby to meet the man. The master mechanic was a hearty eater—not an epicurean but an eater; he ate early and often and he did it with gusto. He once remarked that he never pampered his stomach—just ate anything. The statement would have been complete if he had said everything. He could feed his face with the consistency of an automatic stoker for more than an hour; he could keep two waiters breathless from actual effort; he could destroy ten million calories at a single gulp. And two hours after demolishing ten or twelve courses, he could repeat the performance, including all the side dishes at hand. T. P. always lost money on his expense account; he never had the courage to put down the preposterous amounts that he paid for food.

The chief electrician found him shortly after the pangs of hunger and the closeness of the lunch counter had proved too strong a combination. The fat man was just polishing off a quarter of an apple pie and a cup of coffee.

"I thought you were coming home to eat with me?" questioned the electrician with some indignation.

T. P. declared with fervor that he intended to; that the only thing that would prevent his presence would be to have the door locked in his face. He told the electrician not to worry, that he would do full justice to the meal; he was only sort of warming up on the coffee and the pie, he explained.

The two left the restaurant and proceeded up the street. When two railroad men meet they argue—invariably. They can always find a subject. T. P. and the electrician argued about a derailment.

"What do you know about it?" demanded T. P. heatedly. "I helped pick her up after she side-swiped that nice new diner and turned handsprings. There was two dead guys, and there ain't nobody explained yet how that diner got foul of the main line. Last week she ditched herself and killed Ed Golden, goin' fifty miles an hour on straight track. They ain't said yet what caused that!"

"That 359 is a killer," expounded the chief electrician. "That's all there is to it, brother, she's just a killer."

T. P. said some unkind things relative to the spoken words of his prospective host. He added: "She ain't my engine, son, but if she was I'd cure her of these track-jumpin' exercises. I'd make her lay down an' roll over when I sneezed, see?"

The electrician said some unkind things relative to the spoken words of his prospective guest: "Some engines is unlucky, see? An' the 359 is unlucky an' she's a killer too. She'll get another hoghead an' it won't be long!"

"Not that I give a damn," said the fat man unpleasantly, "but you talk like you were full of boiler compound. Now she ain't on my division an' she can do tricks on a trapeze an' it's no business of mine, but I bet she wouldn't do that on my railroad!"

They arrived at the house without coming to blows and were met by the young wife of the chief electrician. She had only recently married, and because her husband read a few papers outside of the trade journals, she thought that all railroad men were normal people. T. P. said yes, he thought the weather hot. Yes, he wished it would rain. And these were the last words that the mistress of the house got with the master mechanic, for rain suggested water to T. P., and water was what T. P. had waded in when he picked up the 359 after she had side-swiped the diner. Which started the argument all over again and developed some rather interesting details.

Said T. P.: "An' the diner had her hand brakes set up so that when she got smacked the wheels slid, they didn't turn. So she couldn't have rolled down and fouled herself. Now from where she first started to slide, see, to the main line, figurin' in the length of her vestibule, she was in the clear. Not more than a foot in the clear, but she was clear. I put my own tape on her. Now I wasn't runnin' the investigation, see—all I was doin' was helpin' pick her up an' get the main line clear, an' so I kep' my yap shut. But I know just as well as I'm sittin' here that the diner wasn't foul of the main line. When that engine come up even with the diner she hopped off and hit the diner.

"All this blah-blah about her bein' a killer don't go down. 'Course, if any of the big guys was to ask me what I thought was wrong, I wouldn't blame it on the engine—I'd blame it on the track; but after that spill last week, when she just took to the trees—brother, if she was mine I'd stick her in the back shop an' I'd pull her apart an' I'd see what makes her act so funny. You can blame the track once and make it stick, and sometimes you can make it stick twice, but if it happens again we'll see a lot of new faces."

The young wife had gone inside to see how the dinner stacked up. She returned to the porch and sat in on the argument. T. P. declared that it was a mistake to put the 359 back in service, the electrician declared that it was the proper thing to do. The mistress of the house eventually got more than her fill of the 359 and shooed them in to eat. They went in arguing and they sat down arguing.

The hostess had gone to considerable pains to have a good dinner, for she was new to the railroad family and she wished to make friends with her husband's associates. She was possessed of sense and had no wish to put on airs.

She said to T. P. immediately after they were seated: "Mr. Patchbolt, we want you to feel at home here; we want you to enjoy your dinner. If you want anything don't hesitate to ask for it."

T. P. came out of a fog of exhaust steam and thanked her. He looked around the table—food was always of interest to him.

"We want you to consider yourself just as though you were a member of the family," continued the hostess. She thought desperately for some subject that would interest this man with the locomotive complex. She said: "Usually we have only one chicken, Mr. Patchbolt; but Edward told me how you enjoyed your food, so I got an extra one. So we'll have plenty. They are really very fine chickens. I have never seen any so well fattened."

All the food was on the table, and in the center was a large platter containing two juicy, well-browned chickens. The legs stuck ceilingward as the legs of all properly baked chickens should. T. P. focused his blue eyes on them.

"Now, Mr. Patchbolt, don't wait on ceremony," went on the lady. "If you see anything you want, just take it if you can reach it. We aren't a bit ceremonious."

"Have some chicken, T. P.?" said the host, picking up the carving knife.

"Don't care if I do," said T. P. calmly, and reaching out with his fork he transfixed an entire chicken and planted it before him! "Never saw a fatter pullet," he declared gratefully to his hostess just before he sank his teeth into a dismembered second joint.

After he had eaten, T. P. thanked his hostess very gratefully and very nicely, and she told him that next Sunday they would have two more chickens and that he must come and eat one of them. The master mechanic promised faithfully that he would, and it may be here added that the invitation was genuine and that T. P. did get another chicken at the home of the chief electrician—and a good many more after that. People liked T. P.

(Continued on Page 130

The Heater, of Course, Fell Off. T. P. Said That If It Was the Last Act of His Life He Would See That This Roundhouse Got a Fire Heater That Would Stay On

The Van Landingham Diamond

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Yours, I Believe?" Snapped the Colonel

MURDER," declared Colonel Baffin, his eyes grave above his military mustache, "will out." He took another caviar *canapé* from the tray and ate it.

"Quite so," drawled Cooksleigh. "Quite so."

Their host, Homer Van Landingham, beamed hospitably at them. He titillated the chiming ice in a silver shaker not inferior in size to a fire extinguisher.

"There's a dividend, gentlemen," he announced. It was not refused.

"What do you think, Professor Throgmorton?" Mr. Van Landingham queried.

A white dome of forehead which bulged like the bosom of its owner's evening shirt crinkled as the brain beneath it concentrated on the question. They, all of them, including the ladies, waited for the professor's dictum. After a full minute, he spoke. "Broadly speaking," he said, "yes."

"And you, Mr. Duggan—what do you think?" asked Mr. Van Landingham.

A thickly made man with a large terra-cotta blank expression, having discovered that it was impossible to extract a single other drop from his glass by tilting it up and tapping the bottom, blinked, and said, "M-m—sure."

Mr. Van Landingham stood, with legs apart, before the huge and handsome fireplace of his home. "We can all be thankful," he said, "that today the detection of criminals has become a science. It gives a property holder"—he coughed modestly—"a great deal of comfort to know that the modern detective is a scientist and a scholar."

"Of course," stated Colonel Baffin, "there are various schools of thought in criminology. Some investigators employ one method, some another."

"And some still a third," inserted the professor.

"Quite so," said Cooksleigh. His eyes rested absently on a very large oil painting of a biggish lady, sketchily clad, reclining on a pink cloud, surrounded by a swarm of uncommonly plump Cupids.

Seeing the direction of his gaze, Mr. Van Landingham remarked, "My new Rubens. Like it?"

"It's top hole," said Cooksleigh. "Jolly old place you have here—what?"

"Greycaster Towers," said Mr. Van Landingham, "once stood on the coast of Wales. Some king or other lived there once. Mrs. V. and I saw it last summer, liked it, bought it on the spot and had it shipped over to Long Island stone by stone. Merciful Peters, what was that?"

A scream—a series of short, sharp screams—disturbed the tranquillity of the drawing-room.

"That's Mrs. V.," announced Mr. Van Landingham.

The men started for the door, but before they reached it, it was thrown open and Mrs. Van Landingham stood there uttering brief, piercing sounds.

"Clara Belle, what is the matter?" exclaimed Mr. Van Landingham, and added, in a reassuring aside: "It may not be serious. Clara Belle screams easily."

"It's gone!" wailed Mrs. Van Landingham, giving way to tears. She had been a pretty woman in a blond way before she took to French pastries. Now even the art of the very expensive *couturière* who had fashioned her low-cut evening gown of purple beaded georgette had been unable to conceal the fact that at forty she was overly ample in spots.

"What's gone?" asked Mr. Van Landingham.

"The diamond!" said Mrs. Van Landingham tragically. "The Van Landingham diamond!"

"Gone?" cried Mr. Van Landingham, aghast. "The Van Landingham diamond gone?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Van Landingham. "Gone! Gone!"

"Where?"

The look she bestowed upon Mr. Van Landingham was somewhat withering. "Would I be hollering like this if I knew?" she demanded.

"I suppose not. Dear me, this is most annoying. It wasn't insured. Have you looked for it?"

"Of course. But it was—stolen!"

"How? Who? Where? When?" questioned Mr. Van Landingham.

"I was lying down, taking a little nap before dinner," she said, dabbing away a tear from a rounded cheek. "I felt a little faint—I hadn't had a bite to eat since tea time; so I thought I'd lie down and close my eyes for five minutes, and when I woke up it was gone!"

"When did you last see it?" asked Mr. Van Landingham.

"Just before I closed my eyes. You see, I was fully dressed and I had the diamond on."

"It's a sort of pendant thing," explained Mr. Van Landingham. "Goes round her neck on a gold chain."

"A *sautoir*," said Mrs. Van Landingham. "I fell fast asleep. I dreamed I was being pursued across a meadow by a polo player on his horse ——"

"Mrs. V. always tells her dreams," put in her husband, "whether they matter or not. . . . Go on, Clara Belle."

"I felt," continued Mrs. Van Landingham, "a tug at the chain around my throat. But I did not wake up fully. I dozed off again and dreamed I had been captured by pirates—fierce-looking young men nine feet tall who were pelting me with macaroons—and then I did wake up, and when I went to look at myself in my mirror, I saw that the diamond was gone. Then I began to scream."

"Naturally," said Mr. Van Landingham. "Now don't worry, Clara Belle. We'll recover the diamond for you—or get you another."

"There isn't another like it," said Mrs. Van Landingham.

"It's perhaps the largest diamond owned by a private individual," explained Mr. Van Landingham. "I bought it from the Maharaja of Bumallah—and I'd hate to tell you what I had to pay for it. If you'll excuse me, I'll telephone to the newspapers right away."

"And the police," said Mrs. Van Landingham.

"That will hardly be necessary," said Mr. Van Landingham with a smile.

"Why?"

"Well, you see, dear," he explained, "knowing that you were going to wear the Van Landingham diamond tonight, I took the precaution of inviting to our dinner party a—er—gentleman connected with the police—as a safeguard against thieves"—he gulped—"from the outside, I mean."

"Oh, did you?" said Mrs. Van Landingham. "Then where was he while I was being robbed?"

"My dear," said Mr. Van Landingham, "he could hardly have been watching in your boudoir, now, could he?"

"Well, where is he now?"

"Here," said Mr. Van Landingham, with a wave of his hand, "he is. Allow me to present Detective Sergeant Francis X. Duggan, of the New York Police Department."

Mr. Duggan ducked his head in an informal nod. "At your service, lady," he said.

"Why didn't you tell me about this?" said Mrs. Van Landingham to her husband. "I went ahead and got a detective to come here too."

"You did?"

"In fact," said Mrs. Van Landingham, "two detectives."

"Merciful Peters!" exclaimed Mr. Van Landingham. "Who are they?"

Mrs. Van Landingham indicated the lengthy and hatched-faced Cooksleigh. "This," she said, "is the famous Oliver G. P. Cooksleigh, of Scotland Yard. He's in America on a holiday, but I was able to persuade him to come here to keep an eye on the diamond."

Cooksleigh bowed. "Quite so," he said.

"His brother is a baron," Mrs. Van Landingham added.

"Baronet," corrected Cooksleigh.

"We are honored by your presence, sir," said Mr. Van Landingham. "Who is the other detective, Clara Belle?"

"Professor Throgmorton," said Mrs. Van Landingham. The professor inclined his prominent head. "He is the Prof. Leander Throgmorton who has solved all sorts of

"It's Gone!" Wailed Mrs. Van Landingham, Giving Way to Tears

mysteries and who wrote that book about—dejected rassalation, wasn't it, professor?"

"The Application of the Throgmorton Method of Theoretic Deductive Ratiocination to Criminology," said the professor.

"M-m—yes. I must read it sometime," said Mr. Van Landingham. "Well, it looks like a bad night for that diamond thief. Colonel Baffin, it looks as if the only men here who aren't detectives are you and I."

With a dignified smile, the colonel produced a card and handed it to his host. "I have the honor," he said, "to be a partner in the Edgar Allan Poe Protective Association, Inc.—'No case too large, none too small'—and as some of your jewels and plate are insured by us, I took the liberty of coming here in a professional as well as social way."

"Very thoughtful of you, I'm sure," murmured Mr. Van Landingham. He surveyed the four men before him. "Well," he said, "what do we do now?"

"Eat," suggested Detective Sergeant Duggan.

"No," vetoed Cooksleigh. "There's not a second to be lost."

"Agreed," said Colonel Baffin.

"I shall begin to function immediately," declared Professor Throgmorton.

The butler appeared just then to announce dinner.

"I tell you what," said Mr. Van Landingham. "You ladies go in and eat your dinner. We'll start work on the case at once and dine later, won't we, gentlemen?" Four confirmatory nods. "We are fortunate," said Mr. Van Landingham, addressing his wife and the other ladies as if they were a public meeting, "in having with us tonight four of the leading investigators of crime in the world. Each, I understand, pursues his own distinctive method. That within a very short time they will have laid the thief or thieves by the heels and will have restored the Van Landingham diamond to its rightful owners, I have every confidence."

Mrs. Van Landingham and her feminine guests filed into the dining room. The four detectives stood wrapped in deep thought.

Presently Duggan spoke. "Who are the dames?" he asked.

"Oh, they're all right," said Mr. Van Landingham. "Mrs. Gandil is my sister, Mrs. Finch is my wife's sister, and Miss Marple is an old family friend. Besides, they arrived just before dinner, gave their wraps to the maid in the front hall and came directly into the drawing-room, so they were not upstairs at all."

"M-m," said Duggan—"that's so. They're out." He puckered his brow. "But we was all upstairs, dressing for dinner," he observed.

"What do you infer from that?" asked Cooksleigh quickly.

Duggan eyed him with no great favor. "Nothin'," said Duggan truculently, "yet."

"I think, gentlemen," said Mr. Van Landingham, "that the customary thing to do is to go to the—er—scene of the crime."

"Quite so," said Cooksleigh.

"O. K.," said Duggan.

"By all means," said Colonel Baffin.

"Not I," said Professor Throgmorton firmly. They all stared at him. "It's not my method," explained the professor. "I never visit the scene of the crime. You all recall, of course, how I solved the Kingsley murder case?" They shook negative heads. "Well, no matter. It happened in '96, and in Switzerland. A man named Kingsley pushed his uncle into Lake Geneva. The bare facts were wired to me in New York. Without leaving my study, I deduced, by my own system of logic, that it was Kingsley who had done it, and, of course, I was right. Then there was the celebrated Hoagland-Gow poison case in Montreal in '04. Without leaving my New York study——"

"Perhaps you'd like to sit in a study now?" suggested Mr. Van Landingham.

"Exactly," said the professor.

"Will my library do?"

"If it is absolutely quiet," said the professor, "I must have absolute quiet. That's all I need."

"Right this way," said Mr. Van Landingham.

"You might," added the professor, "send in a plate of sandwiches, four bananas and a bottle of dry champagne."

"Won't you want more facts?" asked Mr. Van Landingham, as the professor began to move his skeleton-like frame and bulbous head toward the library.

"Facts!" snorted Professor Throgmorton. "Facts are for fools! Give me a theory and I'll find the facts to fit it. That's my method. I do not go round on my hands and knees sniffing for bread crumbs dropped from the criminal's pocket, as I understand some self-styled detectives do." The professor glared hostilely at Cooksleigh. "Give me an hour's quiet thought," went on the professor. "Logic plus a knowledge of psychology is worth more than all the thumb prints, microscopes and pseudo-scientific doodabs in the world. Now I remember how I solved the case of Mrs. McKillop, the New Orleans society——"

"That's the library—in there," interrupted Mr. Van Landingham gently. Into it the professor disappeared, closing the door with a bang. "Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Van Landingham, "if you don't share the professor's prejudice against tangible clews, we might go upstairs to the boudoir."

They entered the elaborate and spacious room where, on a great carved four-poster, Mrs. Van Landingham had been lying when the diamond was taken.

Mr. Duggan's eyes probed about the room. "Window open," he announced. He walked to the long window, half ajar, and looked out. "Ivy on the wall. Somebody climbed up. Not an inside job. Servants O. K.?"

"I trust them absolutely," said Mr. Van Landingham.

"M-m—well, if they do know anything, I'll scare it out of them," Mr. Duggan promised. "Keep still a minute. I'm thinkin'." He thought. "By golly, I've got it!" he cried.

"I Fell Fast Asleep. I Dreamed I Was Being Pursued Across a Meadow by a Polo Player on His Horse——"

"What have you?" asked Mr. Van Landingham.

"I got the bird spotted."

"What bird?"

"The guy that lifted the stone."

"So soon?" exclaimed Mr. Van Landingham.

"That's my method," said Mr. Duggan with a grin. "I ain't fancy, but I get there. Crimes is done by criminals. Find the sort of crook who does this sort of job, sweat him a bit, and a hundred to one he'll come clean. Did you say there's a reward?"

"No," said Mr. Van Landingham. "But I will offer one—ten thousand dollars."

"Baby, come to papa!" cried Mr. Duggan. "I'll have your sparkler before midnight." They looked at him, amazed and skeptical. "Cinch," said Mr. Duggan. "I know all the crooks—personally, see? I know their racket. An auto thief don't rob safes; a dip don't stick up cigar stores; a gem lifter sticks to gem lifting. They're specialists, see, and you can tell by the job who pulls it off. Now this one has Dinner-Jacket Joe Shawkey written all over it."

"I don't see that," said Mr. Van Landingham.

"You wouldn't. It ain't in your line. You know how to hit Wall Street and I know how to jug crooks," said Mr. Duggan with a touch of condescension. "This is Joe's work, all right. He's the slickest second-story worker and dinner thief in the business."

"But we've lost a diamond, not a dinner."

"Aw, I mean he gets into a big house and grabs the stuff while the people are downstairs eating dinner," explained Mr. Duggan. "Now Joe got outa Sing Sing three weeks ago. I got him sent there for a job just like this one. He's broke, so he's due to pull something off soon. Also, a stool tipped me that he seen Joe studying a map of Long Island. Say, there was a piece in the paper about you buying the stone, wasn't there?"

"Half a column on the front page of all the dailies," said Mr. Van Landingham—"last Monday."

"See?" said Duggan triumphantly. "It all fits. Joe saw the piece. He drove out here. It would be easy for him to shin up that ivy. He's a wiry monkey the size of a jockey. He pinched the stone and faded back to Broadway. Simple, ain't it?"

"Sounds so," said Mr. Van Landingham. "Now all you have to do is find this Dinner-Coat What's-His-Name."

"A pipe," declared Duggan. "Some people might look for him for years"—he addressed this to Colonel Baffin and Cooksleigh—"but me, I can put my hands on him as easy as eatin'. A skirt he threw down tipped me to his hide-away. I'll blow right into town, nab him, and in the station house me and some of the boys will reason with him. He'll cough up the stone or tell me what fence has it. You can count on that. Well, see you later, genta." He gave them a leer, a wink and a nod, and departed.

"Stout fellah," breathed Cooksleigh.

"Bullhead," said Colonel Baffin.

"We might as well eat our dinner," said Mr. Van Landingham. "If he's caught the thief, we needn't bother about it any more."

"There's just a chance," said Colonel Baffin with heavy irony, "that Duggan's friend Shawkey is not the right man. I've heard of him. He's a police-department prop. They're always arresting him. Every time anything happens, from arson to baby stealing, they arrest Shawkey. It makes the public think the police are on the job. Quite often he's guilty, but sometimes not."

"What do you propose to do then?" asked Mr. Van Landingham.

"Follow this case," said the colonel with decision, "to the bitter end."

"And you, sir?" Mr. Van Landingham turned to address Cooksleigh, but the Scotland Yard man had vanished. "Merciful Peters!" cried Mr. Van Landingham. "What's happened to him?"

"I'm busy," said an unmistakably Oxford voice. It came from under the bed. Mr. Van Landingham bent over and peered. Cooksleigh, prone on his shirt front, was earnestly studying the lavender carpet beneath the bed through a magnifying glass the size of a small frying pan.

Colonel Baffin looked down at the Englishman's feet, protruding slightly, with amused contempt. Then he

(Continued on Page 166)

ACCELERATING SENTIMENT

A Modern Barnum—By William Hickman Pickens

THE saddest words of tongue or pen are oral. They are not contained in the eulogies delivered when a nation crumbles and falls, neither are they to be discovered in the lachrymose squawk of the dying gladiator. Though these words seem sad enough in McGuffey's Third Reader, they are screaming subtitles compared with the ones which have dripped from my gloomy lips at various times when the time was ripe and the setting was appropriate. In order to squeeze the full essence of sorrow from the dictionary of suffering you require the proper environment and circumstances.

First, you must have an expectant mob of 30,000 spectators who have gathered within the gates of an outdoor hippodrome to gaze with strained optics upon the marvels promised them by Will H. Pickens. Lured by the flamboyant twenty-four-sheets, these 30,000 people have paid from fifty cents to two dollars each for the privilege of seeing the collapsible airplane collapse or the folding automobile fold. They wait for the advent of the mechanical monsters which will cause chills to run up their hopeful spines. When a yokel pays two dollars to pipe a mechanical monster you have to do more than chill his shoulder blades with fear. He wants a fright that will freeze his hat.

The reason he spent the two dollars is because he has implicit faith in the pretty pictures painted on circus billboards. Once inside the grounds, his mental attitude does not whittle a whit. He wants to see everything you have advertised, and you had better produce, or else amuse yourself by glancing over the humorous passages in your last will and testament. Multiply that one spectator by 30,000 and you have the words and music for a tense situation. They have paid to be thrilled, and gosh, how they dread it!

The Fastest in the World

EVERYTHING runs off smoothly until the big event of the afternoon. The racing camel beats the trotting ostrich by a foot and several tropical odors. The Arabian acrobats twist and bend themselves in sinewy pretzels all over the lots and the mob applauds politely. The clown policeman on stilts walks over the heads of the pretty girls. Aunt Mathilda and Uncle Jasper, the two elderly rube comics who make annual pilgrimages over the big-fair circuits, go through their thunderous dialogue with parasol and ear trumpet. Their act winds up with Mathilda catching the errant Jasper talking with a painted Jezebel, who is also an actor in the skit. The laughter is loud, but not enthusiastic, for the mob is saving its steam for the blow-off.

The turkey legs, as the running horses of the fair circuits are known to outdoor showmen, complete their final heat and the crowd starts to limber up. The big event is next and the daring aviator is about to flash his mechanical monster before the amazed populace. The propeller is twirled and the big plane hops across the infield and takes off, flying in low circles around the track. There is another pulse quickening as a ponderous racing monster glides from the cover of the stands and roars around the same track. It is the famous Blitzen-Benzine Red Devil, the fastest automobile in the world—that afternoon. My cars were always the fastest in the world—that afternoon.

The two metal demons buzz and grumble around the egg-shaped arena and the crowd watches them with an interest that is sincere but not vital. The roaring from the exhausts is the loudest that money can buy, for noise is the main dish in a ballyhoo, both before and during the performance. A pretty brown-haired girl runs from under the grand stand directly in the path of the speeding automobile. The 30,000 fans cheer wildly as she blows kisses to them with both hands. The cheers increase as the automobile stops and she climbs in beside the driver. Off they go. The plane swoops down after them and another burst of cheering breaks loose as the mob spots a new development. The pilot of the airplane has dropped a rope ladder from the fuselage of the machine and it dangles to and fro as the plane swings after the hustling motor car. This is the big event of the day. The little brown-haired girl in the automobile is to perform a stunt that will make Daniel's trip into the lion's den look almost effeminate by comparison.

When the airplane and the automobile have synchronized their speed, the airplane will dip until the ladder is within reach of the brown-haired girl's grasp. She will then clutch the lower rung, and pulling herself out of the automobile, will climb the ladder slowly—not too fast, for she must swing to and fro on the rope ladder as the plane bears her triumphantly past the grand stand several times as the male spectators gasp and the women faint. She is swinging dizzily on her precarious pendulum, holding on with one hand and blowing kisses with the other. Then the plane whips up into the clouds as she finishes her climb and disappears safely within the fuselage.

The Audience Sends Regrets

THE brown-haired girl blows kisses to the audience because that is the etiquette of the show game. Lady trapeze performers and all professional women athletes twiddle their toes and blow kisses to the spectators. But I have given you a condensed version of the brown-haired girl's stunting, for she did not catch the ladder on the first attempt. Another item in the strict etiquette of ballyhooing is that no trick shall be successful on the initial attempt. The first and the second endeavors must be flops, as they say in showdom. These two attempts are build-ups for the third and successful one.

But this afternoon something happened. The first two tries have been successful failures and the brown-haired girl blows kisses to all within a radius of fifty miles. The plane swings up and out and skitters around to get another fair shot when Will H. Pickens hears the motor miss. The flyer is so low that he has to make an emergency landing outside the park. The brown-haired girl is still speeding around the track in the auto. The crowd thinks this is part of the show and waits for the plane to come back. So does Will H. Pickens. After a delay of about five minutes, the crowd begins to get restless and curls up on the edges like gummed labels. Meanwhile the brown-haired miss is still scooting around blowing kisses, but they seem to have lost their sting. Mr. Pickens runs hurriedly out of the park to consult his aviator and discovers that he has cracked up his propeller and undergear in landing. This takes another five minutes and the mob is simmering sulkily like boiling glucose. There isn't a chance of getting the plane fixed that afternoon. So Will H. Pickens has more perspiration on his brow than he can handle. He strolls sadly back to the arena, picks up an emergency megaphone, fills his frightened lungs with air and broadcasts the saddest words of tongue or radio:

"The management regrets to announce ——"

Which is all that is necessary. This mournful ballyhoo is an apology of 700 words which I know by heart. I have tried to make it in full detail on a hundred different occasions. But I never get any further than:

"The management regrets to announce ——"

Bang! First come the heavy seat pads which we have been foolish enough to rent to the mob at ten cents a cushion. Then come all the movable sections of the grand

stand. After that, the seats are ripped up and come sailing out into the field. This beautiful shower of gifts looks like a combined celebration of wooden, leather and glass wedding anniversaries, for the deluge of presents is spangled with empty pop bottles and drinking glasses. The crowd is keenly aware of the meaning of:

"The management regrets to announce ——"

They also are cognizant of the fact that Will H. Pickens is the management, and although the band strikes up The Star-Spangled Banner, it does no good. It does not bring the crowd to its feet, for the mob is already on its feet—chasing the management which regretted to announce.

Fortunately for Mr. Pickens, the brown-haired girl is still whirling around the track blowing kisses to a rioting crowd. As the car comes by, Mr. Pickens swings on the running board and blows a mental kiss to everybody. There is no more scooting around the track, for the automobile is headed straight for a weak spot in the fence and, making its own exit, disappears across country. The crowd checks its impetus, reverses its line of march and heads for the box office to get its money back.

Here is another pointer for young promoters. The box office contains very little money, if any. It is impossible to refund money to 80,000 indignant patrons. The promoter has already given each customer a rain check with his or her ticket. This stub entitles the holder to another performance in case there is anything radically wrong with the one he is supposed to see. He can also have the choice of exchanging the stub for his money the next day at a downtown office. But you cannot do business in No Man's Land when the shells are screaming overhead and the mob is bursting underfoot. So a promoter carries along a man who is known as the milker.

Sidetracking Trouble on a Board Track

WHEN the ticket sale starts at the box office, the milker makes half-hour trips to the ticket sellers and collects all the cash in his milk pail. He deposits this rich cream in the safe inside the office, which is usually in an obscure spot under the grand stand. It is not actually a secret rendezvous, although there are no green arrows pointing toward it. The crowd has already seen half a performance. Therefore there is rarely any money refunded. The show is usually given a week later in the same spot and the same spectators show up again equipped with their rain checks.

On a second performance like this, there is no etiquette. The girl in the automobile grabs the ladder the first time around and climbs rapidly into the airplane. She never wastes any more kisses on that crowd.

You can never realize what it means to have loved and lost until you have been a management which regretted to announce. Even the brass band fails at this crucial moment, and brass bands have quelled more riots than the police and state militia combined. In an ordinary turmoil or minor brawl, the promoter signals the band leader and he crashes into The Star-Spangled Banner. This tune has excellent soothing qualities in Maine, Michigan and North Dakota. When south of Mason and Dixon's Line, the bedtime blare is Dixie.

According to Bobby Burns, the mice often nibble at the best laid plans of promoters and men. The promoter spends his money building up his star as a feature attraction, wastes his time, labor and more money steaming up the ballyhoo, and then sees an accident or unforeseen circumstance deprive him of anywhere from $5000 for a single show to $100,000 for a nationally arranged tour. The preliminary expenses for lithographs, the salaries of advance men, the rent for billboard space and advance deposits for leases of race tracks and fair grounds in fifty cities—all are swept overboard without a chance for his white alley. His marbles are gone, with no comeback.

Quick thinking will often sidetrack disaster, but it is liable to get back on the main track again. Just a few years ago I was running a circuit of automobile races through the Middle West. I picked up a Chicago paper and read that an auto speedway in Kansas City had been sold by the sheriff. Now K. C. had always been soft pickings for my auto-race promotions in the early days, when Barney Oldfield held all world records for crashing through fences and turning turtle on oiled turns. I rattled down to K. C. and looked over the plant. It was a pine-board track and the pine weevils had been holding an Old Home Week on it for at least fifty weeks.

The track was so rotted on the surface that you couldn't get traction on it unless you wore snowshoes. However, it could be repaired at reasonable cost and I visualized a Fourth of July race, even though it would require plenty of smoking up to overcome the failure of the home-town promoters. Three or four other interests were after the same track, for it was looked on as quite a plum in the outdoor-promotion racket. The present owner was willing to lease the outfit for $3000 for one performance on the Fourth. The money must be planked down on the line, and it was quite a lump when you figure that one show meant a gamble against the weather. But the lease also gave me the option on all the other racing dates of the year and would freeze alien promoters out of K. C. So after a long-distance talk with my bank, which seemed to grow more distant with every syllable, I decided to gamble.

I took another turn around the track the next day and it made me wish I had my $3000 back. Walking down the homestretch, my foot went through the boards. It looked as if somebody had selected that spot to drill a wildcat oil well. But the upper turn was worse. There were so many holes in this section of the track that I expected prairie dogs to pop out and laugh at me. I never bothered to look at the lower turn. The heavy underpinning timbers were just as bad. I was sunk.

Lincoln Beachey in His Dirigible Balloon, In Circle—Flying a Taube Airplane Over the Panama-Pacific Exposition

Elsie Janis and Her Mother About to go Aloft in a Captive Balloon; Will H. Pickens on the Right

That perforated scrubbing board had been massaged by its last racing car. The track was a wreck and so was Will H. Pickens—which gave me the idea I needed. What K. C. really required for a big jolly Fourth of July celebration was a wreck—a head-on collision between two giant locomotives. I had seen my first one about twenty years ago at Brighton Beach, New York. I had never put on one of these wrecks, but I had often looked at them with envious eyes, for they were surefire and drew big crowds. K. C. was a great railroad center and thousands of its citizens were in railroad service.

Come One, Come All, at a Dollar a Head

IN CONNECTION with the wreck I steamed up a big barbecue and picnic for the heroes of real wrecks, who would bring their families along and enjoy the sight of a head-on collision without danger to themselves. The people who had never been in genuine smash-ups would be anxious to view one. Before the star performance there would be a field day of sports—baseball, tug of war, potato races and all other athletic forms of encouraging sunstrokes. Admission was to be a dollar to one and to all.

The engines used in these artificial wrecks for exhibition purposes and the movies are not the majestic sort you gaze at with admiration when you detrain from the Century in Chicago or the Sunshine Special in Dallas. Those good engines are required in the railroad business. The brand

(Continued on Page 164)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: $2 00 the Year (52 issues). Remit by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

To Canada—Single Copies, Five Cents; By Subscription, $3 00 the Year—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

Prices to Other Countries quoted on request.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 10, 1927

Lenders

DURING the war, when credit was a powerful weapon, it was necessary that American loans proposed to be made through Wall Street to foreign countries should be submitted to the Government for sanction or veto. After the war the practice was continued in an extralegal manner on the basis of a gentlemen's agreement between the bankers and the State Department. The Government's point of view was that a foreign country behaving in a contumacious manner toward its official indebtedness to the American people at the United States Treasury ought not to have free access to American credit through the agencies of Wall Street. The effect on the progress of war-debt funding was highly salutary.

The work of the Debt Funding Commission is finished, and still the practice continues; now on the ground of general public policy. The State Department does not undertake to pass on the merits of a foreign loan as a financial matter; what it does is to say, all political and diplomatic circumstances considered, whether a loan proposed to be floated in Wall Street for a foreign government is desirable. Recently it raised a question as to a new French loan to pay off an old one, in view of the fact that France is the only important debtor nation that has declined to fund its official debt to the United States Treasury. Again, it raised a question as to a large American loan to the state of Prussia, in view of the facts, first, that the head of the German Reichsbank publicly admits that Germany is and has all the time been paying reparations with the proceeds of American loans, and, second, that there now is a great deal of discussion as to whether Germany will be able to pay both the Dawes Plan annuities to the Allies in full and interest on the money she is borrowing in this country. If not, then what? Undoubtedly the Dawes Plan annuities—reparations—will take precedence. In that event, shall the American holders of German securities be content to take what is left, if anything? Or shall we have to go on lending money to Germany in order that she may be able to pay us interest?

Such unofficial overlooking of loans to foreign countries by the State Department now begins to be actively challenged on two grounds—that it has no legality and that it is dangerous in principle, since of course it is a kind of intervention by the Government in limitation of the freedom of private capital. Well, it may be without legality and it may be dangerous in principle. Nevertheless, there is apparently no other way in which the headlong movement of American credit to foreign countries may be submitted to a national point of view.

Certainly no people ever before plunged into foreign investments as we have, and with so little background of experience. It is a movement governed by no policy, no program, no definite prospect. The responsibility of bankers acting as individuals or in competitive groups cannot extend to the movement as a whole. Moreover, the bankers' responsibility is limited even in the particular case; as, for example, in the case of a fifty-million-dollar loan floated a few weeks ago in Wall Street for the German Central Agricultural Bank. The advertisement of the bonds ended with this note in small type:

"The above information has been obtained, partly by cable, from official statements and statistics and from other sources which we consider reliable. We do not guarantee it, but believe it to be correct."

That is the customary form of disclaimer in all flotations. This is not the first large loan that has been floated in Wall Street in aid of German agriculture. But when American agriculture wants capital for purposes of a revolving fund to handle orderly marketing, it must look to the Government for it. The idea that foreign loans help our export trade does not apply here; as German agriculture is built up with American capital, the German market for American food staples will not improve.

An original feature of the German borrowing has been the sale of notes and bonds by German banks. A recent item was the sale of twenty-five millions of 6 per cent five-year bonds of the Deutsche Bank of Berlin. That has the outward form of an investment. What it really amounts to is that American investors make a time deposit of twenty-five million dollars in a Berlin bank at 6 per cent interest.

But to speak of American investors putting their money with foreign banks and into foreign securities as if in all cases it were a free and knowing individual transaction, is misleading. In fact, very largely it is Wall Street that makes these investments of American capital abroad. Indirectly they concern hundreds of thousands of American bank depositors who may know nothing whatever about them; not even that they take place.

When foreign bonds are floated in Wall Street some of them are sold directly and outright to private investors, and as to that portion nothing more is to be said. It is the private investor's own risk, wittingly assumed. But at the same time large quantities of these bonds are sold to banks all through the country; the banks, that is to say, invest their depositors' money in that way because it is immediately profitable to do so—because the rate of interest is high. Moreover, many individual buyers of foreign bonds do not buy them outright; they pay only a small part out of their own resources and borrow the remainder at the bank, pledging the foreign bonds as collateral security.

Such employment of American banking resources directly and indirectly in foreign securities has assumed enormous proportions. Since 1921 the loans of all banks have increased nine billions; and this increase mainly represents loans on securities of all kinds, including foreign securities. That is obviously to be inferred from the fact, ascertained by the Comptroller of the Currency, that bank loans for all purposes of general business are very little greater now than in 1921. In the same period—that is, since 1921—bank investments in securities of all kinds, including foreign bonds, have increased five and one-half billions. Beneath these two figures—the increase of nine billions in loans on securities and the increase of five and one-half billions in the banks' own holdings of securities—lies a very large proportion of the foreign loans floated in Wall Street during the past six years. And these loans continue to be floated at the rate of more than a billion a year. The total for the first three quarters of 1927 was nine hundred and fifty-four millions. One-fifth of our total power of investment is put forth abroad, with no line of policy whatever.

Nothing untoward has happened. Yet it is obvious that at this rate a time must come when American banks will find themselves deeply involved with the moral, political and economic solvency of foreign governments and foreign debtors. Not Wall Street banks primarily; banks all over the country—big ones in the manufacturing centers, little ones in the Corn Belt. A few sagacious bankers are calling attention to the fact that an enormous inflation of bank credit has already taken place. It has not affected the cost of commodities, as inflation commonly does; rather, in this case, it has facilitated speculative investment on a scale hitherto unimaginable.

Wall Street's tremendous interest in foreign flotations is accounted for by the fact that there exists in this country an enormous fund of investment money. The difficulty has been to satisfy the demand for attractive bonds. Foreign securities help to satisfy it. Generally the rate of interest is high—higher than the rates prevailing on first-class American investments. There is really no more policy in it than that—a difference of one or two per cent in the rate of interest and something to satisfy the investment demand.

We are behaving as if our own works were finished, as if now our only problem were how to find profitable employment for our surplus profits in other people's works. We have nothing stupendous of our own going on, nothing commensurate with our powers. We talk of digging another canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific, of bringing the Atlantic to Duluth and Chicago, of putting the Mississippi River beyond power of misdoing, of taming the Colorado, of super-power systems here and there; we talk also of the extravagance of American municipalities with schools and roads, and wonder if they can afford their debts. But we lend money to foreign municipalities for uses both extravagant and unproductive and think nothing of it—money to Germany to pay reparations with, debating at the same time, in an academic spirit, whether she will be able to pay both reparations and the interest on American loans.

The first difference between foreign and American debt may be one or two per cent in the rate of interest. The last difference is that no matter what happens to any debt of our own, still we have the things the money was spent for; and things are wealth, not debt, either good or bad.

Poor Policy

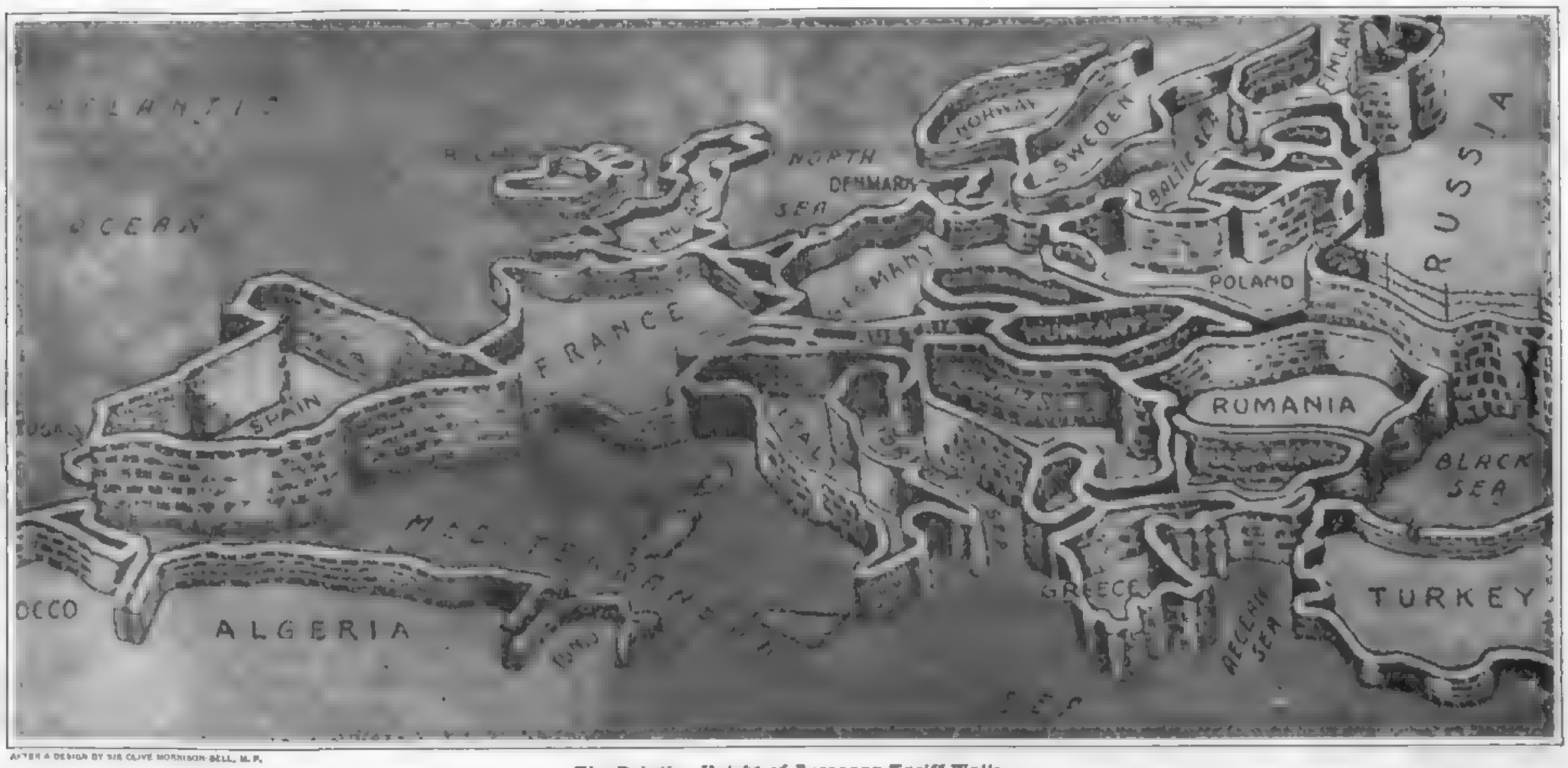
THE ability of banks to weather financial storms and meet their obligations is rarely affected by either banditry from without or defalcation from within. Failure seems to come from other and more complicated causes. Yet there is something abhorrent to public security in the two forms of attack, even though not fatal, to which so many banks are subjected. The criminal who assaults a bank from without or from within is equally odious to society, and the public expects that banking management will use all its ingenuity to reduce and minimize losses and alarms from this source.

Just what proportion of bank clerks, tellers and cashiers go wrong we do not know; it must be an insignificant percentage of the whole number. Yet not so many days pass that at least one defalcation does not find its way into the press. Out of scores of thousands of young men in any walk of life a small portion are destined to character breakdown. The results are bad enough in any business; in a bank such breach of trust is more inexcusable than elsewhere.

It is absurd to talk of exonerating a defaulter or a thief. Yet it is a serious question whether many banks do not follow an unwise policy in paying too low wages. A man may be a thief whether his wages be large or small. But far-sighted employers, while trusting in their employes' honesty and expecting it as a right, usually have a second line of defense in all the possible precautions against dishonesty.

Real wages are not always so low as they seem in some banks, if we include in the term such perquisites as respectability of occupation and security of tenure. Nor can banks as a rule dispense generous compensation with quite the free hand of certain industries of more expansive qualities. Yet the general impression persists that many of them are still following a labor or personnel policy more nearsighted and narrow than that adopted by so many of the great forward-looking industries. Comfortable wages will not eliminate all dishonesty, but the public finds distasteful the idea of committing indefinite sums of money and negotiable securities to employes who receive only trifling salaries.

EUROPEAN TRADE BARRIERS



AFTER A DESIGN BY SIR CLIVE MORRISON-BELL, M. P.

The Relative Height of European Tariff Walls

By Alfred Pearce Dennis

FOLLOWING the peace treaties, 8000 miles of new frontiers, eight new sovereign states and a round dozen new republics were set up in Europe. No such movement of European boundary stones has taken place in 1000 years. The new frontiers were traced by statesmen seated around council tables. Their settlements were based on racial and political rather than commercial considerations.

Europe emerged from the fierce hatreds and bitter struggles of the war intensely nationalistic in temper. Each new nation wanted to be sufficient unto itself. They all erected high tariff barriers which cut directly athwart natural trade routes and prove stubborn obstacles to commerce. From a commercial standpoint, the new frontiers are arbitrary and artificial. Commerce finds no logic in a double wall of customhouses between the three new Baltic republics which, up to the Russian revolution, had been trading with one another as freely as any three of our New England states.

The great Austro-Hungarian Empire, with its 50,000,000 souls, was an economic whole before the war. Vienna had only to reach forth across the Danube for fine Hungarian flour or Bohemian coal. Austria is now a commercial islet in Central Europe circumvallated by a double row of customhouses, with millions of human beings violently transformed from cooperating family units into fiercely competing Ishmaelitish broods.

Trade currents are as natural as the movements of ocean tides. Water seeks its level; men trade where it is to their advantage. They buy where they may buy best and cheapest. A national frontier which to the eye is but a frail impalpable line may become a trade wall of adamant.

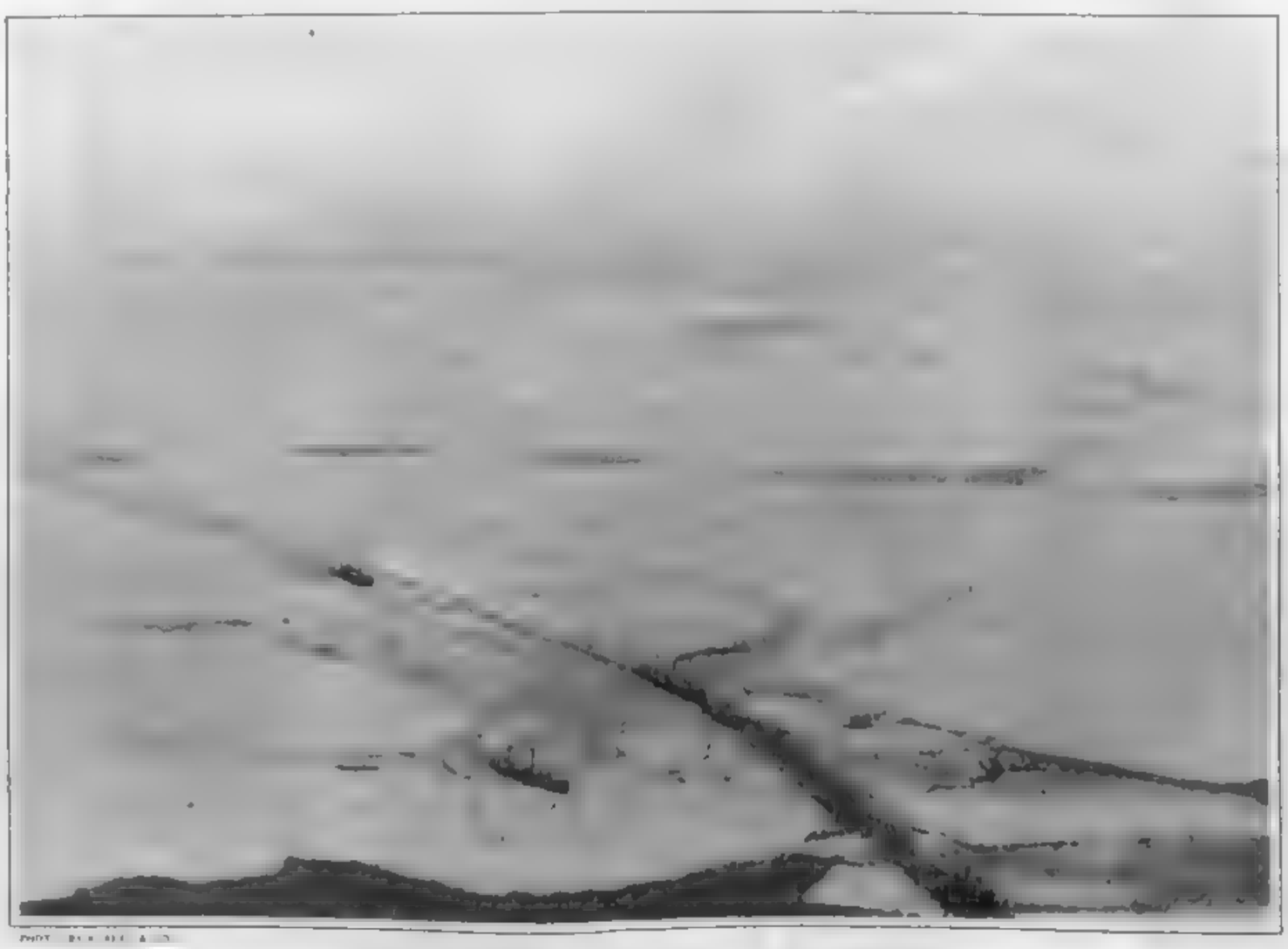
A line traced on a map is a purely artificial thing. Such lines bear no relation to soil, climate and human aptitudes. The surface of the earth with its subsurface mineral riches is not altered by boundary changes. War and revolution convulse human societies without creating displacements in earth, air or water.

The best merchandising site is at the crossroads. This is true for the rural crossroads store, the corner city block or the focal points in a great continent where streams of commerce moving north and south intersect streams flowing east and west. Constantinople, Vienna, Amsterdam enjoy historic positions of advantage as crossroads traders. About the worst calamity that may befall a crossroads merchant is to have his roads blocked. Vienna, where for 1000 years streams of traffic north-south and east-west intersected, had become a plexus of railroads, waterways, short hauls. Viennese bankers had a finger in every pie among the heterogeneous peoples—Slavic, Magyar, Teutonic and Hungarian—centering about Austria as satellites about a central sun.

Austria is now in the position of a crossroads merchant whose roads have been artificially blocked. Austrian trade is suffering the etiolation of a potato growing in a cellar.

An economist looking down from the planet Mars would point out that what Austria needs is a reopening of the old trade thoroughfares. In other words, Austria needs to be reunited to a larger economic unit. But suppose Austria attempted to form a customs union with the succession states—Jugo-Slavia, Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia. Italy would probably stand in the way. Or suppose Austria sought economic

(Continued on Page 139)



Navigation in the Gulf of Finland in Zero Weather

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

DRAWN BY PAUL KELLY

The Bedtime Story

DRAWN BY GARRETT LEO GEETER

Golf Enthusiast: "Well, I Guess the Golf Season is About Over for This Year"

Concerning X

FICKLE as air, or your favorite sex,
What a remarkable letter is X!

X in the Roman notation is ten;
X is the mark of illiterate men;
X means a crossing, as drivers should note;
X in a circle may count as a vote;
X is a quantity wholly unknown;
X is a ruler removed from his throne;
X may be xenon, a curious gas;
X is a ray of a similar class;
X-mas is Christmas, a season of bliss;
X in a letter is good for one kiss;
X is for Xerxes, that monarch renowned;
X is the place where the body was found. —*Arthur Gutterman.*

The Modern Dana

"BUT," said the city editor to the cub reporter, "if neither the bride nor groom in a wedding of movie celebrities has been married before, that, my boy, is news."

DRAWN BY WM. J. HURLEY

Christmastime in the Toy Store

Rita and Her Motor

PETER CARTER bought a motor,
Bought it for his daughter Rita;
Bought it, for he thought she oughter
Have a car to motor Peter
And her mother—Rita's mater—
When they went to the theayter.
So he bought the car to treat her,
Fitted with a motor meter.
Nothing on the road was fleeter
Than this brand-new double-seater.
Rita used to drive her mater
And her pater, Peter Carter.
When she stepped upon the starter
Peter, prouder than a pouter,
Praising Rita, used to pet her,
"No one ever drove it better."
And her mater'd mildly mutter,
"Nothing on the road can beat her;
Never motor murmured sweeter;
No one ever drove discreeter."
"Mater," Rita said, "you flatter."
Peter smiled, "It doesn't matter"—
Gazing fondly on his daughter.
"As for driving well, she oughter,
For her pater, Peter, taught her."

So one night Miss Rita Carter
Stepped into her double-seater;
There beside her crowded Peter
And her proud and portly mater.

(Continued on Page 170)

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

Dentist: "Good Lord, What'll I Do? I Got a Sword Swallower in the Chair and He's Swallowed My Drill"

How Samson Was Trimmed

DELILAH had used every ruse she could think of to make Samson tell her the secret of his strength. Although a famous vamp, she had failed in every attempt. The big strong man had only mocked her.

Tired of her vamping, he strolled away for a bit of relaxation. It was while he was gone that Delilah thought of one last ruse to obtain the secret of Samson's great strength.

While she was perfecting it the strong man was having the time of his life. With his bare hands he tore a lion like a kid, slew one thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, carried away the gates of a city and performed a score of other feats which contributed to his daily dozen.

When he returned, his mighty muscles bulging, his huge body covered with sweat, Delilah glided coyly up to him, stroked his massive face and cooed:

"Won't my ittle Sammy tell his ooky-wooks why he's so strong-i-wong?"

Hercules was the next great strong man.

—*Russell Wilks.*

DRAWN BY A. B. FOLLER

An Organ Recital

Slow-cooking produces this wonderful bean flavor

A bean that is slow-cooked has a different taste—a richer, mellower, finer flavor. No wonder. For in slow-cooking the heat goes to the very heart of the bean and makes every fine particle of the bean structure tender, yielding and delicious.

People want this especially tempting flavor in beans. People know that Campbell's are the slow-cooked beans. So Campbell's are the nation's most popular beans.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

THE RIVER

By TRISTRAM TUPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

Men Choked the Narrow Winding Wagon Roads, Overran Neglected Farms and Built Flimsy Structures Haphazard in Open Fields. The Valley Seemed Stunned—a Nightmare, a Delirium

SPRING

TWO lights marked the coming of spring—one at Widow Thompson's and the other in Rosalee's house on the river. Upon hearing the news I left Farmer Reed's without ceremony and trudged down the valley with Sam Thompson. We were carrying my blankets and canvas telescope, also Rosalee's pet crow in its homemade cage.

"Sam," I said, "are you sure the engineers have gone to your mother's house?"

He wagged his shaggy head. "One's a levelman." And he repeated this several times, like a chorus: "One's a levelman."

During the winter months, chopping cordwood week in and week out, I had boasted that when the engineers returned they were going to make me the levelman of the new residency; now they had returned, bringing a levelman with them, and Sam couldn't understand this.

No matter; at last they were here—three engineers and two negro axmen, the forerunners of an army of construction; and that evening we ate supper at the table which had been set way last October and had stayed set ever since. This was a good meal, with more than enough to eat and plenty of talk, during which Pop Ames, a perennial instrument man, tried to get Bantam Smith completely on edge by making gibes at the work ahead of us, while Smith, who was in command, declared flatly that, in all the history of engineering, the thing we were about to do had no parallel. We were going to steal a mountain of coal from under the nose of a rival railroad.

"That," he said, "is what it amounts to."

"And that," replied Ames, "amounts to nothing. Forty miles down the river a survey is being made for a hundred-million-dollar water-power dam. Water power is the coming thing for an engineer."

This gave me an idea. In fact, grizzly Pop Ames talked so convincingly that Sutton, the new levelman, rushed to his doom by mistaking the old man for the important person at the table.

Later I left them and cut through the woods carrying my blankets and Rosalee's crow. There were two double beds at Widow Thompson's, but I knew those shuck mattresses, while on the river I had a place I could call my own. Each Sunday and almost every evening since the first of the year, I had worked on the stone barge around the bend above the bridge. Hidden among the willows, the dilapidated hulk had been calked and painted from stem to stern while it sat on the bank like the ark on Mount Ararat. Now it was in the water again, a sheer delight, with every detail from a storage room in the hold to the moss-green roof carefully worked out—a house boat, a place in which to live on this or any other river. Only a few final touches were needed, such as another coat of varnish on the deck and small portholes at the head and foot of each bunk, and possibly a few window boxes outside, where Rosalee, if she cared to, could plant red flowers in contrast to the cream-colored deckhouse. At least it would prove I had thought of her every moment in my spare time since she left me four months ago.

And now, making my way through the night woods, I cautioned the crow to listen. "Listen to that roar!" And when the woods ended I stood entranced, deafened by the lunacy of noise the rapids were making in the blue darkness. Comprised of innumerable sounds—shouts, cries, mumblings—the roar was like the mingling of hundreds of voices—the voices of an army of men.

"They'll soon be here," I said aloud. And another thought came into my mind: Jorgensen would soon be here. Also, I imagined in this tremendous discord a few grace notes—Rosalee's laughter. "She'll soon be here too."

Suddenly the clipped-wing bird broke in upon this very thought. One of the blankets had slipped from my arm and this had frightened him. His blurred form was twice its natural size.

"What is it?" I asked.

Then looking around I saw the second light—a mere point glimmering through a black colonnade of trees.

"You think Rosalee has come back, is that it? Well, you're mistaken," I told the crow. "It's nothing more than a will-o'-the-wisp." I had seen that light a hundred times. I would never run toward it again, for each time in the past it had vanished—a will-o'-the-wisp.

"We'll not get excited."

But the cries of the crow became more piercing. Possibly I was joggling him as I ran along the river path. "You and Sam Thompson!" I shouted. "You two are not noted for your intelligence!" It was nothing to get excited about. But the light had grown larger and I knew it meant something. It meant everything. Rosalee had come back to the river.

Her door opened, illumining the narrow porch, and she stood there, silhouetted against the soft light. "Who in the world is making all that fuss?" she called. "Allen John, is that you?"

"It's your crow, Rosalee! Where did you come from? When did you get back?"

I held her in my arms. I had forgotten what a little thing she was, how warm, how fragrant!

She was laughing. "Oh, Allen John," she breathed.

And all I could say was: "You've come back to the river."

When we went into the house I asked if she wasn't going to speak to her pet crow. "You can see for yourself I've taken good care of him. I didn't let him freeze or starve. He was the first to see your light."

I put the cage on a chair, and while Rosalee looked down at the clipped-wing bird I gazed at her. Her eyes and lips and hair made the dreams of her during the past months seem like colorless shadows. Opening the cage, she told the crow he could come out if he wanted to, but the devilish bird, with feathers ruffled, merely made squawking noises.

"You come out of there!" she commanded.

"That means something, Rosalee. It means something."

"It doesn't mean a thing," she declared.

"Maybe he's wondering where you've been."

She gave me a look. "Where do you think I've been?"

The bird squawked in an ear-splitting manner and hobbled out of his cage so reluctantly that Rosalee laughed. "That isn't true! I've been a saint!" And she asked where I had been. Had I gone home, as she had told me? "Let me see your hands," she said; and a glance at the calluses was sufficient. "Allen John, you've been here all winter, chopping wood!"

I nodded my head. "Two cords a day, week in and week out. You said I couldn't do it. Well, you can ask Farmer Reed. Also, in my spare time, I've been at work on something else, as you'll see for yourself when it's finished. Now tell me what you've been doing."

"I haven't been cutting cordwood," said Rosalee. "But I've been a saint, and that's just as hard—maybe harder." She seated herself on the bed, with one foot under her, like last winter, but not like a saint. The crow tried to climb on her knee. Rosalee pushed him down. "You told a lie by staying in your cage and making all that noise. Allen John, I went to the convent I told you about, and I've been right there ever since I left here. You don't believe it?"

"In that case you got a box I sent you by express."

She assented with a nod of her head. "I got a cedar chest with a red padlock, but there wasn't any key to it."

"Didn't you break it open?"

"No." Her eyes were laughing. "What was inside?"

"Nothing worth mentioning." I hung the cage on its hook. I could feel my ears getting red.

The crow clung to Rosalee's knee with both claws and made guttural noises deep in his throat.

"You're both little geese," she laughed. "Of course I didn't break it open. I had a key made. The squirrel-skin cape was pretty. I put it on. I put on the toque, too, but I couldn't wear them. They made me feel—I don't know what they made me feel—like I belonged to you." Abruptly she changed the subject and asked about the engineers. Were they all here? Had that little Bantam Smith come back? And Grandpa Ames, and all of them?

Yes, Smith and Ames were here, and I told her they had brought a levelman with them.

Rosalee was up in arms at once. "They're not going to make you a levelman?"

"It will come soon enough," I said. "You can count on it."

She told me to sit down beside her. It broke her neck to look up at me. I had grown a foot taller, she said, and a yard wider. And this greatly pleased me. "I'm in good shape. I put up two cords of wood a day all the time you were gone. But maybe I mentioned that before." And I talked of the work in the woods until I found Rosalee was hardly listening.

"Allen John," she asked, as if emerging from a dream, "did Smith or Ames mention anybody else?"

"If you mean Jorgensen, he's going to have charge of the new residency," I told her moodily.

(Continued on Page 36)

HOME ATMOSPHERE IN THE MOTOR CAR

VELVET has been called "the sovereign fabric" because it was once the material preferred by sovereigns, to whom beauty was the keynote of the age. Today, CA-VEL, used in fine closed cars, reproduces in them the atmosphere of the home . . . . CA-VEL is the name for velvets of ENDURING beauty. You are probably familiar with its beauty in your own rooms, or in those of your friends. If so, you know its yielding comfort-depths, its animated light and shade effects, its rich colors, its glowing loveliness upon your chairs and sofas.

CA-VEL

Great Interior Decorators continually specify it—it is so rich, so luminous. In fine cars discriminating women have come to expect it . . . . CA-VEL has given to motor car interiors an almost perennial freshness of aspect—remaining undimmed after years of use. Its velvet-bloom outlasts the life of the car . . . . and its beauty never becomes ruffled or soils the filmiest of garments. Naturally more of this fabric is used for fine-car interiors than any other. Collins & Aikman Corporation. Established 1845, New York City.

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 34)

"He's out of prison?" Her voice was unnatural, incredulous. "Kingpin is coming—back! I don't believe it!" She squeezed the crow so tightly that the black beak of the bird gaped wide open, showing his tongue and gullet. Then suddenly she laughed. "Kingpin's coming back!"

The bird escaped with his life, and ducking his head, hobbled across the floor and hid under a chest of drawers.

I said at random, "I'm glad he's coming back. I'm glad of it."

"Why are you glad?" Her ecstasy had vanished.

"Maybe he'll make me a levelman."

"That isn't what you mean."

"Well, then, I'm glad because all these months he has been between us like a shadow."

"Who got him his pardon?" she demanded.

"I don't know."

"Tell me what Smith said."

"Said a pardon had been given him."

"Allen John, Ellen Marsdon got it for him, and you know it." She jumped up from the bed and, going to the window, gazed out into the night. The muffled roar of the spring freshet permeated the tense silence. "I've been a saint," Rosalee mused. Then with ferocity: "I'd like to split Ellen Marsdon all the way down, starting here; and all the way across, starting here! She hasn't a drop of blood in her! She wouldn't bleed a drop!"

"There'll be an army of men to make you forget Jorgensen," I said. "You can have any of them. Turn around and look at me. You said yourself I'm in good shape."

This caused her to laugh a little and to turn from the window. "I like you better than any of them."

"I'm going to make you love me. You'll see how I do it."

"Don't be a goose. That's why I went away last winter—I was beginning to love you too much."

And even though I knew this was not entirely true—she had gone away because she loved Jorgensen—still it caused emotions to glide through me; and again I said at random that I was glad he was coming back. "Rosalee, we start locating the line tomorrow morning at the crack of dawn, and as soon as the work gets under way Jorgensen will come from engineering headquarters to take charge. No doubt he's a great engineer, but I'm going to be a great engineer too. I've decided just tonight to know more about the rivers of this country than any other man living. I'm going to be a water-power engineer." And I told her the thing that had decided me was my belief that she would never be contented to live very far from a river. They were necessary to her existence; she would become homesick; she couldn't live. "I've thought of this before—every moment in my spare time since you went away; and I have something to show for it."

She asked in a low voice that thrilled me what I had to show for it; and I told her it would be finished in a week or two and she could see for herself—a thing that would delight her.

"That fur cape, Allen John, delighted me. When it came to the convent I can't tell you what I felt. I think I'll put it on just to show you how pretty it is."

Her things had been brought from the Black Mountain station and the chest was in the kitchen. When Rosalee unlocked and opened the lid her pet crow fluttered with unmistakable curiosity to the edge of the box and balanced himself, and all three of us gazed down at the soft gray garment with a bit of its red silk lining showing. First Rosalee put on the toque, pulled it down over her dark hair, and I never saw her eyes more lovely. Then she threw the cape around her shoulders and turned slowly, so I could see the beautiful garment from all sides. Rosalee made it beautiful.

"I feel like I want to belong to you," she said. "That's what it does to me."

And I told her she was going to belong to me. But I knew this depended somewhat upon Jorgensen's return.

11

BEFORE the end of the month the low rumbling thunder of dynamite aroused Thompson's Valley from its slumber of centuries. The tormentors were upon it. Men choked the narrow winding wagon roads, overran neglected farms and built flimsy structures haphazard in open fields. The valley seemed stunned—a nightmare, a delirium. What did it all mean? Swarms of laborers attacked the woodlands, small groups began to pick at the hillsides—those little axes pitted against primeval forests; those tiny picks against monstrous hills! Mules and scrapers appeared, then powerful steam shovels with savage steel teeth, and finally, strangest implement of all, there came the gibbethke pile-driving machines that lifted a two-thousand-pound hammer heaven-high, only to drop it again and again. Work had started on the Coal Mountain residency, but the man who had planned this spur line had not as yet appeared to bring order out of chaos.

"Pop," I said to Grizzly Ames, "the building of a railroad is a kind of epic."

He scratched his gray stubble and grunted, "An epic of mud! Red mud, green mud, black mud—I never saw the like! Sit down to figure a deflection and only your ears stick out."

Possibly all epics were like that, close up—mud, monotony, chaos; and yet there were other things. Healy, a little Irish contractor, and Big Monty and Silent Jim Hart, all of whom had been at Black Mountain, were back on the works. Riding a lean-flanked mule down to the river I met Healy and he offered me double my salary as a rodman to take charge of a bridge gang. He had been awarded the contract for six trestles, while a man named Fultz, he said, had stolen the other trestles away from him.

"If he underbid you, won't he go bankrupt?" I asked.

"I'm wishing him no bad luck, but"—Healy shot me an understandable glance from his eyes like bits of turquoise—"if I know what's what, it's his commissary, not them trestles, this Fultz is banking on. He's the storekeeper type, with his big red head like a baboon."

"What about your own commissary?"

The Irishman brightened at once. He had a trick up his sleeve. He was going to build the finest commissary anybody ever did see, right down on the river.

"So it will be near Rosalee, is that it?" But I hadn't guessed the half of it.

Healy began to shake with laughter. "Not near her—that ain't the half of it. Rosalee is going to run it herself. It'll give her something to think about," he added more solemnly as we rode through the woods. "It'll keep her mind off of Jorgensen."

As it turned out, two commissaries were built on the river. Healy built his at Hellhole, just below the rapids, and painted the flimsy structure brick red; Fultz built his above the rapids and painted it a shade of poisonous green. And the mud of the valley had vanished, and the monotony, too; while order, no doubt, was soon to come out of chaos, for Jorgensen was out of prison and on an afternoon late in May he took charge of the residency.

Sutton and I were running levels below Long Cut when I heard Jeff Brown, a powerful negro foreman, shout two words of the Black Mountain chantey: "Shovel,

(Continued on Page 38)

"Allen John, When the Commissary Closes Tonight—and That Won't be Until Late—I Want to See You Alone"

Churned in selected dairy regions

Brought to you

Creamery Fresh!

GOOD BUTTER can be made only from good cream. Hence Swift & Company locates its creameries in the heart of selected dairy regions.

Frequent deliveries of quality cream are daily pasteurized and churned into Brookfield Creamery Butter by Swift experts.

From the churns—white and spotless—it comes with delicate flavor and fragrance.

Brookfield Creamery Butter is delivered to cities and towns throughout the entire country by means of Swift & Company's nation-wide system of modern refrigerator cars.

It comes from the sunlit country creameries by the quickest and the most direct route possible.

Experts insure continuous refrigeration every step of the way.

And so the delicate, just-churned flavor of Brookfield Creamery Butter is retained.

Brookfield Poultry and other Brookfield farm products are distributed through the same nation-wide service. When you buy Brookfield Creamery Butter ask your dealer for Brookfield Eggs and Brookfield Cheese. They are easily recognized by the name on the carton.

Swift & Company

The name is your guide to Brookfield quality. Brookfield Eggs and Brookfield Cheese come in attractive, plainly-labeled cartons.

Brookfield

Butter-Eggs Cheese

© S. & Co.

(Continued from Page 36)

shovel. . . ." Bassos working in the cut growled the words, tenors soared with them. The rhythm and harmony silenced all other sounds.

"What is it all about?" asked Sutton in my ear.

"Jorgensen is coming."

I had not seen him—we were down the sidehill—yet I could not be mistaken in what was happening, and when we scrambled up to the grade we could see four people riding toward us along the right of way. "That's him—with Ellen," I told Sutton. "And the girl with Smith is Katherine Carmichael. She's the niece of the chief engineer, and she's engaged to Smith."

Sixty or seventy negroes were working in the cut, and if they had been drilled their movements could not have been more perfect. Picks rose and fell, glinting in the sunlight and sinking with a thud into the hard red clay. As their shoulders bent the laborers grunted, "Um-m, shovel—shovel. . . ." Shovels swung to the rhythm, while the words of the chantey floated on inimitable golden tones from Jeff Brown's black throat and fifty-two-inch chest.

I felt elated. Then, as a vision of what this would mean to Rosalee flashed into my mind, I felt depressed. Jorgensen had come back, married to Ellen.

Late that afternoon I found little Rosalee below her house, fishing from the river bank with a long bamboo pole. Instead of being dispirited, she laughed when she caught sight of me.

"I got Healy to give me the day off," she said, "just so I could fish." And her eyes seemed to challenge the world to question this.

"Jorgensen came this afternoon," I told her flatly.

But she merely bobbed the cork up and down. "I don't care whether he came or not. You don't believe it?"

No, I didn't believe it. And she asked with surprising calmness what good it would do her if he had come.

"It's settled," I said. "He's married to Ellen."

And this caused Rosalee's eyes to flash. "Kingpin married her because she got him out of prison. That don't say he loves her. Why should he love her any more than he loves me? Is she prettier than I am?"

"No."

"Then what?"

I couldn't answer. I couldn't understand it either. And both of us became silent.

Presently Rosalee laughed, but not very happily. "I used to fish for pearls above the rapids. I thought they were pretty. Then I got sick of them. They were like pills of dough, and I threw them away. Ellen Marsdon is like that."

"Ellen Jorgensen," I corrected her, but was sorry at once, and told her so.

"It don't matter," said Rosalee. "I know a way to stop liking him if I want to."

She had said almost an identical thing a long while ago, on a night in November, and now I asked her to explain what she meant. But Rosalee had become intent upon her fishing. She lifted the line clear of the water and cast it far out into the swift current. The cork bobbed frantically and the river swept it downstream. I gazed at the fast-flowing water, thinking: Time moves like that; even more swiftly. And it came to me that the present is merely a thin wire stretched across the river of time. Above, rushing down upon us, is the future, while the water below is the past. And looking upstream I got a prophetic glimpse of the near future—a dark object, a log, was shooting the rapids, striking against the rocks, appearing and disappearing in the boiling foam, now on end, now submerged. The log reached the bottom and hung there seemingly bewildered, then started to move slowly in a large circle. Rosalee's fishing line had become entangled, yet she seemed not to notice this. She, too, was watching the log as, faster and faster, it circled toward the center of the whirlpool. When it disappeared she said breathlessly:

"There's a story people tell around here, but it isn't true. It's about a mountaineer who threw a government officer into Hellhole, and he never came up. It isn't true, because if anything is thrown into the whirlpool it always comes up—always. Look out there just opposite us. Keep on looking."

Presently the log reappeared in midstream and glided smoothly down the river.

Rosalee drew a deep breath. "How long did it take?"

"Five minutes, maybe longer."

"It wasn't under water more than a minute," she contradicted. "I've watched them and they never take more than a minute; sometimes less." Her voice as she said this, and her eyes, too, were disconcerting. "Allen John, when the commissary closes tonight—and that won't be until late—I want to see you alone. Remember, no matter what time it is, I want to see you alone." And getting up abruptly, she disappeared along the path.

After untangling her fish line, I wound it carefully around the cork and left it on the porch of her house. Poor little Rosalee! But as to that, I never saw her more joyous than she appeared to be that evening.

III

THROUGH open doors and windows the lights of both commissaries streamed into the night and sparkled on the dark flowing water. Shadows congregated on the narrow porches and stamped in and out the low, illumined buildings. The mountaineers at Fultz's were drinking heavily, an ugly lot, rawboned, doing grotesque things with their clumsy feet—dancing quadrilles and Virginia reels to the music of two accordions. Sitting on the counter, I watched them until Fultz's red head and sloping shoulders appeared in the doorway that led from the back room. Men moved out of his way as he crossed the crowded floor.

"Glad to see you," he said. "First time any you engineers been to my place."

The engineers seldom came to the commissaries, particularly at night. I was different, I told him—merely a rodman, and had nothing to do with inspecting the work of the contractors. He nodded his large bushy head and looked at the prancing, gyrating men.

Presently he said, with suppressed ferocity, "I got the best commissary on the residency, but Healy's getting most the trade. What's the answer?"

He knew the answer well enough—Rosalee was at Healy's

Again he nodded his head. "Maybe I can figure a way to get her away from Healy."

The guffaws and scraping of feet increased in volume. I got down from the counter and Will Nash, Fultz's head mason, grabbed hold of me to put me in the center. But I told him I wanted to see what was going on down the river.

"We'll be down thar torectly," grinned Nash. "Tell Healy we're comin' peaceful."

The noise the mountaineers were making decreased, the noise at Healy's became audible, while a deeper note, more solemn and sustained, came from the rapids. I paused under the drooping willows to listen. If they came to Healy's there would be trouble. A turbulent night!

Later, as I stood behind the counter helping Healy's clerk, I heard their peculiar wail, the cry of the mountaineers; and I made my way to the back room and found Rosalee leaning over one of the small tables talking to Big Monty.

"Rosalee," she looked around quickly—"you better go home—for a little while at least."

"It'll Give Her Something to Think About," He Added More Solemnly as We Rode Through the Woods. "It'll Keep Her Mind Off of Jorgensen"

No doubt a thought of Jorgensen flashed into her mind. "Who's at my house?"

"Nobody, but Fultz's men are coming here."

She ran into the commissary, peered out the door, then wheeled around. "Fultz's mountaineers are coming!" she laughed. Men poured in from the back room. Rosalee, a small, arresting figure, with her hands on her hips, stood in the doorway facing the night. I heard her challenge Fultz, "What you coming here for?" And I heard Fultz's reply, "Celebrating. We're bringing a keg—peaceful. The men is celebrating the resident engineer's marriage."

And even this did not disconcert her. "Come in," she said; and they stamped in, carrying two kegs, and in no time the kegs had spigots in them.

The mountaineers, to prove they had come peacefully, began to buy candy and tobacco. Fultz shouldered his way through them and asked Rosalee if she didn't have any bandanna handkerchiefs in this commissary. Rosalee laughed up at him and put a large box on the counter. Men began to paw the contents of the box.

"Here," shouted Fultz, taking a red bandanna from one of the men. "That's the last one. I want it, and I don't want any change. He slapped down a five-dollar bill and knotted the red handkerchief around Rosalee's shoulders. Everybody began to buy presents for Rosalee.

"Now," shouted Fultz, "we're going to take Rosalee back to my commissary!" And a fight might have started then and there, for Fultz's men surged toward Rosalee, but she jumped upon the counter out of their reach and silenced them: "Listen! I won't go a step!" She stamped her small foot. "Not a step—unless you carry me!" she laughed.

Big Monty and Fultz lifted her as if she were a feather; Rosalee hugged their thick necks, and I saw the blood spring into Fultz's throat at her touch. "Come along, everybody!" She leaned down and whispered something to Healy, and Healy hurriedly made his way to the back room. "Come on," called Rosalee, "we're going to give a jamboree. Think up what we can do."

Healy, at Rosalee's instance, telephoned to Jorgensen that a jamboree was being given in honor of his marriage. Would he come and see it? And that night an armistice existed between the rival commissaries.

Along the willow-lined river bank moved the swaying, shouting mob of men. They drowned the noise of the rapids, and upon reaching Fultz's, filled the narrow porch, crowded through the door and climbed in the windows. Show cases were pushed back against the well-stocked shelves, barrels were rolled against the side walls, boxes were carried into the storeroom. The floor being cleared, Fultz's clerk produced a bolt of red-white-and-blue bunting and hung it from the center lamp to the four corners. A fiddle joined the two accordions.

Monty and Fultz had stood Rosalee upon the counter beside the musicians and someone had handed her a mug of beer. She blew the foam off and everybody howled with joy. Then she touched her lips to the beer, made a face and handed the cup to one of the men.

"We're going to dance!"

She danced with her host, then with Jim Hart, then with Healy, while the fiddle and the accordions whined and wheezed waltzes and one-steps, and the heavy thump-thump and scraping of a hundred pair of muddy boots marked the cadence. Mountaineers and contractors, subcontractors and stationary engineers, walking bosses and timekeepers danced with each other—solemn, prancing men. Some were tall and gaunt, some were short and stocky; all had heavy muscles beneath their rough shirts and faded blue jumpers. These hopping, skipping, prancing men could level forests, tunnel mountains, bridge rivers; they had the arms, the backs, the shoulders and the thighs.

Jorgensen came sooner than anyone expected him. Appearing in the doorway with Smith and Katherine Carmichael—Ellen was not with him—he seemed gaunt and ill at ease, yet his face, with the light upon it, somehow had the deep-chiseled imperturbability of a wood carving. I hoped Rosalee would not use this opportunity to humiliate him. Possibly she would not notice him at all.

A shout that caused the building to tremble arrested the dancers, and was followed by silence. Only the musicians wheezed on. Rosalee, at the opposite side of the room, glanced around, and when she saw Jorgensen the color flamed in her cheeks.

"Kingpin," she called, "come here!" Then she ran to him. "Come on and dance." And before I knew what had happened they were taking a turn around the floor.

(Continued on Page 41)

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars and motor trucks are specified below

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc." means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-66	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (other models)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Autocar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Case Y			A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (other models)			A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	A	A						
" (other models)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 60 70 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (other models)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Cleveland 31			A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" (other models)			A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Cunningham	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Davis	A	Ar	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Dermond T	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Diana	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Dodge Bros 4 cy	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant Four			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Elcar (4 cyl.) 6-65	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (8 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" (other models)	A	Arc.			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.						
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Falcon	A	Arc.						
Federal HW, X2, X5, X6, 1½ ton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" UB, 2, 3½ ton	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Federal Knight 80, 2½	A	Arc.						
" (other models)	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Flint	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Ford	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Four Wheel Drive	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
G M C	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
General Motors T20, T40, T50, 1, 2 ton	A	Arc.						
Gardner (8 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" (other models)			A	A	A	A	A	A
Garford 1½ 2½ ton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Graham Bros.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Gray			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
International 3, 5D, 3, 4½, 5 ton	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Jewett			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jordan Six	A	Arc.			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Eight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Kissel 6-55	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile 6 cyl. & Jr. 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mack	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marmon (8 cyl.)	A	Arc.						
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell					A	Arc.	A	Arc.
McFarlan Eight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard Six	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" Eight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless 60, 80 and 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Republic 11X, 19, 20, 2, 3, 5 ton					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" 25, 4, 7 ton	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rickenbacker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Rolls Royce	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Star	A	Ar.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns Knight	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	B	A
Stewart 9					Arc.	Arc.		
" 21 Bud Stewart	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" Ace model	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Ar.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willis Saint Claire	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Willys Knight 4 cyl.			B	Arc.	B	A	B	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
White 15, 20 & 20D, ¾ and 2 ton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Ar.	Arc.	Ar.	Arc.	Arc.
"	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL:

For their correct lubrication use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" or "CC" as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers

No. 20

"Racing" cars for everyone!

But how about lubrication?

The following five quotations were culled from automobile advertisements in a single copy of a popular weekly:

"—any speed up to 75 miles an hour, and better."

"—55 miles an hour in comfort and safety—5 to 30 miles an hour in 13 seconds."

"—5 to 25 miles an hour in 7¾ seconds—the maximum performance of 60 miles and more an hour."

"—Its ability to develop 60-mile speed quickly—its 5 to 25 miles acceleration in 8⅕ seconds."

"—capacity of 80 miles and more an hour."

Everybody offers higher speeds. Everybody offers quicker acceleration.

Good. Speed saves time. "Time," says Ben Franklin, "is the stuff that life is made of." But how about the life of your engine? *Lubrication* determines *that*.

Speed means power, heat, pressure, friction and wear—unless your oil is definitely made to withstand them.

Even at 25 miles an hour these high-speed engines turn over faster than the engines of a few years ago. Hence the imperative need for a new lubricating margin of safety at *all* speeds.

When crankshafts must withstand the stress of 1000 *more* revolutions per minute—*so must your oil*.

When cylinder walls endure higher heat and vastly more friction—*so must oil*.

Is your lubrication meeting these latest high-speed conditions? Yes—if you use Mobiloil.

Today's Gargoyle Mobiloil is an oil that has been constantly improved to meet changing conditions. Its margin of safety has been made even wider to stand up under the friction-heats in today's high-speed engines. The 182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers who advertise most of these high-speed engines approve the Gargoyle Mobiloil Chart. They know that it is the dependable guide to dependable lubrication.

This is of even greater importance where winter weather has begun. Cold puts a heavy strain on the lubricating oil, so be sure you have the grade recommended for your car.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

Perfecting the gift of radio

This is the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486, Eveready's greatest provider of Battery Power.

Radio is better with Battery Power

WHEN you give the great gift of a radio set, remember that you are giving not merely a handsome, intricate and sensitive instrument, but you are also giving radio reception, radio enjoyment, radio itself. So give a receiver that can use the best source of radio power—batteries, for batteries perfect the performance of a radio receiver. The power they provide is pure D. C., Direct Current, which is entirely silent. Battery Power will insure the enjoyment of the listener, for battery-run sets produce exactly the tone their designers built into them.

All Eveready "B" Batteries will give you the vital qualities of Battery Power. Behind Eveready Radio Batteries are 33 years of dry-battery manufacture, of pioneering, invention, discovery, continual leadership. Buy Eveready Radio Batteries and ahead of you are hours, days, weeks and months of use, of solid enjoyment of radio at its best.

For modern receivers, choose the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486, built according to a radically new design that gives it ample and even excess capacity to meet the demands of powerful sets. This battery is the longest lasting of all Evereadys. Its unique patented construction packs the maximum possible quantity of active materials within a given space, and also makes those materials more efficient producers of current.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York UCC **San Francisco**
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night—
9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

WEAF *New York*	WOC–*Davenport*
WJAR–*Providence*	WCCO– *Minneapolis* / *St. Paul*
WEEI–*Boston*	
WFI *Philadelphia*	WDAF–*Kansas City*
WGR *Buffalo*	KSD *St. Louis*
WCAE–*Pittsburgh*	WRC–*Washington*
WSAI–*Cincinnati*	WGY *Schenectady*
WTAM–*Cleveland*	WHAS–*Louisville*
WWJ–*Detroit*	WSB–*Atlanta*
WGN–*Chicago*	WSM–*Nashville*
	WMC–*Memphis*

Pacific Coast Stations—9 P. M., Pacific Standard Time

KPO–KGO–*San Francisco*	KFI–*Los Angeles*
KFOA–KOMO–*Seattle*	KGW–*Portland*

EVEREADY
Radio Batteries
–they last longer

The air is full of things you shouldn't miss

(Continued from Page 38)

Jorgensen danced solemnly, a little stiffly and not very well; Rosalee gazed up at him, not saying a word, though her lips were parted. When they passed the door she turned to Smith: "You and Kitty Carmichael come on and dance." And the two couples held the floor. Men stamped their feet in time to the waltz. Then Rosalee and Jorgensen stopped dancing and watched Smith and Katherine. Jorgensen stood beside the counter on which Rosalee had seated herself in her usual way, one foot under her and one foot dangling.

Presently Katherine called something to the musicians and she and Smith did a dance I had never seen before. All this thrilled me—the way Rosalee had managed things and the way she had given up the floor to Katherine Carmichael and the way Katherine was dancing with Smith. She was laughing at Smith and also at the grinning men. Well worth looking at, she was noted from Richmond to Savannah for her beauty; and I knew the men would talk of this for weeks to come and try these steps at noon along the right of way to roars of laughter, like children.

When the dance ended, Rosalee jumped down from the counter and called to Fultz, "Show them what you can do with a knife!" She crossed to Katherine and stood beside her, talking.

With a nervous gesture Fultz pushed back his shaggy red mane, dug into his pocket and produced a knife with a five-inch blade. He put a potato on the counter and backed to the door—a distance of thirty-odd feet. "I used to be a mining prospector," he said in a loud voice. "I learned this in Mexico." His arm made a slow movement, then the wrist gave a quick snap and the knife flashed beneath the center lamp, split the potato and stood up in the counter, quivering.

The tense expression on Fultz's face dissolved into a grin, and there came whoops of applause—mostly from his trestle men.

"Jim Hart," called Rosalee, "show them what you can do."

Silent Jim Hart turned red to the roots of his hair. Seeing there was no escape, he put a keg of nails sideways on the counter and placed a potato in front of the keg. "I didn't learn this in Mexico." He grinned at Rosalee. "I learned it in Texas." He backed out the door to the edge of the porch. There followed a sharp crack of a gun and the potato lay in pieces on the counter. Men shouted and stamped their feet. Jim Hart was the best-liked man on the residency. He did not come inside.

Big Monty called to him: "Jim, that ain't nothing. Show 'em your stuff." Monty lined up five bottles of pop against the keg and placed a piece of hard French candy on the top of each bottle. From outside there came five shots. Four pieces of candy were demolished. One shot broke the neck of one of the bottles. "That's too bad!" shouted Monty. "Jim, you better go back to Texas and learn how to shoot!" Everybody roared, and Jim reappeared, grinning sheepishly.

"Leave those bottles stand!" bellowed Fultz. He called for four knives. Fifty or sixty men dug into their pockets. Fultz selected four well-balanced blades, backed to the door and, with a slow movement of his arm and snap of his wrist, let one fly after the other. The knives quivered in the keg between the necks of the bottles. There was a spontaneous shout at this feat.

Rosalee said something to Katherine Carmichael and both of them laughed. She beckoned to four men and they brought a large log into the commissary. This was going to be a log-chopping contest, a sport I had seen at Black Mountain. Rosalee called to Fultz, "You select a man—and, Healy, you select a man to chop against him." Fultz selected a rangy mountaineer named Wallace. Healy, prompted by Rosalee, came over to me, but I said no, I wasn't in practice. However, when he insisted I stripped off my coat, and Wallace and I matched each other's strokes, blow for blow, with the axes, until the log was ready to be turned. Then the race started. There was a good deal of noise, but I hardly heard it. A roar in my ears drowned all other sounds. Then there came a terrific shout. I had turned my ax in mid-air and continued to give it a twist at each right-hand stroke. This told them plainly I had my man beaten with time to spare.

When the contest ended I glanced at Rosalee. She was laughing at me. I picked up my coat and started to leave the commissary, but instead, wheeled around. "As a little further piece of skill," I shouted, "I'll snuff a candle at fifty paces, if somebody will lend me a rifle!" Standing outside, I took six shots. Five of them left notches in the candle, one above the other. The sixth snuffed the light. When I came in men were shouting. I looked at Rosalee. She wasn't laughing at me this time.

Then she called on Big Monty, who had the reputation of being the strongest white man on the residency. Monty blustered good-naturedly. He didn't have no parlor tricks like throwing knives and chopping logs and shooting. But he could rassel. He tightened his belt. Rosalee told him to put a barrel of molasses on his shoulder. "I've seen him do it," she said to Katherine Carmichael. Instead, Monty took the keg from the counter, held it at arms' length.

"I learned my stuff on a man-o'-war," he announced.

"Holding 'em up to scrape the bottom?" asked somebody.

"Don't waste your time foolin' with a keg of nails," called someone else. "Manhandle this." Two men rolled a barrel of sugar out from behind the counter. Monty set himself for the ordeal. He lifted the barrel over his head, staggered a little, bent his head and let it rest on his neck and shoulders. "My captain on the man-o'-war used to drink tea." There was a shout of laughter. "He drunk it out of a full-rigged schooner." Monty lifted the barrel from his neck, got it balanced and held it above his head. "I used to bring him up a barrel o' sugar under one arm and a cow under the other." He put the barrel down during the applause. "I'm getting old, boys."

Rosalee announced that we were going to dance—everybody could do that. She danced with the men indiscriminately, one after the other. Katherine Carmichael danced with Healy, then with Jorgensen, then with Jim Hart. Hart and Healy and Big Monty talked to Jorgensen. Fultz and his clerk served refreshments—beer and ice-cold pop and store cakes. They put boxes of cigars on the counter.

Healy's men, in a spirit of rivalry with the mountaineers who had bought things for Rosalee, began to buy presents for Katherine—handkerchiefs, jewelry made of twisted wire, a small pair of rubber boots which she put on immediately. She made a bandeau of red handkerchiefs for Rosalee and a blue bandeau for herself. She, too, was dancing with everyone now.

Rosalee said: "They can see me any time. They want to see you dance." And Katherine did a dance by herself. Then Fultz asked Rosalee to do something. She leaned back against the counter, her hands behind her, and the room became silent. "I didn't learn this in Mexico, or Texas either," she laughed. "I learned it on the Mississippi." And she sang a river song. Some of the men who had had too much to drink allowed the tears to stream down their scarred faces. When she had finished she said, "Now we'll dance until morning if you want to."

Katherine came over to me. "Why haven't you asked me to dance?"

"I was afraid you would say no."

"I've been waiting all evening and looking at you every time I passed. I have something to tell you."

The musicians were playing a one-step. I wished for a waltz. "I don't dance as well as Smith."

"You dance divinely."

I danced better after that and was careful to protect her by taking all the bumps on my elbow.

She said one or two complimentary things about the way I had snuffed the candle, adding, "That wood-chopping contest was the most exciting thing I've ever watched. I was afraid he would beat you."

These compliments made me lightheaded. "No one could beat me at anything tonight."

"Why is that, Allen John?"

"I don't know. I just feel that way."

"I don't believe anyone could beat you at anything any time." She looked up and smiled. "I believe you could have anything or anybody you want."

"There's only one thing in the world I want."

"Rosalee?"

"Yes. What do you think of her?"

The music wheezed on, drowned now and again by the other noises. Katherine said she was trying to think of words. "Tell me about her."

But I couldn't think of anything to tell her, only small things. The biggest thing I could not mention: Rosalee had waited for Jorgensen; he had come back married to Ellen, and she hadn't given any sign of what was going on inside of her. I said inadequately, "There is no one like her. Any man in this room will tell you the same thing." Katherine nodded her head. "I've never seen anyone like her or half so full of life. She's the most joyous person I've ever seen, and one of the prettiest."

The news Katherine had for me was nothing, perhaps, of great importance. She said Jorgensen had told them at the supper table that I had been made a levelman. So it had come at last! At last I was an engineer! But I was never to use the prerogatives even of a levelman on this residency. It had come too late.

IV

TWO hours after the lights of the commissaries had gone out I saw Rosalee, for whom I had been waiting, a small figure moving through the mist along the river bank. Motionless beside a willow tree, I seemed to be watching a spirit lost in the uncertain gloom, moving slowly, looking out upon the hazy water.

"Rosalee," I said inarticulately, and as she passed: "Rosalee, where are you going?"

She neither turned nor answered. I followed at a short distance.

Presently she paused. A thin cloak and a flimsy garment underneath were all that covered her.

"Allen John, will you wait here?"

"Wherever you go I'm going too."

"I've tried to sleep," she said, "but I can't. I want you to wait here."

I knew what she was going to do. Once she had told me, "The river will wash it away."

"Will you try to stop me?" she asked.

"Yes."

We passed the commissaries and shanties at Hellhole—gray banks of shadow—and the willows leaned over us, smoky, shadowy forms. The noise of the rapids was muffled and the river seemed not to flow at all. All things were strange in this pearly light between dawn and sunrise.

"Why did you tell me to meet you if you didn't want me?"

"Because I couldn't do it unless someone was with me. Of all the men, I wanted you. No one ever liked me, Allen John, as you like me."

"No one ever loved you as I love you, Rosalee."

"Then you'll wait here. You know I can't live—not any longer—not like this. If the river washes me away it don't matter. But I know rivers—I know this one. I know what it will do. It will wash away everything I feel for him and I'll be free." She said she was not afraid—it wasn't that—but she wanted me to be with her. We talked for a while and finally she asked if I had the courage to remain here while she went on alone, and finally I said yes.

"But, Rosalee, if this river drowns you—if it does that—then it must drown the emptiness which will be all that is left of me." How much I said, how much I left unsaid, I do not know.

I waited. The spans of the bridge emerged from grayness like lattices drawn with a pencil against the flat eastern sky; pink light appeared, rolled up behind the bridge, making it stand out high above the flowing water. The red sun lifted itself slowly. And I saw Rosalee silhouetted against the dull red disk, a diminutive figure poised between heaven and earth. The beauty of the dawn dazzled my eyes.

Then, like an arrow of light, she swooped down from the bridge toward the water; a fountain of sparkling rubies leaped up, and the river became smooth and wide and red as wine.

I had promised her something, but my courage left me and I found myself beating on the door of one of the shanties and shouting to Healy and Jim Hart. When I got back to the river Rosalee had reached the rapids.

Healy and Hart, in their drawers and undershirts, came running from their shanty carrying a rope. A ludicrous pair.

Rosalee and the foam of the rapids were indistinguishable; her body was white as the foam and her hair as dark as the glistening black rocks. In the terrific discord of rushing water I heard or else imagined a few grace notes; possibly she was singing a river song, or was this faint sound the voice of the river itself, of which she had always seemed so intimate a part?

The three of us ran along the bank, falling over one another. We got glimpses of her, and only the uncertain red light of dawn saved our reason; we could not be sure whether these glimpses were of Rosalee or the foam and rocks. Then, in the frantic water just below the rapids, we saw her white body. Delicate mist, pink, opalescent, veiled her, and we saw her again being swept toward the slowly revolving whirlpool.

Healy threw his rope and the rope straightened out and fell ineffectually. Hart struck out for the whirlpool. Rosalee had disappeared.

Splashing in the shallows, I ran downstream. Blood seemed to be bursting from my temples. For no understandable reason I was holding my breath. Gasping, I held it again and ran farther, then plunged in and swam to midstream. I overswam the mark.

I heard someone call "Allen John!" It was Rosalee.

When she climbed the bank my arm supported her. She leaned against me, trembling, laboring for breath. Her cloak was gone. The single garment that covered her body had been torn to ribbons. Healy and Hart came splashing toward us in their grotesque underclothes. Rosalee looked at them, astonished, laughed hysterically, and turning away, went up the path to her house.

V

THE river babbled superficially—an impersonal May morning—and it struck me as fantastical and altogether strange that Nature should remain indifferent to the crises in our lives.

Healy and Jim Hart, absorbed each by his own thoughts, stood at a short distance from the path, staring mutely at the small house visible through the trees. Presently Healy broke the silence: "Something's got to be done." Hart said nothing. "Something's got to be done," repeated Healy. "She tried to kill herself."

"No, she didn't try to kill herself."

This put the little Irishman completely on edge. "Be it your idee she went down them rapids as an appetizer before breakfast? Be that your idee?"

"What you mean?" drawled Jim Hart.

"Rosalee took a chance; she tried her luck."

"So that's it? Tried her luck?"

There was no way to make them understand. She had waited for Jorgensen; had he served his term, five years, he would have found her still waiting. But he had come back married.

(Continued on Page 43)

Me— I like a *pipe*

I DON'T attempt to speak for others. But as for *me,* I like a pipe . . . a pipe packed to the rim with good old P. A. What a dish *that* is for a pipe-hungry man! An easy chair, a newspaper, and a pipe-load of the grandest tobacco that just ever was. Say!

Are you one of those who feel that the joys of a pipe are not for you? "Tried it" and all that? Then let me urge you to try again. It's all a matter of clicking the right combination—a pipe and Prince Albert. You scent success in that first fragrant whiff.

And when you pack the bowl and apply the match, you break out in a smile that all P. A. smokers know. You've found your smoke . . . and your brand. How cool and sweet this long-burning tobacco is. What a marvelous taste it has. Pipe-load after pipe-load. Morning to midnight. Great!

No matter how fast and frequent you fill and puff, Prince Albert never bites your tongue or parches your throat. Men who were pipe-shy say Prince Albert is the one brand they can smoke and enjoy, seven days running. Get out that old pipe. Give it a new deal with P. A.!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 41)

"And she tried to kill herself," insisted Healy.

This was the obvious interpretation, and the wrong one. "She had to get rid of what she felt. She believed the river would wash it away, or else end it all by ending her. And she took a chance."

"Go ahead," said Jim. "Sounds like sense."

"That's all. She left it to the river, and I let her do it."

"You let her!" squeaked Healy.

"If she hadn't done it this morning she would have done it some other morning or, worse still, some night. She made me understand she couldn't live loving Jorgensen as she did, and I understood something else: The river wouldn't drown her. She is like the river—a part of it; its soul."

"Keep to sense," drawled Hart.

"It's the way I see it. Rosalee's people were river people. Before she was born the water of some river flowed through her mind and veins; and a river reared her; gave her all she possesses—life, thought, beauty. I can't name everything, but look out there—the sparkle of the water. You can see that much and you can see it in Rosalee. The thing you cannot see is the depth. Also, there are her changing moods; neither the river nor Rosalee is ever twice alike. Anyway, that is what I mean. Like the river, she is both shallow and deep, and there are rapids and whirlpools." This was beyond them and beyond me, too; yet I felt it contained a grain of truth, and that a grain of truth is about all the truth there is in anything. "The important point: Such an experience, if she came through safely, was sure to cleanse her mind, because she believed it would. She tried to save herself by washing Jorgensen out of her thoughts."

The effect of all this was to bring Healy back to the point of beginning. "Something's got to be done, and I'm going to do it. I'm going to make her marry me."

Hart looked down at him calmly, then out at the flowing water, and drawled, "You ain't going to make her do nothing."

"I'm going to ask her," amended Healy.

"That's different," said Jim.

A most amazing argument ensued. Hart said there wasn't going to be any work for him this day; he, too, intended asking Rosalee to marry him, and Big Monty had to be given an even chance. In their soggy undergarments they discussed this matter and decided that all three would present their cases at the same time this evening.

After listening attentively I put in a word: "You can propose wholesale if you want to, but Rosalee might already be married when you three arrive."

"Who to?"

"She could marry any unmarried man on the residency."

"That ain't the question. Who's she going to be married to by this evening?"

"To me."

Healy laughed outright. "Don't mention us coming. We want to kind of surprise her."

"It wouldn't be much of a surprise," I declared as they were about to turn away. "All three of you have proposed a round dozen times each."

"I've heard," grinned Healy, "you proposed every day last fall and winter."

"Not formally. But I'm going to this morning."

"All right, so you do it formally. But if she refuses"—he paused to say over his shoulder—"if she refuses, don't go jumping into the river. Remember you ain't the heart and soul of it, like you say she is." And they picked their way gingerly, with bare feet, along the stony path.

Smoke arising from the shanties at Hellhole had made by now a faint cloud on the otherwise cloudless sky. I took a deep breath, telling myself I need be in no hurry to make my formal proposal. I would give Rosalee a few minutes longer to dry her hair. And sitting down on the river bank, I waited vacuously for inspiration.

The water flowing swiftly, ran in and out among the dead pine trees where fish hawks had made their nests. The cypress at my back leaned over and peered at my tremulous reflection, and it came to me that here at this spot, on a day last October, I had found Rosalee.

"Rosalee," I said aloud, with the river as my only auditor, "will you marry me?" I took another deep breath and became silent. Thoughts took shape; small intimate things; finally I thought of the barge, a sheer delight, a potent argument in my behalf, and this gave me courage. Jumping up from the river bank I followed the path to Rosalee's house.

No answer came to my knock, but with the points of my proposal well in mind, I unlatched the door and looked in. Rosalee lay curled upon her bed with her face buried in the pillow and her body clothed in a faded red kimono—deep red where spots of water had come through. The clipped-wing crow sat on his perch looking down at her quizzically. Entering, I closed the door.

"Rosalee," I said softly, "you're crying."

"I'm not." She buried her face deeper in the pillow. "Allen John, I feel empty."

"In that case, I'll make some coffee."

There's an art in building a fire, but this morning I used a cup of kerosene. Putting on the coffeepot, I went to the door between the two rooms. "Rosalee, I'll try my hand at flapjacks, if you want me to?"

She said she didn't want any flapjacks.

Returning to the kitchen, I glanced into the coffeepot and decided to make my proposal in fewer words than those I had rehearsed to the river. After running quickly over an abridgment, I tested the coffee, and finding it merely lukewarm, went into the front room.

"Rosalee," I said stoutly, "I have something to tell you—something to ask you. . . . Do you want your coffee here or in the kitchen?"

She neither spoke nor moved. The crow made a squawking noise. I went back to the kitchen and put a stick in the stove.

While bending over the fire I heard a fluttering sound and turned at the cry of the crow, to see Rosalee sitting upright. Tears were streaming from her eyes, yet she was laughing.

"Jim Hart—and—and Healy!"

Having been reared in a house where there were no women, I did not understand this hysterical mood. Rosalee leaned against the wall seemingly undecided whether to laugh or weep. The flimsy silk kimono had dropped from one shoulder, and with a savage gesture she pulled it in place.

"Allen John, how did they get there?" I asked her who? Who did she mean? "Healy and Jim Hart. How"—she laughed—"how did they get there—in underclothes?" With an effort she stopped laughing and demanded: "Tell me why they were on the river bank at sunrise in soggy underclothes!"

"I woke them up. I lost my head and banged on their door, just after you dived from the bridge."

Rosalee brushed away her tears. "How tall is Jim Hart?"

"Six foot, four inches."

"And how short—how short is Healy—in bare feet?"

"I don't know."

"You've got to tell me. How short is Healy?"

"Five foot, five or six inches."

"And Big Monty?"

"Monty wasn't there."

"But suppose ——" She sank back on the bed, silently shaking. I put the quilt over her. She threw the quilt aside and sat up again, disheveled and beautiful. "Why didn't you wake up Fultz and his mountaineers?"

"Now—now, Rosalee ——"

This new idea convulsed her with laughter. Why hadn't I got the whole residency—all of them—along the river in bare feet and underdrawers—long woolen, short woolen. With her hair disarranged and the mottled red garment falling from her shoulders, she leaned against the wall and sobbed, "I don't want to laugh. Those rocks! All that water! I thought I saw somebody coming to me—Kingpin—and I called and called." She closed her eyes, seemed hardly to be breathing. "All that water! Allen John, it wasn't like water—like something strong and crazy. Then just foam, holding me up—foam and no shore—and I saw somebody coming, and I called. But it wasn't anybody—just me out there. I saw the sky turning round, and I looked down into the center of the whirlpool—right down into the whirlpool ——"

With piercing cries the crow tried to climb upon the bed. I put him on the porch and closed the window, barring out the warm May morning and all the small noises of spring. A moan came from the bed and I felt Rosalee was living through those moments again, with the torrent of water sucking her down and holding her by its unimaginable weight. I visualized her at the bottom of the river, being rolled over and dragged along by currents and cross-currents, and I thought, "She will live through this again and again, and awaken in the night gasping for breath and calling to someone who does not answer."

"Rosalee, are you still thinking of Jorgensen?"

"There isn't anybody." The color had gone from her face and the life seemed to have left her body. "Allen John, it's like I felt out there in the river. There isn't anybody. I can't live without somebody."

I had seen her in many moods, but I had never seen her give way before; in all our months together I had never seen her cry but twice at the most, and I asked, "Is it worse not to love than to love? Does it hurt more?"

"There isn't anything inside of me to hurt. I'm empty." A long quavering breath passed out of her body. "It's gone," she said, "but I can't live without loving somebody."

"In that case ——" I stared down at a dazzling spot of sunlight on the floor. I could feel her tragic eyes upon me. Presently I said, "There's Healy. You can laugh at him if you want, but he's a big man despite his inches. Would you marry Healy if he happened to ask you?"

"He's asked me twenty times," came with a sob from Rosalee's pillow.

The spot of sunlight became more dazzling. "There's Big Monty. He's a man you can't laugh at."

"He's asked me too—every pay day." Her uncertain laughter wavered through the room. Maybe she would marry Monty because he wasn't out there in soggy underclothes! And the next moment she sobbed, "Poor Healy! Poor Jim!"

"Rosalee," I said, "it was Jim Hart, not Jorgensen, who tried to come to you. That was Jim Hart you saw when you called to someone in the whirlpool."

"You couldn't tell their shadows apart," wept Rosalee. "I won't ever love another man like that—never, never."

I took a deep breath. "When you came up out there in midstream, was Jorgensen the one you called to? Was he the first person you thought of when you came up from the whirlpool?"

She looked at me solemnly, disconcertingly. "I didn't call to anybody."

"Then maybe I'm mistaken." I could feel the blood rushing into my face and ears.

And this seemed to amuse her. "You floundered. I called you to keep you from drowning."

"As to that, maybe you've never tried to swim in that current, with heavy boots and all your clothes."

"Why did you come out there then?" she demanded sharply. "Did you think I couldn't swim from the middle of the river to shore?"

"It wasn't that."

"What then?"

"I lost my head. I didn't know whether you'd come up or not."

"And if I hadn't?" Rosalee persisted.

"I don't know what I'd have done."

"You do know. You wouldn't have come back. Oh, Allen John," she whispered, "you wouldn't have come back!" One

(Continued on Page 45)

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

"SNOOKUMS"

From Universal's Short Comedies

The bright spots in every movie-theatre program, those which provoke hilarity and put everybody in a good humor, are what we term "short subjects" or two-reel comedies.

For example, ***"The Newlyweds and Their Baby,"*** in which "Snookums" is the central figure and represents the original of George McManus' famous cartoons. Produced by Stern Bros. Ask your theatre manager if he has arranged to show the special Christmas comedy, ***"Newlyweds' Christmas Party."*** It's a treat for young and old.

Then ***"The Collegians,"*** written by Carl Laemmle Jr., depicting various phases of college life, particularly the athletics, and featuring the favorites GEORGE LEWIS, DOROTHY GULLIVER, HAYDEN STEVENSON, EDDIE PHILLIPS and CHURCHILL ROSS.

And the ***"Buster Brown and His Dog Tige"*** series from the cartoons by R. F. Outcault whose clever work has had much to do with building up the Sunday Funnies.

Also ***"Andy Gump and Min"*** from the laughable cartoons by Sid Smith which, like all the foregoing, absorb the attention of the youngsters before they are out of bed Sunday morning.

These are only a few of Universal's "Short Subjects" and it will pay you well to keep track of them at your favorite local theatre. If you do not find them there, ask the manager to get them. He will be glad to do it.

I am happy to tell you that all I have predicted for ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*** has come true. Its reception at the CENTRAL THEATRE, where it is now playing, on Broadway in New York City, has fairly taken my breath away. When you see it I am sure you will agree with me that it will live long in your memory.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

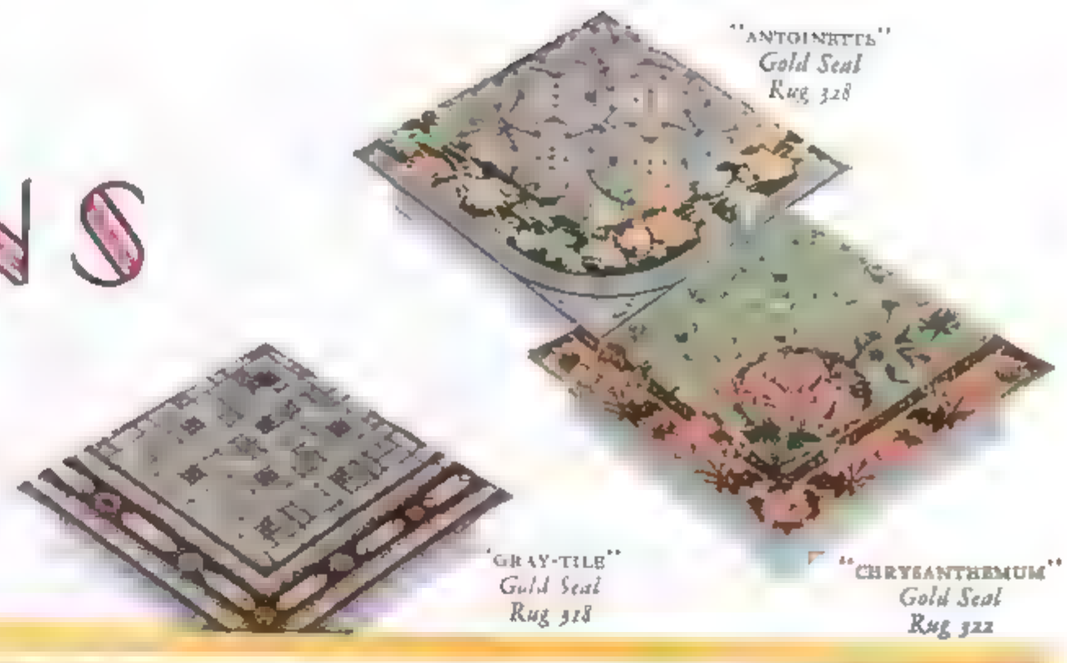
Send 10c for autographed photograph of your favorite Universal star

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Nine NEW DESIGNS of rare beauty and distinction!



"SPARE no time, no expense, no trouble—think of nothing but creating the most beautiful rug-patterns you possibly can."

Such were the instructions given to several of the country's most gifted rug designers. For we were determined that this season's new Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs should offer beauties never before obtainable in low-priced floor-covering.

Merely a Hint of Their Beauty

These new creations are now available. Nine in all! Nine entirely new Congoleum Rugs possessing a style, charm and refreshing originality of design that is seldom equaled even in more expensive floor-coverings. The small corners of the patterns shown on this page give only a hint of the attractiveness of the full-size rugs. You must really see them.

Will Brighten Any Home

There's scarcely a home which hasn't a room, or rooms, which won't be brighter, prettier and cheerier for the presence of one of these attractive rugs. Sun-porch, kitchen, bedroom, living room, dining room, playroom, bath . . . . all of them are provided for, by the enchanting variety of new patterns. And just a few dollars will buy any one of them.

BUT let's not forget their practical side. The work-saving, waterproof surface which dust, dirt, grease and liquids can't penetrate . . . just a quick wipe-off with a damp mop makes it spotless. And the extraordinary durability . . . produced by a secret process which builds wear resistance right through the heavy thickness of the pattern.

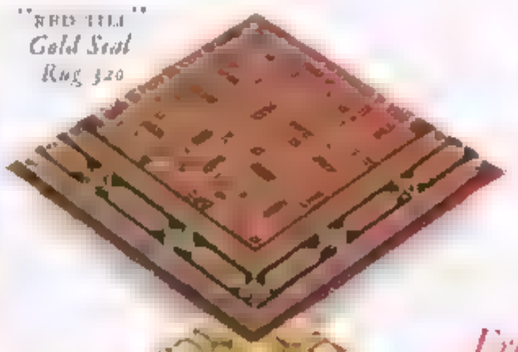
Important reasons, these, for insisting that merchants give you rugs which bear the Gold Seal. It is the sign of the highest quality in labor-saving floor-covering—the guide to beauty and value that stand unmatched.

CONGOLEUM NAIRN inc., Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Atlanta, Pittsburgh, Dallas, New Orleans, Rio de Janeiro.
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal.

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
ART-RUGS

Don't be misled into buying a substitute! There is nothing "just like" genuine "Congoleum." For your own protection, insist that the Gold Seal appear on the face of the rugs you buy.

Above is the "BLOSSOM" *Gold Seal Rug 326* "TWILIGHT" *Rug 311 is the same design in blue, apricot and teal on a Smoke Gray background*



Free Handbook—

If you would like to brighten up your home let "Color Magic in the Home," by Anne Lewis Pierce, teach you the many charming things you can easily—and inexpensively—do with color. Contains many helpful suggestions as well as a guide to color harmony. Address Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ County _____ State _____ S. E. P. 41

(Continued from Page 43)

hand clutched my arm and the slight pain caused by her nails created emotions more exquisite than any I had ever known.

"Rosalee," I faltered, "will you go to Olive Springs and in the presence of witnesses marry me?" Curled up on the bed, she lay so still I could not be sure she had heard what I had said. I leaned over her and caught the faint fragrance of her damp hair. "Rosalee, they've made me a levelman. Will you marry me?"

Just then a sizzling noise which did not at once penetrate my engrossed senses came from the kitchen. The coffee was boiling over. Rosalee smothered a burst of hysterical laughter.

As I stood above the stove, pouring cold water into the coffeepot, an indescribable heaviness formed in my chest and by its own weight sank down into the pit of my stomach. I had only one thing more to offer. Pouring out a cup of coffee, I carried it into the front room and put it on the chair beside her bed. The crow made fearful noises outside the window, yet his voice did not vibrate so harshly as the soft smothered laughter that came from the pillow.

"This means a little more than life to me," I said. "Possibly being the wife of a levelman is a thing at which to laugh. In that case, if you'll marry me I'll take you away from this residency, away from all of them, down the river forty miles. A big job is starting down there. We'll start in together. And if they won't take me on as an engineer, I'll swing a limber-handle sledge or mix concrete. I have the back and the arms and the shoulders. But some day—you can count on it—I'll be an engineer." And I told her I had fixed up the old stone barge around the bend above the bridge, as a place in which we could live on this or any other river.

She was looking at me now with eyes wide with surprise. "Live on the stone barge!" And this, too, amused her. "We'd live on the bottom. It leaks."

"Not since I fixed it. You wouldn't recognize it. Wait until you see it."

"I don't want to see it. I won't marry any man living. I want you to go away, Allen John." She was crying now.

I tried to think of something else to say, but nothing came into my mind. I had offered her everything I had, myself in the bargain, and she wanted me to go away. Opening the window, I allowed the devilish squawking crow to come in, and I stood for a moment beside the bed, hoping Rosalee would tell me not to go. She turned her face toward the wall. She seemed such a little thing, so vividly beautiful as to be incredible, with the gossamer red garment falling from her shoulder.

"Good-by," I said.

She murmured a word or two: "Poor Jim—poor Healy!"

And this caused me to blurt out, "They'll be here this evening. You can have any of them, including Fultz, with his red head and apelike arms!" The agony inside of me took form in words. "Good-by," I said. "I'm going away for good."

But at the door I heard her voice, like the murmur of the river, saying, "Nothing could drive you away if you loved me."

"You're driving me away because I love you. I'll not see you again unless you send for me. You can count on it."

"And you can count on it, I'll not send for you. I'm going back to the convent and live there. Allen John, come here." And when I came to her she said, "If you're really going to leave for good, aren't you going to kiss me good-by?"

"Rosalee, if I kiss you I won't be able to leave."

"Then don't kiss me. I want you to go. I like you too well to marry you." But when I asked what she meant by this, she didn't seem to know. "The river can wash away love," she said, "but when you like anybody it can't wash it away. I'll always like you."

"And I'll always love you, to my dying day. After loving you, Rosalee, I could never love anyone else." For a moment I remained beside her and she continued to look up at me with her large dark eyes.

"If I kiss you, Rosalee, I'll never leave you."

"Don't kiss me then."

As I turned from her she buried her face in the pillow, and I left her—a garden the walls of which the river had washed away. But I didn't know this at the time; I didn't know all about women—not all about Rosalee anyhow.

VI

OUTSIDE, in the vacuous May morning, it seemed that life had begun on the October afternoon when I first found her. I could think of nothing worth recalling before that time. And now that I was leaving, it seemed that life had ended. I passed the sluggish whirlpool, but did not turn my head; I heard the noise of the rapids, the eternal song of the river—a laughing, sobbing sound—but I did not stop to listen. The shanties at Hellhole were boisterous with men going in and out of the mess shacks, and this struck me as strange and beside the point; nor did I look up at the high spans of the railroad bridge—merely bowed my head as I passed under. Where was I going and what did it matter?

By cutting through the woods to Thompson's Valley, I could join the engineers and take up my new duties as a levelman, a thing I had looked forward to; but I knew I would never again work on the Coal Mountain spur line. Upon rounding the bend I climbed aboard the barge. With its varnished deck, immaculate cream-colored house and low moss-green roof, it was a thing that ordinarily would have delighted one's eyes; and, possibly, in coming here I had had something in mind, for it still needed a few touches before making it in all respects as I had planned it. But now I felt weary. I had had no sleep for twenty-four hours; and going around the deckhouse to the river side, I sat down and tugged at my boots, dumped out the water, took off my socks and lay down in the warm sunlight and slept.

When I opened my eyes I felt refreshed. Shadows ran from west to east—early afternoon. My boots were dry. Getting into them, I set to work and, before dusk, had finished the portholes at the head and foot of each bunk, and with particular care had nailed the window boxes to their wooden brackets outside the cunning casement windows with their small panes of glass. Even if Rosalee were never so much as to lay eyes on the barge, nevertheless a man would not want to leave a piece of work unfinished, especially if he had determined to set it adrift and never see it again.

At dusk it was complete, just as I had planned it, and that alone was some satisfaction. I made a bundle of provisions to fit on my shoulders, and got my rifle. Everything else that might bring back memories of the past to torture me, I left on the barge. The barge itself was of no great value, while the months of labor expended upon it had more than paid for themselves by occupying my spare moments with vivid dreams, warm and colorful. I untied the ropes from the willow trees and watched the water widen as the stern of the house boat swung outward, unguided, with the current. No use to say farewell; I merely stood on the bank gazing intently, thinking, thinking, until it was out of reach, beyond recall; then turned away and walked downstream.

At the railroad bridge I climbed the embankment and started across, stepping from tie to tie, with the misty blue water flowing far below. Midway I stopped for a moment, for here at dawn of this day Rosalee had stood poised; and it seemed significant that, as I gazed down at the water, flowing smooth and wide, a shadow, then the house boat itself, should emerge like a ghost of what might have been. Yet why should it hold me enthralled by its sheer beauty, and why should it surprise me how gallant it seemed? With my own hands I had made it strong to withstand the rapids and whirlpools. If only Rosalee could see it drifting slowly past her house in the dusk! I watched it, thinking: "Its destiny is left to the river. Unguided, it will go on down to the sea." And I was still watching it, straining my eyes to make out its blurred form in the blue gloom, when it reached the rapids. I could see it tilt forward and pause only a moment before plunging down, unafraid. With no thought of ever seeing it again, I turned away.

The fields on the opposite shore were fallow. I had thought of trying to get a job forty miles downstream, where by now work had started on the water-power dam. If this river was to be harnessed I should like to take a part. Instead, however, an idle notion of the months past took hold of me so tenaciously as to turn me in the opposite direction, and I walked on and on upstream, far into the night.

I had no calendar, kept no track of time, but on a day high up in the mountains I came upon the thing I was looking for—a spring of clear water, and it flowed from the roots of an ancient tree. I lay down and drank, and as I lay there I listened, and as I listened to the flowing water, words took form: "The river quenches the thirst of the thirsty land."

Also, it seemed to tell me that, like love, the river has the potency to turn the mills and light the homes of countless millions of people. I had found its source. I was drinking at the source.

Following the ever-widening water down through solitary ravines that no man had ever seen before, down into the valley where the hills formed lofty horizons, on and on, sleeping beneath the moon and stars, at last, on a night, I came to the dark deep water that ran smoothly beneath the railroad bridge. Perhaps a fortnight had passed. A single light shone from Fultz's commissary, and I peered in through a window, but Rosalee was not there. Fultz's large red head and sloping shoulders were bent over his books, with a stub of a pencil in his hairy hand. The shanties at Hellhole were dark. But at Healy's the contractors and walking bosses were still playing cards. And again I gazed through a window, but the small table where Rosalee used to sit with one foot under her was empty. I had the feeling of an alien wanderer looking in upon these scenes; nor did I have anything definite in mind; merely hoped to get one more glimpse of her before continuing my journey from the source of the river to the sea, alone. I prayed that some miracle might happen that I might get one more glimpse of her.

The hour was midnight. When you haven't a watch you have to know these things—the stars keep good time. Midnight, and below the rapids and below the whirlpool that blurred the white image of the moon I came upon Rosalee's house. But it, too, was dark. On the narrow porch I listened for soft breathing, but the silence, with the rhythm of the rapids beating through it, was so profound as to seem like hushed music to which the pale moonlight and purple shadows were dancing. Rosalee's house was deserted. Rosalee had gone.

Visions of her cloistered in a thick-walled convent, a water lily in a sequestered pool, oppressed me; possibly even now she was looking out of barred windows upon these stars, leaning on her elbows, dreaming of the vivid life upon the free ever-flowing rivers of the world. I climbed inside her room and, lighting a match, found the closet stripped of its clothing. She had gone, leaving only a faint evanescent fragrance, and soon that, too, would be gone. I inhaled it deeply, and all the small memories of an autumn and winter and part of a spring moved rapidly through my thoughts—wasted months, yet the most precious in my life.

"Good-by," I said aloud to the dark, empty room. "If I hadn't made so many awkward gestures she might have loved me. No matter. I can keep on loving her, and that's something—at least half."

But, making my way slowly along the river bank, these lonely thoughts were dissipated forever by a marvel that caused me

WE tell the WORLD HOW WE make OH HENRY!

There is no secret about our famous home-made way of making this world known candy. But you can see for yourself how much trouble it would be to make it at home. So we make Oh Henry! *for* you—of the very things you'd use yourself, to concoct these four delectable layers:

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter, 1 cup rich, full cream milk, 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1½ cupscorn syrup, 3 cups rich, full cream milk, ½ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed).

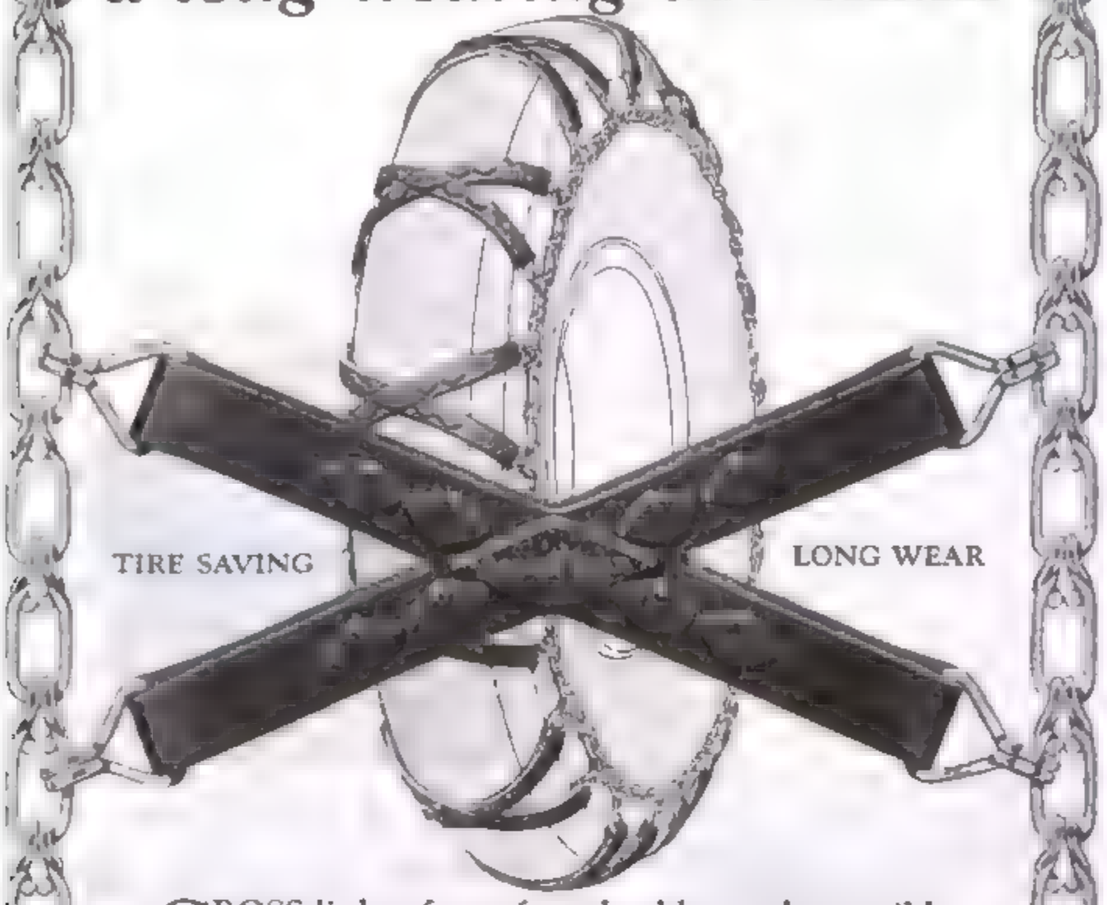
CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

That's why Oh Henry! is so incomparably good—it *smacks* of home. And you'll find it at any candy counter.

Oh Henry!

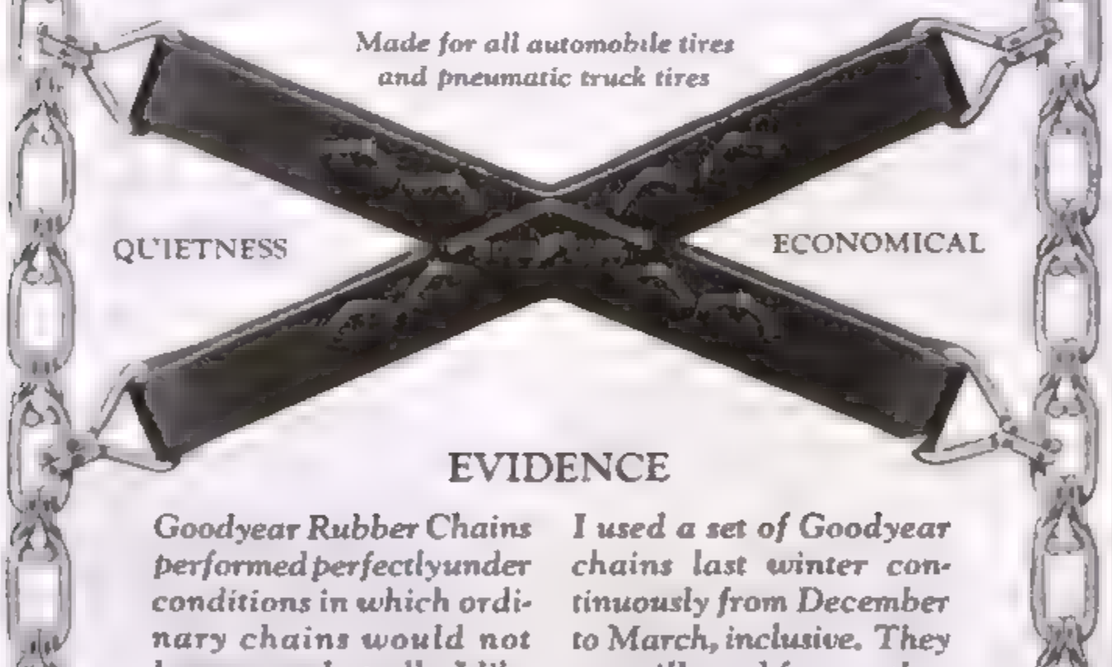
CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

At last—
a *long wearing* tire chain



CROSS links of sure-footed rubber make possible these *quiet, long-wearing* Goodyear Tire Chains. They do not battle your fenders, you can leave them on all winter long. They are saving of tires and they last much longer than ordinary tire chains. Have your car equipped today at the nearest Goodyear Service Station.

Made for all automobile tires and pneumatic truck tires



EVIDENCE

Goodyear Rubber Chains performed perfectlyunder conditions in which ordinary chains would not have served at all. I like their quietness.

Erich Schleiff,
Los Angeles, Cal.

I used a set of Goodyear chains last winter continuously from December to March, inclusive. They are still good for another season's wear.

Gilman H. Campbell,
Needham, Mass.

A Quality Product made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

GOODYEAR TIRE CHAINS

Copyright 1927, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

to stop short in my tracks. The marvel of it was, I had the feeling at once of a wanderer who at last has come home. In the faint light of the crescent moon an outline had taken shape among overhanging trees. I could not be mistaken—the current had swept the barge inshore. The river had decided its fate, as well as Rosalee's and mine.

For no reason other than the fear that it might vanish like a thrilling dream, I approached noiselessly; and as I moved toward it, gazing intently, I stumbled against a rope. Someone had taken the trouble to make the house boat fast. This delighted me, and when I climbed aboard I found that the same hand had taken the trouble to do a more persuasive thing. Flowers had been planted in the window boxes. And the stars in their round seemed to pause to envy me, for as I gazed into the darkness of the cabin a shaft of moonlight, entering slantingly through the small port at the head of the lower bunk, revealed a white arm chiseled as exquisitely as marble. Rosalee was curled up in the lower bunk, sleeping soundly.

Nor did I awaken her. Returning to the bank, I unfastened the moorings. Unwilling to take any chance, I would awaken her only when the barge was in midstream.

Willow wands scraped across the roof. Getting an oar, I helped the barge along. Dark forms of trees passed backward, and as we moved out into the river the moon drifted behind a thin slate-colored cloud and drifted out again—a scene so beautiful as to wring one's heart. I marveled at this and at the feeling inside of me. I had labored for months to turn the ramshackle hulk into a house boat, while, with little or no labor at all—merely by her presence—Rosalee had turned it into a home.

In midstream the little waves against the stern and all the small noises of the spring night upon the river whispered unmistakably: "You may have her now and forever!" While something within me said: "You're an awkward fellow; you'll lose her if you do a single thing." In that case I would not awaken her until we reached the first town, twenty miles below the residency, at dawn. There I'd beat on the door of some church. I'd make sure of her. But when I glanced into the cabin to see if she were still asleep, the shaft of moonlight had become entangled in her dark hair, and emerging, fell upon her lovely shoulder. She was leaning on her elbow, looking wide-eyed at the shadowy bank slipping past.

"Rosalee," I said, "I've slipped the moorings. I'm taking you away from all of them."

"You are? Then come here," she whispered. "Come closer." And when I leaned over her she put her arms around me. "Where've you been all this time?"

I told her I had been up in the mountains and had found the source of the river.

"I don't believe it." She laughed a little. "Nobody can find it alone."

The barge drifted crookedly, at times sideways, now in midstream, now scraping against overhanging trees on the bank. But what did it matter?

Rosalee told me she loved me. And I told her I loved her. "At the first town we'll get married," I said.

"If we do, you'll have to take my crow along as a witness, Allen John. He'd never believe it unless he saw it with his own eyes."

"You'll marry me then?"

"Yes, if you want to. It don't matter. I'll always be yours."

"In that case—but maybe you won't like me so well after we're married."

"Yes, I will," she whispered; "and you know it."

And having made sure of this, I went outside and got the barge into midstream and sat at the stern, piloting it beneath the stars. At least, I had not been a clumsy fellow.

Since then Rosalee and I, as engineers, have lived on several rivers, helping to harness some of them to turn the mills and light the homes of unknown millions of people. We know about rivers, Rosalee and I, the rapids and the whirlpools; and it would take a stronger current than any we have known to wash our love away. We're going down to the sea together.

(THE END)

"Wully, Mother Hopes Ye Hae Taken Good Care o' Sister"
"Aye, I Hae Her Tucked Under a Bush Weel Out o' the Rain"

National MAZDA auto lamps

A GE PRODUCT
GENERAL ELECTRIC

PUT a kit full of prudence in a pocket of your car. Whoever sells you National MAZDA Auto Lamps will be glad to give you the little metal kit which holds three lamps; and then, having "spares" and knowing that they are MAZDA Auto Lamps, you can have a prideful feeling of security in having protected yourself—and with the best.

People who know what the MAZDA mark means will always look for it—because it certifies that the lamp on which it appears was made with all the benefits of MAZDA Service, the Research Laboratory service of General Electric Company.

National Lamp Works *of General Electric Co.*, Nela Park, Cleveland.

Look for "MAZDA" on the base

What another "American" user wrote to his dealer

"Already have two 'American' Trucks in service. Think they are the best we have seen. Whenever we need any more, you get the order."

How can it be so LIGHT and yet so STRONG?

PRESSED STEEL

Pressed Steel in correct design is to the hand truck what Duralumin is to the aeroplane. It has provided greater strength—greater dependability—far greater durability *without increasing weight.*

Because "American" Pressed Steel Trucks are moderately priced to begin with, because they last longer and require less maintenance, they actually *save money* while providing better service.

We know this to be true because "American" users all over the country have written us letters similar to the one quoted above.

You will want to prove it for yourself. You can without risking a penny. Buy a sample. Try it where ordinary trucks have failed. If it does not satisfy you, we will refund your money.

THE AMERICAN PULLEY CO.

PRESSED STEEL:

PULLEYS HANGERS TRUCKS
BEAM HEADS MISCELLANEOUS SHAPES

4200 Wissahickon Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICAN
PRESSED STEEL
TRUCKS

PATENTS PENDING
REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

BUILT TO WEAR WITHOUT REPAIR

HARDSHIPS OF NEW MEXICO

(Continued from Page 11)

that you plumb shore oughter be feeling fine this yere mawnin'."

"Howdy, pardner?" the delegate from Maine would reply. "Which I shore would admire to state that I plumb do and plumb am. An' I shore do plumb hope that you ain't feelin' any too ornery yourself, stranger."

"Which I plumb shore ain't," replies Mr. McCutcheon, "and I don't go for to need any nose paint to be able to plumb crack down on any shorthorn that comes pirootin' round this yere range while I'm plumb shore rangin' around on it."

"Which is plumb shore a mouthful of sentiments," observes the delegate from Maine, "and I would plumb shore be obleeged to you ef you-all would narrate us a story of the great West when you-all was plumb shore pizen with the six-gun."

"Which I plumb shore will," replies Bloody Bridles McCutcheon, for such was the name he had selected for use among the natives of the great rough outdoor country to which he was going.

"Hit was while I was a-ridin' of the range for the Bar-Circle-Thirty-Eight Three-Star-Double-Y," says Bloody Bridles, carelessly lighting one of Ed Otis' fifty-cent cigars and ignoring the fact that the titular leader of the expedition, who, for the purposes of this narrative, will hereafter be referred to as Gen. Charles G. Dawes, was stalking glumly from the room, closely followed by Mr. Otis, for the purpose of seeking sanctuary on the car's observation platform. "Which I had been playin' faro bank," persisted Mr. McCutcheon, "down to the Oriental s'loon the night before and so had riz up about two hours before first-drink time for to cache my winnin's down in the canyon."

"Was you a-ridin of yore ole cayuse?" asks the Maine delegate.

The Passing of Billy the Kid

"I plumb shore was, stranger," replies Bloody Bridles. "I puts on my ole hair pants an' hangs my ole six-gun onto my belt an' I goes out to the corral and ropes me my ole paint hoss out of the remuda an' I forks the ornery ole cayuse an' starts down into the canyon, when I sees a maverick standin' by a big rock an' makin' out as how he's a-watchin' the sun rise."

"Which is plumb shore a suspicious way for any shorthorn to act before first-drink time, hey, stranger?" asks the delegate from Maine helpfully.

"Which it plumb shore is," replies Bloody Bridles; "an' I up and sez to the varmint, sez I, 'You'll pardon me,' I sez, 'but I am the celebrated hatchet-flyin' demon of Arbutusville, noted throughout the civilized world as bein' the feller that twisted the tail of an Amur River tiger until his head fell off with anger and anguish. I am kin to grizzly b'ars an' blood brother to the blood-sweatin' behemoth of Holy Writ. The fire from my eyes will peel the bark off'n a log cabin, an' when I riz my voice in anger it causes the catamount to crawl plumb under a mountain an' shiver hisself to death. I am a hyena an' a curly wolf, an' I fries my dead in batter an' eats 'em for luncheon. Whoopee! Wow!' That's what I says to that thar maverick!"

"Which you plumb shore said a faceful," observes the delegate from Maine, "an' shore ought to have give him suthin' to chew on. What did the varmint say?"

"Well," says Bloody Bridles, "before I could let go any further memories touchin' on my early days an' my present status in life, the critter looks up at me an' sez, 'You must be this feller Ben Ames Williams that I've done heard tell on, an' I'd plumb shore like to shake hands with you, Mr. Williams, bein' as how I'm Billy the Kid.'"

"Which I'll be plumb dog-goned!" remarks the delegate from Maine.

"That's whatever!" replies Bloody Bridles morosely. "Bein' merely human, I cannot permit this yere remark to pass unnoticed. Drawin' my two six-guns, I kills this yere hombre, an' kills him twice for luck. An' that," concludes Bloody Bridles, "is how an' why Billy the Kid done crosst the big divide."

The expedition managed to survive these hardships and in the course of time arrived in the town of Raton in Northern New Mexico, where the private car was detached from the fast mail which had yanked it across the plains and the desert in a matter of two days. In Raton there was a flourishing sporting-goods store, and it occurred to the expedition that before the private car was jerked off into the mountains and the savage haunts and the vast expanses of the cow country, there ought to be a final purchasing of fishing equipment and hunting supplies. The stock of the sporting-goods store was consequently subjected to a careful scrutiny, and the delegate from Maine finally plunged and purchased two dollars' worth of Royal Coachmen and a dollar's worth of Black Gnats. The question of fish baskets then arose. Would there be fish baskets at the ranch, or should fish baskets be purchased?

"Where you going?" inquired the genial owner of the sporting-goods store.

"Up to Cimarron," he was told, "to stay with a man named Waite Phillips."

"Yeah?" said the owner of the store. "Well, you probably don't need any fish baskets. Phillips was in here early in the season and bought eleven hundred dollars' worth of tackle and supplies, and he came down day before yesterday and bought another six hundred dollars' worth."

Baffled, the expedition ventured out on the streets of Raton and found a number of citizens in savage-looking beards, calico vests and other Far-Western accouterments—a condition that gave the delegate from Maine an unrivaled opportunity to try out his newly acquired dialect on one of these sons of the Great West.

"Howdy, stranger?" said he. "We plumb shore have pirooted a long ways from home an' mebbe you kin plumb shore tell me what the fishin's like up thar on the Cimarron."

"Well," said the stranger, eying his interrogator dubiously, "I haven't been up for several weeks, as I had to go to New York to attend a convention; but I understand that some of the boys are getting enough to smell up the pan. I rather imagine it depends somewhat on how you handle your tackle."

"Stranger," said the delegate from Maine, making a final despairing attempt, "I certainly plumb shore am surprised to hear you-all converse in that effete way, considerin' that you-all are a-wearin' of a calico vest an' a fine set of Galway sluggers."

"Really?" asked the Westerner politely. "Sorry, I'm sure! We're celebrating Old-Timers' Week out here in a few days, and most of the leading business and professional men in town are letting their—ah—chinchillas grow to lend an air of—uh—verisimilitude to the affair, as you might say."

Hide and Seek

And so the expedition departed from Raton and chugged onward and upward for a matter of three hours, at the end of which time the car came to a stop in the middle of the small town of Cimarron, sprawled out on the face of a dusty-looking flatland ringed by distant blue mountains. The locality seemed to deserve all the remarks that Josiah Gregg had made about savage haunts some ninety years previous, in as much as an adolescent but excessively active thunderstorm was engaged in trying its wings immediately above the spot where the private car came to rest.

It might be remarked in passing that a young and undeveloped New Mexican thunderstorm can make more penetrating and hair-raising noise in five minutes than a full-grown New England thunderstorm can make in an all-night session—due, possibly, to the fact that a large part of New Mexico is between a mile and two miles above sea level, and is, consequently, so close to most thunderstorms that they are forced to move very rapidly and dexterously to keep from tearing their pants on the protuberant New Mexican scenery.

Whenever a New Mexican thunderclap essays the first semiserious clapping of its career, the adjacent listeners are left with the feeling that somebody has placed a large iron boiler about a foot above their heads and simultaneously exploded thirty or forty sticks of dynamite in its interior.

In the summer months, moreover, there is usually a thunderstorm lurking behind every large rock in the highlands of New Mexico and Colorado and other Rocky Mountain states. When the storm is so moved, it emerges from behind its rock, thunders passionately all over the landscape for a few moments and then jumps behind its rock again. Westerners, protected by their extra-large sombreros, whose brims are so broad that eighteen pairs of eaves swallows can nest under one of them without disturbing the wearer, seldom bother with a raincoat and regard an umbrella with contempt and loathing. Eastern fishermen and hunters, new to the country, sometimes attempt to untie and don a raincoat whenever a thunderstorm starts, but these attempts are soon abandoned as being too hard on the raincoat and too hard on the wearer.

Plenty of Elbowroom

One Easterner, according to New Mexicans, insisted on putting on a raincoat whenever it rained in the mountains of New Mexico and on taking it off and rolling it up when the rain stopped. The New Mexicans claim that his nerves cracked under the strain, so that he was obliged to take up his residence in a sanatorium. Here he continues to don and doff a raincoat with the start and the cessation of thunderstorms. His relatives supply the raincoats and he wears one to shreds every nineteen days during the summer months.

With the cessation of the welcoming thunderstorm, however, a fleet of automobiles appeared outside the car, led and directed by Waite Phillips, the rancher, in person. It seemed highly probable to Mr. McCutcheon and the delegate from Maine that their Western dialect would be brought into immediate action for the purpose of making themselves understood by the rancher, and that the rough, tough ranch life would begin at once.

"Pardner," said Mr. McCutcheon, by way of oiling up his Western vocabulary—"pardner, I plumb shore allows as how we oughta sashay up toward the chuck wagon an' see if we-all kain't git ourselves some vitties."

"Pardner," agreed the delegate from Maine, "we plumb shore will, an' I hopes they puts the tin basin out on the wash bench beside the back door of the ranch, because I plumb shore would like to wash some of the alkali dust off'n my face before dippin' into the ham an' aigs."

Before they could get thoroughly into the swing of the dialect, however, their attention was caught by a conversation that was going on between the rancher and General Dawes.

"I understand you've got quite a place here, Phillips," said the general. "There'll probably be plenty of room for the boys to stretch their legs, won't there?"

"I think probably they'll be able to take an after-dinner stroll, whenever they feel like it, without trespassing on any other property," replied Mr. Phillips. "Right over there," he continued, pointing over the general's shoulder, "you can see two mountain ranges, one behind the other. My land

(Continued on Page 51)

"Sleep, *Gentle* Sleep"

—even in the end berths!

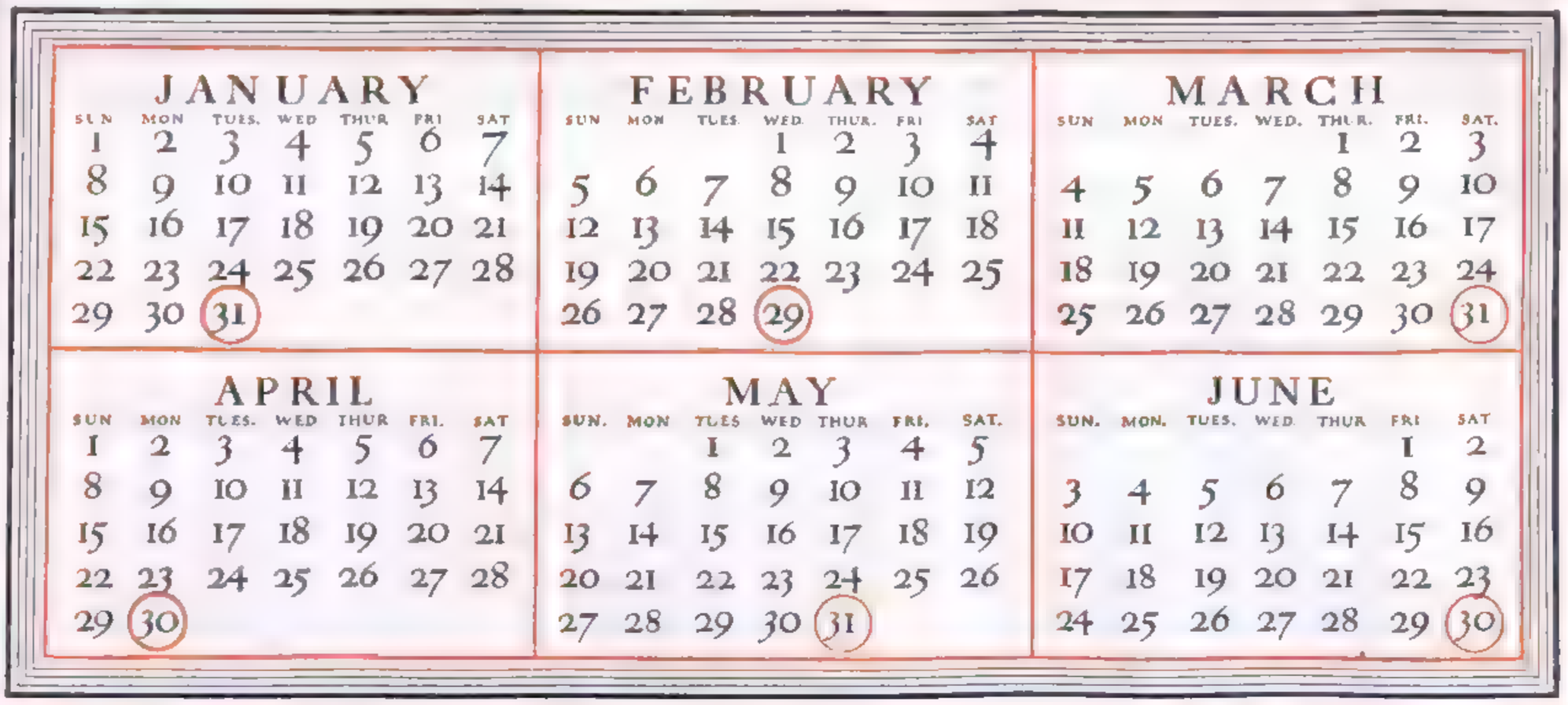
Behind the curtains you hardly know your train is starting. In the night you don't notice that it has stopped—it *runs* so smoothly and quietly on Timken Tapered Roller Bearings. You sleep far better in any berth.

While noted railroad systems win your good will with jerkless, soothing travel on Timken Bearings, they can greatly reduce the cost of fuel, lubricant and maintenance. They can banish the hot box! They can overcome wear and trouble in journal boxes!

Timken friction-elimination, reducing starting resistance *eighty-eight* per cent, is only one factor in all this advance. It is the exclusive combination of Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken-made electric steel which assures invincible protection against the enormous load of shock, side-thrust and speed. That is why Timken Bearings lead.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS



30 minutes every 30 days

solves the troublesome problem of correct lubrication for your car

OIL and grease your car yourself? A dirty, messy, time-wasting job!

Have it done at the nearest garage or service station? Even that's not always satisfactory! Sometimes you wonder if some vital spot has been overlooked. Sometimes you suspect that second-rate, left-over lubricants have been used.

But now, all of that bother, all of that worry have been eliminated by a new service, Veedol Complete Lubrication. Already thousands of car owners have discovered that 30 minutes of this new service every 30 days is the ideal solution of the problem of correct lubrication.

We suggest this trial

JUDGE for yourself the merits of this new service.

Drive in where you see the orange and black Veedol sign (shown at the right). Tell the dealer you want Veedol Complete Lubrication. Then watch what happens.

A lubrication expert goes over your entire car, inspecting and checking every friction-spot, lubricating each as required. He is thorough and careful. He misses nothing, slights nothing. He knows his job.

Ask him what lubricants he is using. He will tell you that he uses nothing but Veedol lubricants of the highest quality. Each is designed specifically for the special job it has to do. Each gives the famous "film of protection" which masters deadly heat and friction.

Then drive your car off the rack and notice its improved performance—quieter running, increased power, more economical performance.

Get the 30 minutes every 30 days habit

IF that trial convinces you of the value of Veedol Complete Lubrication, make it a regular habit. Take your car to the Veedol dealer for 30 minutes every 30 days. He may save you—in that short time—far longer waits for expensive repairs.

Look for the orange and black Veedol sign today. Let Veedol Complete Lubrication solve the problem of the most important care your car can receive—*correct* lubrication.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

Copyright 1927 by Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation

(Continued from Page 48)

includes the first mountain range and runs halfway up the slope of the next mountain range. In the opposite direction it takes in the range of mountains that you can see and another range behind it that you can't [redacted]."

"Heh-heh-heh!" said the general, peering with keen anticipatory delight at Mr. McCutcheon and the other members of his party. "You boys can get up before breakfast and run around the ranch."

"We plumb shore can," agreed Mr. McCutcheon feebly, but with his usual amiableness. "How big is the ranch, Mr. Phillips?"

"Well," said Mr. Phillips, "some of my men say that it's something over 200,000 acres, but I prefer to be conservative and accurate. I know that there are 180,000 acres on it, so I call that its size."

"That's quite a nice little piece of land," observed the delegate from Maine, whose total land holdings in various sections of the United States come to three and nine-sixteenths acres.

"Of course," remarked the general, "we came up here primarily to fish; but I suppose there are other things to do in case the boys get tired of fishing."

The Towerless Ranch House

"Well," said Mr. Phillips, "it depends on what they want to do. There's a polo field on the place, and a pretty fair string of ponies; and there's some swimming, and there's some pretty fair shooting—like blue grouse and mountain lions and wild turkeys."

"Do you swim in a creek or a pond or a river?" inquired the delegate from Maine.

"Well," said Mr. Phillips, somewhat shamefacedly, "I built a tiled pool just back of the ranch house, but it isn't heating very well. Still, if you don't mind having the temperature of the water around sixty-eight degrees, it's all right to use."

"I don't suppose we could get any trap shooting," observed Mr. Williams optimistically.

"Yes," said Mr. Phillips, "there's a shooting stand for six guns just behind the ranch house."

"Any archery butts?" asked the delegate from Maine after a long and contemplative silence.

"No," admitted Mr. Phillips reluctantly, "I haven't any archery butts."

"What? No archery butts?" exclaimed the delegate from Maine in a slightly annoyed manner.

At this point General Dawes knocked the ashes violently from his trick pipe as an indication that the conversational hardships of the expedition were causing him some weariness, and the expeditionary force at once made preparations to leave the comforts of the private car for the rough and homely crudities of the ranch house—crudities familiar to all Easterners through the painstaking efforts of motion-picture directors and the authors of Western romances.

Mr. Phillips introduced two guides to pilot the expedition to the ranch house—Mr. Gene Hayward, the manager of the 180,000-acre ranch, and Mr. Gillette Hill. Gene was introduced as a hound for riding and shooting, Gillette as the champion fisherman, rifle shot, shotgun shot and crap shooter of New Mexico, Oklahoma and what have you. They were, however, a deep disappointment to the Charles G. Dawes Fish, Game and Riding Association, in spite of the eaves-swallow hats that they wore, as both of them wore New York clothes and ordinary long pants.

In the course of time the expedition passed through the town of Cimarron, traveled a few miles along the Santa Fé Trail into the front yard of the ranch house. A suspicion at once arose in the minds of the expedition, when it had taken a quick glimpse at the pergolas, archways, patios, glazed tiles, terraces, broken roof lines and what not of the ranch house, that there would be no washing in a tin basin at a bench beside the back door, as is the custom in all well-regulated Western ranch houses unless motion-picture directors are grievously at fault. Not only did it begin to dawn on the expedition that it would have to endure the hardship of getting along without tin washbasins but that it would have to be supplied with blue prints in order to find the back door, if any.

"Well," said Mr. McCutcheon, "that plumb shore is a nice house."

"Yes," said Gene, "it's a nice house." After a few moments of contemplative silence, Gene further observed that it looked better without the tower.

"Without what tower?" asked Mr. Williams, with the persistent curiosity that has enabled him to write voluminous novels concerning the inner consciousness of the most inhibited New Englanders, who hold all records for running high inhibitions as well as standing broad inhibitions.

"Well, the original plans called for a stone tower at one end of the house," said Gene.

"A stone tower?" asked the delegate from Maine.

"Yes, a stone tower," said Gene.

"Well, did they build it?" asked Mr. McCutcheon.

"Yes, they built it," said Gene.

"Where did they get the stone?" asked Mr. Williams, staring questioningly at the rolling rockless plains that stretched for miles on every side.

"They got it from Kansas City," said Gene—"by express."

"Was it heavy stone?" asked the delegate from Maine, who sometimes moans bitterly over the express charges connected with shipping a Hepplewhite card table to Maine from Virginia.

"It certainly was heavy," said Gene reminiscently. "Each stone weighed one ton."

"Ow-wow!" said the delegate from Maine with deep feeling.

"What happened to the tower after it was built?" inquired Mr. McCutcheon obtusely.

"Why, Mr. Phillips didn't like it, so we tore it down," said Gene; "and I think the place looks better without it."

This point having been settled to everyone's satisfaction, the expedition entered the ranch house in search of further hardships, and found General Dawes and Mr. Phillips in the trophy room examining shotguns, rifles, three-ounce fishing rods, dry and wet flies, trolling rods, buffalo heads, mountain-lion skins, fish baskets, leather chaps, cowboy boots, broad-brimmed Stetsons, constructed to accommodate ten, fifteen and twenty eaves swallows' nests, and other regalia suitable for savage haunts.

Choosing Their Millinery

"You will find plenty of equipment here," said Mr. Phillips, "so help yourself and keep helping yourself until you are equipped. There are Stetsons of all shapes, sizes and colors in Section C of the gun room, and there are plenty of large silk handkerchiefs in Section D, along with boxes of woolen socks and flannel shirts. The khaki riding breeches are in Section E, together with the khaki fishing hats and the waders. The chaps are hanging on the racks over the fishing equipment. Whenever you get wet, don't bother to dry your clothes. Just give them to the butler and help yourself to new equipment. I suggest that you put on your Stetsons immediately so that any cows you happen to meet won't be startled by your Eastern headgear."

Acting on this suggestion, the expedition equipped itself in varying shades of hats. Mr. McCutcheon's hat was a pure white one with a nine-inch brim and a crown so high that whenever he entered an automobile he shoved it against the top and pushed it so firmly over his eyes that the efforts of two men were required to free him. In size it would have made an ideal roof for a well house, but as a roof for Mr. McCutcheon it was a shade or whisker too large.

Mr. Williams' hat, on the other hand, was a comparatively narrow-brimmed, roan-colored affair with a low obese crown that gave Mr. Williams the appearance of having stood under a hard-working pile driver for a few weeks. Such, however, is the peculiarity of human nature that several members of the expedition, after regarding themselves privily in mirrors, were happy in the conviction that they looked very much like Buffalo Bill in his younger days.

Having done this, the expedition viewed the steam-heated swimming pool, surrounded by vine-hung pergolas and tiles imported from Spain, the polo field and the race horses, the seventeen million dollars' worth of scenery in the immediate vicinity of Cimarron, the log-cabin hunting lodge in Section 346 D of the ranch, about half an hour's ride from the ranch house into the foothills of the mountains, and various other hardships, including dinner, which, for some unexplainable reason, was not announced by the cook or butler beating on a tin pan with a spoon and shouting "Come an' git it or I'll throw it out!"

More or Less Wild Turkeys

The expedition was eagerly waiting for the impact of the spoon on the tin pan when the butler entered with caviar sandwiches, thus shattering another long-cherished illusion concerning the Western cow country.

It might be remarked in passing that, as the expedition cruised toward the hunting lodge, its attention was called to three or four large birds ambling across the upper end of a large clearing or park in a preoccupied manner. The automobiles stopped and the birds ambled disinterestedly into the scrub-oak thickets with which the clearing was edged.

"Wild turkeys," said Gene.

The Easterners smiled knowingly at this bit of Western braggadocio.

"Wild hell!" they observed privately to each other. "Do they think we're sape? If those turkeys had been wild, they'd have flown screaming all the way across the Rocky Mountains as soon as they saw John McCutcheon's hat."

"They certainly plumb shore would!" agreed Mr. McCutcheon heartily.

The matter of wild turkeys was later taken up with Mr. Phillips and Gene in a light and jesting way, but they denied indignantly that the turkeys had been purchased in New Jersey and released on the ranch in order to impress Eastern visitors. Almost any time a man rode out on the mountain trails, said Gene, he saw a turkey. When questioned as to why more weren't shot, Gene's replies were vague and unsatisfactory. They were hard to shoot, Gene said. When asked why they were hard to shoot he was unable to give definite answers. It seemed quite apparent to the expedition that they were being had, in a manner of speaking, on the subject of wild turkeys.

Mr. Williams even went so far as to suggest that in view of the large amount of wild life reputed to exist on the ranch, it might be advisable to provide the Easterners with armed guards.

In the course of time the expedition abandoned the ranch house and departed by automobile to a spot in the mountains where a remuda—as true Westerners laughingly refer to a clump, or covey, of horses—waited to carry them over mountain trails and to the rough, rude fishing lodge in a mountain canyon located in Section 981 B of the ranch.

In spite of the fact that Mr. Williams had taken riding lessons on a real horse during the preceding winter, and that the delegate from Maine rather fancied himself as a rider, each member of the expedition spoke either openly or privately to Gene, demanding a gentle horse. The leader of the expedition declared in no uncertain tones that all horses reputed to be gentle were to be led before him so that he could gaze deep into their eyes. It was possible to tell from

KNAPP-FELT
HATS for MEN

EVERY man has the urge to look his best during the Holiday Season. It is not a selfish thought—it adds to everybody's pleasure. A new Knapp-Felt hat contributes much to this end.

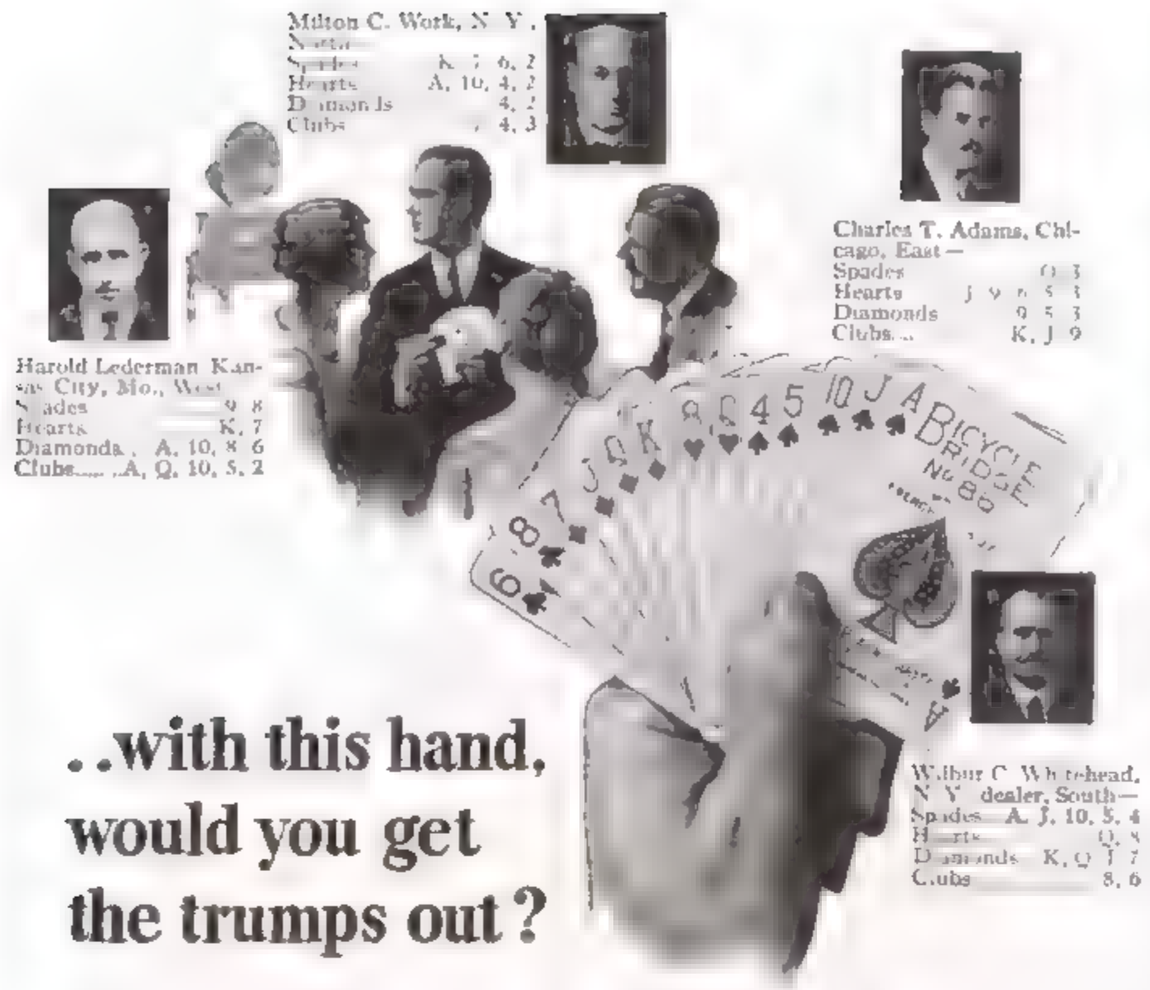
The New Hat for the Holidays is
The Knapp-Felt
HAMILTON

It will be Shown Everywhere Friday, December Ninth

The *Hamilton* is made by the famous Cavanagh Edge Process, permanently styled and unequalled for comfort and lasting service. For yourself or your friend it would be an ideal gift. Your Knapp-Felt hatter will arrange it.

Knapp-Felt Hats are priced from $8.00 to $40.00. Superfine Knapp-Felts $20.00, $25.00, $40.00

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH — President
620 Fifth Avenue — New York City.


Milton C. Work, N. Y.
Spades K, 7, 6, 2
Hearts A, 10, 4, 2
Diamonds 4, 2
Clubs 4, 3
Charles T. Adams, Chicago, East—
Spades Q, 3
Hearts J, 9, 6, 5, 3
Diamonds 9, 5, 3
Clubs K, J, 9
Harold Lederman Kansas City, Mo., West
Spades 9, 8
Hearts K, 7
Diamonds A, 10, 8, 6
Clubs A, Q, 10, 5, 2
Wilbur C. Whitehead, N. Y. dealer, South—
Spades A, J, 10, 5, 4
Hearts Q, 8
Diamonds K, Q, J, 7
Clubs 8, 6
BICYCLE
BRIDGE
No 808

..with this hand, would you get the trumps out?

. . . if you had bid Spades and the opponents opened your suit? See what you can do with these cards; then tune in with the Radio Game and learn the clever Bridge maneuver which Mr. Whitehead uses to make game!

BRIDGE *by* RADIO

Tuesday, December 13, 10 P. M., Eastern Time

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WCSH, WDAF, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WGY, WHAS, WHO, WJAR, WMC, WOC, WOW, WRC, WSB, WSM, WTAG, WTAM, WTIC, WTMG, WWJ.

Tuesday, December 13, 8:30 P. M., Pacific Time

KFI, KFOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO.

See newspapers for broadcasting time of following:

KFAD Electrical Equipment Co. Phoenix
KFUM Corley Mt. Highway Colorado Springs
KGVR Meyer Bismarck
KGBX Foster-Hall Tire Co. St. Joseph, Mo.
KOA General Electric Co. Denver
KOB Coll. Agr. & Mech. Arts Albuquerque
KPRC Houston
KSL Radio Service Corp. Salt Lake City
KTHS Arlington Hotel Hot Springs Nat'l Pk.
KVOO Southwestern Sales Corp. Tulsa, Okla.
WCOA City of Pensacola Pensacola, Fla.
WDAY Fargo
WDBO Orlando, Fla.
WFAA Dallas
WFBM Indianapolis P. & L. Co. Indianapolis
WHEC Hickson Electric Company Rochester
WJAX Municipal Station Jacksonville
WJBO Times-Picayune New Orleans
WKY Oklahoma City
WNOX Peoples Tel. & Tel. Co. Knoxville
WOKT Titus-Ess Corp. Binghamton, N. Y.
WPG Municipal Station Atlantic City
WRVA Larus & Bro. Co. Richmond, Va.
CFAC Herald Calgary, Can.
CFLC Radio Ass'n Prescott, Can.
CFQC Electric Shop Saskatoon, Can.
CHNS Northern Elec. Co. Halifax, Can.
CKCO Radio Ass'n Ottawa, Can.
CJCA Edmonton, Can.
CJGC Free Press London, Can.
CJRM Jas. Richardson & Sons Moose Jaw, Can.
CKAC La Presse Montreal, Can.
CKCD Daily Province Vancouver, Can.
CKNC Canadian Nat. Carbon Co. Toronto, Can.
CKY Manitoba Tel. System Winnipeg, Can.

The U. S. Playing Card Co.
Cincinnati, U. S. A.—Windsor, Canada
Auction Bridge Magazine, 30 Ferry St., New York.

Big Indexes—
Easy on the Eyes

Ivory or Air Cushion
Finish—Easy to Deal

Artistic Back Designs

Lasting Quality—
Good for Game
after Game

BICYCLE *and* CONGRESS
PLAYING CARDS

a horse's eyes, he declared, what sort of temperament the horse possessed. This was done, and the first horse to be led before him was peremptorily challenged.

"You can tell from the look in her eye," he explained, relighting his pipe in a sketchy manner, "that she isn't reliable. If you fired off a cannon under her stomach or dropped a rock on her, she might jump. If I'm going to cross a couple of mountain ranges on trails that sometimes lean backward and hit you in the face, I want a dependable horse. Give this one to the delegate from Maine."

When the second horse was led before him, he enthusiastically called the attention of his companions to the friendly and benevolent look in her soft brown orbs. To his companions, her orbs seemed to be covered with a film similar to that sometimes seen on the eyes of a sick codfish; and it was fairly apparent that any ordinary cataclysm, like the eruption of Mount Pelée, would be incapable of arousing more than a passing interest in her mind.

Even Mr. Williams' horse, which would probably have come in as low as third or fourth in a competition for phlegmatism, gave an exhibition of stolidity only a little less impressive than might have been expected from the general's horse. Mr. Williams had returned from a fishing expedition and was preparing to descend from the faithful steed. At that moment he lost his balance, or something, and fell to the ground with a crash that echoed far up and down the canyon. He lit on his neck and shoulder with all the enthusiasm of a wandering comet landing on a smooth and unblemished golf course. A steel fishing rod was under him when he landed, and when the rod was pried from the ground, it was found to be bent at right angles. The ground trembled from the impact of his boyish weight and near-by gophers fled in twittering panic to their lairs. Yet when the crash occurred, his horse remained lost in contemplation, and failed even to turn his head or otherwise to exhibit interest in the cause of the explosion or eruption.

Led by Mr. Phillips and accompanied by Gene and Gillette and various cowpunchers, several of whom shocked the Easterners by wearing Bedford-cord riding breeches and riding boots, the expedition plodded up over a nine-thousand-foot range and down a thousand feet into a canyon and up over a ten-thousand-foot range and down again into another enlarged canyon in which the crudely simple fishing lodge nestled cozily at the juncture of two brawling trout streams—the Rayado and the Agua Fria. Here was the beginning of the summer cow country, whose parklike meadows on the mountain slopes and mountain tops are scattered like still green lakes among the pine and aspen forests.

Hardships of Camp Life

Here, too, was the beginning of genuine hardships for the expedition. At first glance the hardships weren't apparent, for the chef and the French butler and the other domestics had been sent in by horseback ahead of the expedition; and shower baths, hair mattresses and similar household equipment had been packed over the trail on mule back when the fishing lodge was built of rough crude logs. Under the surface, however, one found the hardships. There was only condensed milk to be had for use on cereals and in coffee, and the lamps in the lodge were not only kerosene but were so arranged that one was practically unable to read in bed. Furthermore, the saddles on which the expedition were obliged to ride were made of leather fastened directly to wooden frames, so that the desk muscles of the expedition were almost permanently ruined.

This type of saddle may be the type universally used in the Great West, and it may not be fashionable in the cow country to make saddles out of high-grade felt over the most resilient type box spring; but any other type of saddle ranks as a distinct hardship to persons who for a number of years have sat on nothing harder than an early American Windsor chair or an antique Sheraton sofa.

No complaints, however, were registered concerning the number of fish caught or the facilities for catching them. The fishing was done below the camp in a narrow, steep-walled canyon known as a box canyon, along whose sides there is barely opportunity for a human to scramble, but no chance whatever for a horse.

The fishing was conducted along the most approved and sporting lines, very light rods being used, and Number 14 flies, which are about the size of a baby mosquito that has had trouble with its digestive tract and its pituitary gland. The size of the flies has nothing whatever to do with their staying powers, however, as a Number 14 fly can wrap itself around an aspen leaf with such hellish cunning and such prehensile strength that a strong man, when attempting to free it, frequently curses until his face is pale green, and breaks catgut leaders strong enough to hold an ostrich.

The Worm's Turn

The titular head of the Charles G. Dawes Fish, Game and Riding Association expressed himself as being thoroughly satisfied with the fishing, even though several members of his expedition returned with more and larger fish. He admitted freely that his guide, Mr. Hill, had shown him where to catch fish, had assisted him in tying his flies, and had even fallen sympathetically into the stream with him whenever falling was indulged in. Consequently every known rule of hospitality had been observed, and his failure to get fish would have to be laid either to the natural cussedness of fish or his own shortcomings. On being politely assured by Mr. Phillips and Mr. Hill that the fish must have been entirely to blame, he demurred nobly but half-heartedly.

On the last fishing day, however, the sportsmanlike attitude of the expedition received a serious setback. Several years previous, high up in the Agua Fria meadows, a thousand feet and more above the fishing camp, there had been a dam, and the pond behind it had been stocked with rainbow trout. The dam had broken one day and the rainbows had been spilled down into the canyon above the fishing camp. This canyon is a narrow and devilish bit of scenery, choked with volcanic rocks about the size of a New England farmhouse and outbuildings. The stream forces its way around, over and under these rocks in an apologetic way, seldom forming a pool larger than the rubber bathtub of a traveling Englishman.

At the camp two streams come together, and the pools grow deeper and more commodious. Consequently all skilled fishermen had opined that the rainbows, on being dumped out of their pond, would scorn the diminutive pools of the upper canyon and proceed briskly to the larger pools of the lower canyon, and all fishing had been done in the lower canyon.

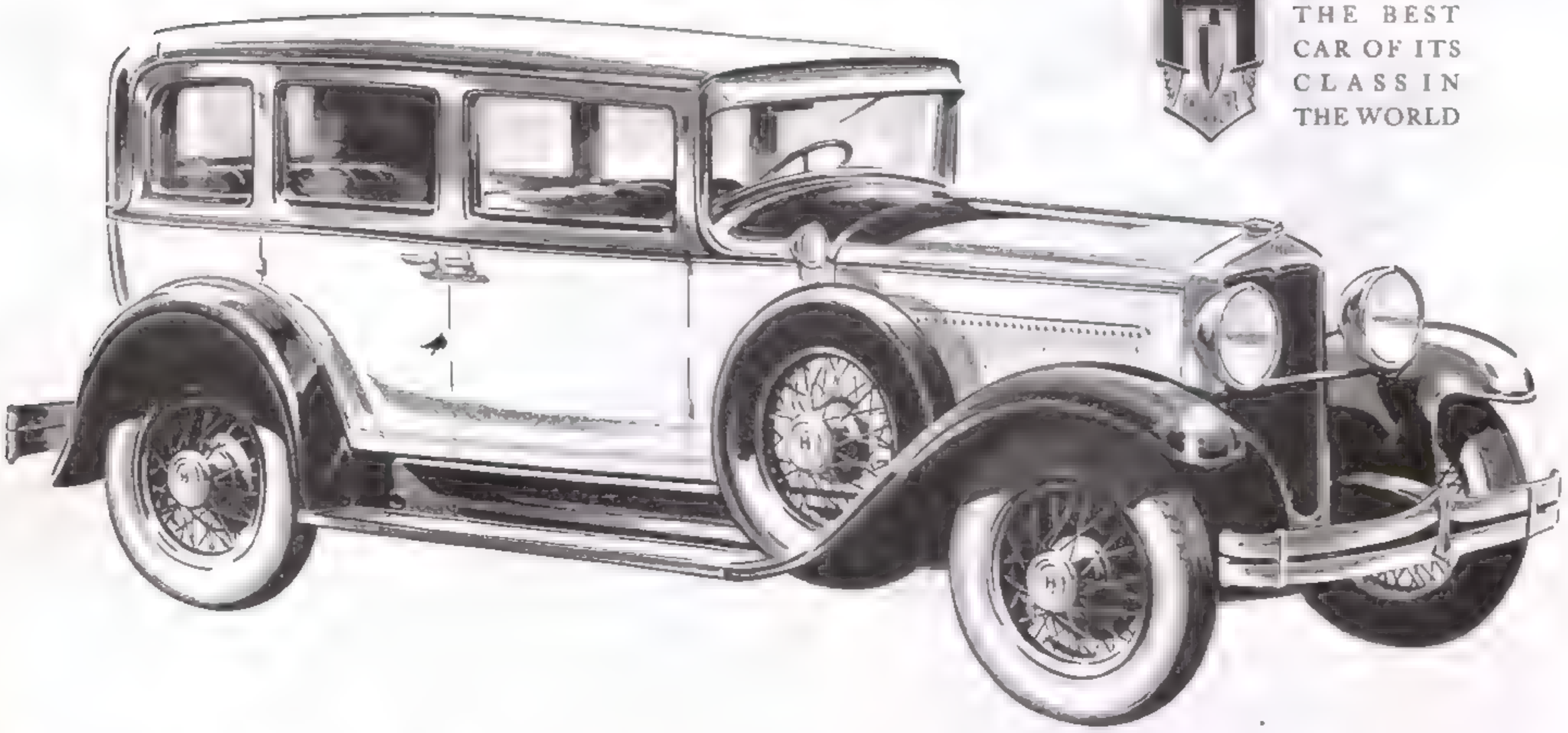
On the day before the expedition departed from the fishing camp, however, Mr. Phillips made a cursory examination of the upper canyon, detected some suspicious movements in the water, and so instructed his guests to abandon the lower canyon and fish the upper canyon.

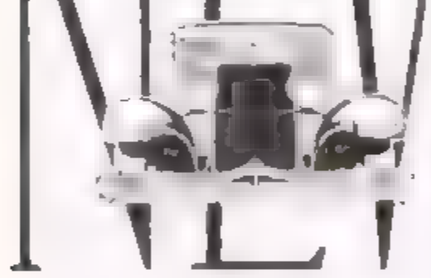
The expedition therefore forced its way into the upper canyon and examined the situation. It found that the first pool could be reached by backing through an almost impenetrable thicket, hooking one leg around a bowlder, pushing the rod through a six-inch opening, shortening the line until it was fourteen inches long and hoping for the best. Under such circumstances, anybody who advocated the use of a Number 14 or any other fly would have been deftly murdered and hidden forever under a volcanic bowlder.

Mr. Hill consequently produced a fine large Number 1 worm of the plump and vivacious type known as a night crawler,

(Continued on Page 54)

WE BELIEVE THE HUPMOBILE TO BE THE BEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD



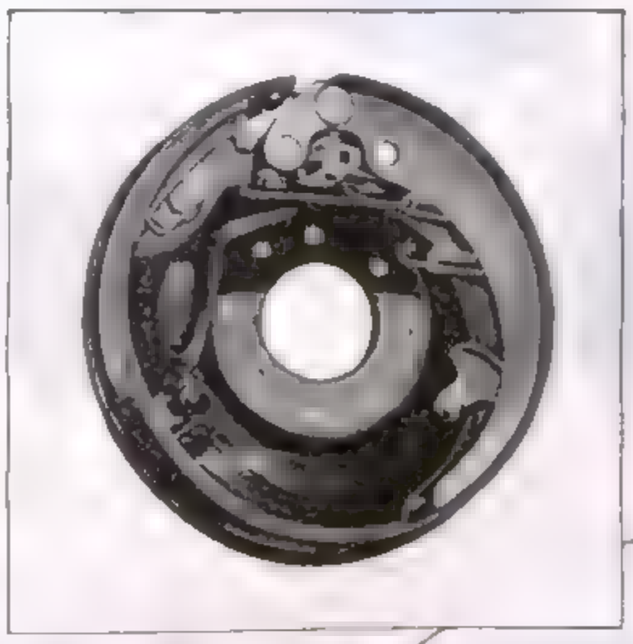


NEW IN BEAUTY, IN PERFORMANCE *IN EXCLUSIVE FEATURES*

The Hupmobile *1928* Six is crowded with new and exclusive features. For example, the Hupmobile-Midland (Steeldraulic) brakes are remarkable enough in themselves to induce you to inspect this newest of all sixes. Their high points, briefly:

1. Thousands of miles without relining.
2. Unusually simple, almost completely disposing of wearing parts.
3. Clearance between brake drum and shoe, 62 one-thousandths of an inch, as against the usual 10 one-thousandths or less.
4. No dragging, burning or "freezing".
5. Effective engine power increased 15%.
6. Quick, clean release increases getaway.
7. ⅓ the adjustment of ordinary types.
8. Permanent equalization.
9. Internal expanding—the type used on the highest priced cars.
10. Completely enclosed and protected.
11. Self-energizing, moderate foot-pressure, non-grabbing.

Refreshing beauty, brilliant performance, exclusive brakes, a wonderful price, and typical Hupmobile quality make this *1928* Six a leader in the entire six market.



HUPMOBILE *1928* SIX

24 Standard and Custom-equipped body styles, $1335 to $1555, f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

Your Christmas

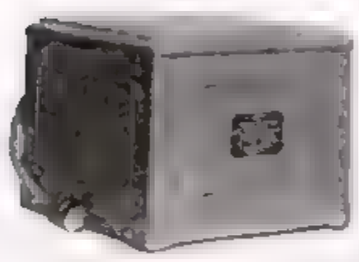
Gloriously Cheered by perfect radio operation

CHRISTMAS 1927! Beautiful radio programs—the finest ever offered. Music, gladness, everything in the air—for you. Be ready to enjoy these fine programs. Make sure your radio power equipment is performing perfectly.

USL offers a complete line of radio power equipment—every unit of which transmits power to your set faithfully, efficiently, noiselessly and powerfully. They insure the best possible operation from your set.

USL radio equipment makes wonderful Christmas presents, too. Father appreciates such a useful and perfectly performing gift.

Do two things *today*—have your USL dealer carefully examine your radio equipment and suggest means of improving it—and place USL on your Christmas shopping list.

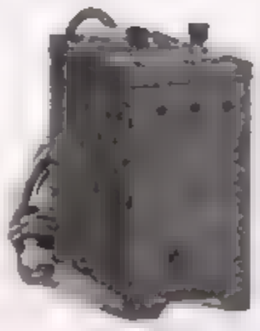


USL Socket A-B Power
USL socket A-B power provides both A and B power direct from light socket. Priced as low as $65.00.

USL "Niagara" Dry Batteries
There is a USL A, B and C dry battery for every radio requirement. Noted for long life

USL Socket A Power
Dry type A power, operating from light socket. Price 60-cycle unit, $25.00; 25-cycle unit, $29.00.
USL socket A power (electrotyte type). Price, 60-cycle unit, $20.00; 25-cycle unit, $22.00

USL Trickle A Charger
Converts any A storage battery into a complete and continuous A power supply. USL chargers contain no liquid and require no attention. Price: 60-cycle unit, $10.50; 25-cycle unit, $12.00.



USL Socket B Power
Provides unfailing B power from light socket. Price, 60-cycle unit, $34.00; 25-cycle unit, $39.00.

USL A Storage Battery
USL radio A battery assembled in a durable, one-piece composition container. Thick USL plates and separators insure long battery life. Prices and capacities to suit every need.

USL RADIO, INC.
USL BATTERY CORPORATION
Niagara Falls, New York

Pacific Coast Factory, Oakland, Calif. Canadian Factory, Toronto, Ontario Australian Factory, Sydney, N. S. W.

Prices quoted above are for east of the Rockies.

USL RADIO POWER

15,000 USL SERVICE STATIONS AND DEALERS ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

(Continued from Page 52)

affixed it to a hook and pushed it through the six-inch opening. Instantly a large and rosy rainbow trout weighing one and one-half pounds inhaled the worm. He was dexterously withdrawn by Mr. Hill with a Machiavellian laugh and was dropped in his fish basket with a gratifying flop.

Mr. Williams promptly forgot his sportsmanlike leaning toward Number 14 flies, impaled two worms on a hook and dropped it into a pool about the size of a five-gallon can.

The hook was taken by a flushed and angry rainbow weighing one and one-quarter pounds, which Mr. Williams promptly hurled some twenty yards up the canyon side so that it couldn't get away.

The delegate from Maine, who has never objected to worms, climbed a tree trunk that lay in the bed of the stream, lay on his stomach along it and found a pool little larger than a lard pail at the level of his eyes. He gingerly dropped a worm in it, and a very large rainbow seized it with a gulp that seemed to ring in his ears.

He extracted the trout nimbly and clutched eagerly at it. It was a large trout, ranging somewhere between two and nine pounds. He was convinced that it weighed nine pounds until he examined the pool later and found that a nine-pound trout would have been half out of water if it had attempted to live in it.

The Tenderfoot Blues

The trout dangled and flopped in front of his distended eyes, clearly showing by the baleful gleam in its eye that it knew the line was short and its captor's balance on the log insecure. It swung slowly away from him; then it swung back to within an inch of his finger tips and he wriggled his fingers wildly in an effort to get them on the fish. Then it swung away and back and away and back several more times, and each time it swung back, the delegate from Maine strained and struggled to reach it, emitting sulphurous clouds of language. Then it flopped off the hook and vanished in the pool, and the delegate from Maine, with a frightful imprecation, fell off the log and bruised himself violently on the few remaining places that had been unbruised by his faithful horse.

Thus it was demonstrated that the big rainbow trout from the dam had remained in the little pools of the upper canyon, and that sportsmanship may depend somewhat on the time, the place and the fish, as one might say.

In time the worms ran out and recourse was even had to a bait made of strips cut from the stomach of a small fish. This, in some fishing circles, is regarded as one of the lowest forms of sportsmanship; but any fisherman who had protested it in the Agua Fria canyon would have received a raspberry so resonant as to compare favorably with the loudest New Mexican thunderclap.

Toughened by the condensed milk and other hardships of their life in the fishing camp, as well as by protracted jaunts on horseback to view wild-horse herds in the highest of the mountain pastures, and by participation in the branding of infant cows on the Agua Fria meadows, a portion of the expedition took a roundabout trail back to the ranch house with the intention of demonstrating that the loose talk about wild turkey and other game was pure blah, not to say hooey, and that such statements could not be lightly tossed at Easterners, no matter how well developed their effeteness might be, without being neatly and expeditiously exposed.

Mr. Williams, tastefully decorated with leather chaps, red silk handkerchief, broad-brimmed Stetson and all the fixings, led off with a heavy rifle stuck in his saddle scabbard; the delegate from Maine came second, with a pair of high-water chaps and a double-barreled shotgun in his scabbard; and Mr. McCutcheon came third, unarmed except for his great white Stetson so that he might be unhampered in counting the dead.

Last of all came Gene, gazing contemplatively but unprotestingly at the manner in which his charges bumped and thudded against the saddles of their sure-footed cayuses.

"I sh-sh-shore puh-puh-puh-uh-plumb am sus-sus-sorry that I haven't guh-guh-got my old six-gun hyar," said Bloody Bridles McCutcheon ominously, "buh-buh-because ef I saw a tuh-tuh-tuh-turkey, I plumb shore would kuh-kuh-crack down on him."

"Uh-uh-uh-uh-puh-puh-puh-uh-plumb-umb-shuh-shuh-shore!" replied the delegate from Maine obligingly.

With similar quips and cracks the expedition forged onward, now ascending a mountain at such an angle that the riders had to protect their noses from being bumped by their horses' heads, and now descending a mountain with such precipitancy that the riders were forced to strain forward to keep their brains from being banged out on the horses' rumps.

It was on this ride that Mr. McCutcheon introduced what developed into the worst hardship of the expedition, this being the doleful melody entitled Are We Almost There? At the beginning of the ride Mr. McCutcheon sang the song every two miles. After ten miles had been covered, he sang it every mile. Beyond fifteen miles, he sang it almost constantly, abetted by those who rode near him, in spite of the fact that the mournful refrain drove them almost nuts, not to say dippy. Even the words of the song were unusually loathsome:

"Are we almost there? Are we almost there?"
Cried the dying maid as she drew near her home.
"Are them the slippery ellums that rare
Their proud green heads 'neath heaven's blue dome?"

This was all there was to it, but it was more than enough. If ever there was more to the song, it had fortunately been lost.

A blue grouse was put up and the delegate from Maine climbed heavily from his horse and shot it. The Rocky Mountain jays screamed raucously and flashed like giant black opals through the trees. The hot mountain sun beat deliciously on the shoulders; cloud shadows shifted pleasantly on the great plain below; and the distant jagged bulk of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains changed from blue to pink, from pink to gray, from gray to purple.

Wild But Cautious Turkeys

The cavalcade rode through a grove of scrub pines that bordered a sunny oval meadow. Three large objects moved slowly in the meadow, and the delegate from Maine stood in his stirrups to look around Mr. Williams' ponderous bulk and see whether they were buffalo or only cows.

Mr. Williams at that moment turned in his saddle and hoarsely whispered, "Turkeys!"

The delegate from Maine scrambled out of his saddle, wrenched his shotgun from its scabbard and threw a shell into the chamber, hoping to sneak on the birds, which, at a hundred and fifty yards' distance, faintly resembled three Savery bonnet-top highboys in size. They promptly elongated themselves, whirled and raced across the meadow, while Mr. Williams sat stolidly on his horse. Muttering passionate phrases to himself, the delegate from Maine clambered back into his saddle and galloped after them. He saw them scuttle into the scrub pine, and when he reached the scrub pine himself, they had vanished completely and mystifyingly.

On his return, he found Mr. Williams shaking with real or simulated laughter.

"Gee," said Mr. Williams in his most tactful manner, "that was funny—you getting off your horse and hiding behind a bush!"

"What was funny about it?" inquired the delegate from Maine with bitter politeness. "Maybe I ought to have tried to go

(Continued on Page 57)

Now, every man *can* give his wife the home of her dreams

This NEW BOOK *shows you the secret of owning a better home than you hoped for—right now. Send for your* FREE *copy today.*

DOES *your* wife envy others the joy of living in homes of their own? Do *you* wonder how they get them—people who don't earn any more money than you do or have any more brains either? Yet they own just the sort of attractive homes you and your wife have dreamed of for years.

How do they do it? The *whole story is told* in a new book we have just published. This *free* book is written in co-operation with eminent building authorities. It tells you all the help you can get to realize your ambition for a home of your own. So many people want to help you, if you only knew how to approach them: your banker, your employer, your builder, your lumber dealer and your realtor.

You won't need a lot of money to get the home you want. This new book tells you how. It clears up scores of questions that arise in the mind of everyone who is thinking of buying a home. It gives you facts that will surprise you about how easy it is to finance your home on a basis that will protect your investment. It will help you select your contractor or judge a house already built.

You can have a better *home than you hoped for*

Moreover, this book will show you how you can own a *better* home than you ever dreamed possible. It will tell you about the amazing 5-point material that brings new comforts and can cut one of your biggest items of upkeep cost by a third.

FOR OLD HOMES, TOO

IN *houses already built, Celotex lines attics. Here, it will make your home cooler in summer; warmer in winter; add an attractive extra room; and save more fuel money than it costs. It is also used to line basements, garages, and for remodeling work.*

This material is Celotex. It adds little or nothing to the cost of building; because the broad, strong Celotex boards *replace* other materials in the walls and roof and *save money* in the radiation and heating plant.

Celotex is so effective as an insulator that it is used in many of the best household refrigerators. It makes homes (1) stronger, (2) cooler in summer, (3) quieter, (4) warmer in winter, (5) less costly to heat. Fuel bills can be cut by a third, year after year. Such homes resell readily. They are the kind that modern home seekers demand.

Send for this book NOW

Every man who is renting owes it to himself and to his family to read this book. It is showing thousands who have simply *wished* for a home how easy it is to actually *own* one. To read it is the first step toward the best investment you will ever make—toward greater family happiness and a higher standing in your community.

Don't put off this important matter another day. All you have to do to get the facts is to mail the coupon below. This valuable book will be sent *free* and places you under no obligation. Send for your copy right now!

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois

Mills: New Orleans, Louisiana

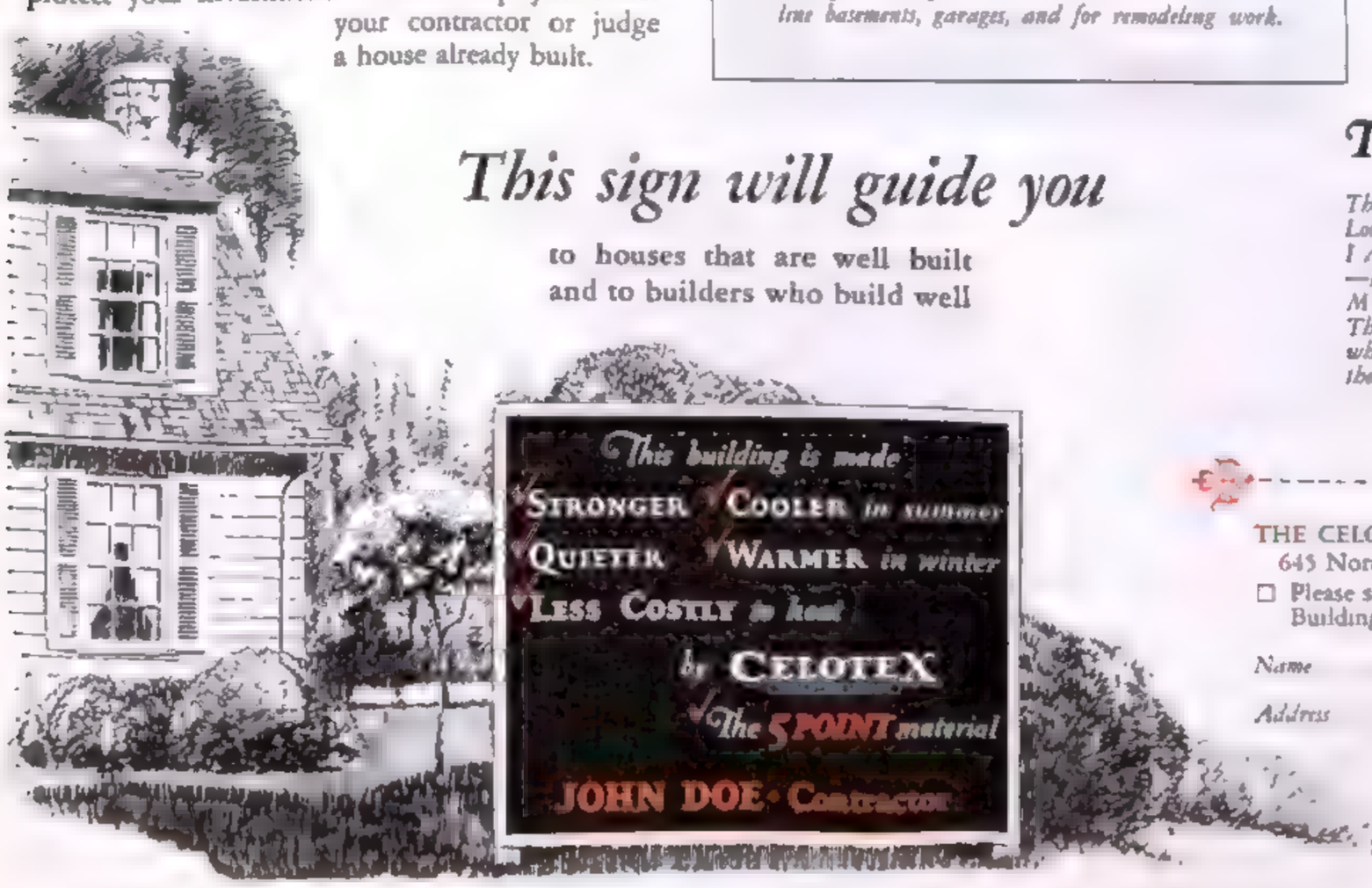
Branch Sales Offices in many principal cities (See telephone books for addresses) Sales Distributors throughout the World

Canadian Representatives: Alexander Murray & Company, Ltd., Montreal

ALL RELIABLE LUMBER DEALERS CAN SUPPLY CELOTEX

This sign will guide you

to houses that are well built and to builders who build well



This book is FREE

This book clears up scores of questions. Look at these chapter headings: "Can I Afford It?—Where Shall We Live?—Helps Ready For You—Getting The Money—Building It Right." These facts are invaluable to anyone who wants to build or buy. Fill in the coupon and mail it right now.

THE CELOTEX COMPANY S. E. P.—11-10-27
645 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

☐ Please send the book, "You *Can* Own That Home," and the Celotex Building Book.

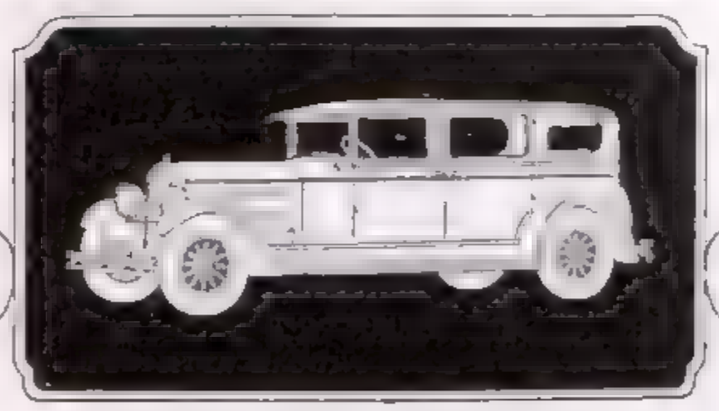
Name _____

Address _____

☐ I am interested in buying or building a Celotex house.
Approximate price..... Location

☐ I am interested in using Celotex in my present home

"Drive Her" said the Captain to the Mates and to the Crew



When Capt. Cressy sailed the famous Flying Cloud to yet unbeaten records on that storm-swept road around the Horn, he "drove" her. Drove her through sunshine, rain and snow, through wind and calm, when seas were light or seas were bludgeon blows seeking to destroy. ¶ So today, on the highways of the world, the namesake of this great clipper ship is matching her performance in every way. For wherever and whenever the "skipper" of a Reo Flying Cloud calls on her for performance above the ordinary, asks her to keep the pace when the trail is bad, she answers easily and gracefully. A drive will give you understanding.

THE REO MOTOR CAR CO., *Lansing, Michigan*

Wolverines $1195 *and* $1295; *Flying Clouds from* $1625 *to* $1995, *at Lansing plus tax*

THE REO FLYING CLOUD

SEDAN • VICTORIA • BROUGHAM • SPORT COUPE • ROADSTER

NO OTHER AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO ~ NOT ONE

(Continued from Page 54)

up and shake hands with the turkeys. I thought I could sneak on 'em."

The cavalcade resumed its march. The horses slid down declivities that threatened to wear off their tails and scrambled up slopes that brushed the whiskers on their under lips. The shadows lengthened and the purples on the Sangre de Cristo range grew darker.

The riders skirted a rough hill slope and came out between thickly grown aspens into a sloping meadow in which three turkeys had already started to race up the hill slope for the shelter of the aspens. The delegate from Maine kicked his horse with his spurs and hauled violently at the shotgun in the saddle scabbard. The turkeys ran west. The delegate from Maine dropped the reins and used both hands to drag his gun from the scabbard, and the faithful and intelligent horse instantly veered toward the south. The turkeys then disappeared, running at a rate that would have taken them a mile in nothing and four-fifths. When the delegate from Maine had recovered his reins and made sure that the turkeys were gone, he looked around for Mr. Williams and found him in the middle of the meadow.

"Well, where were you?" asked the delegate from Maine.

"My horse ran away," explained Mr. Williams, in his mellow, resonant voice.

So, to the tune of Are We Almost There? travel was resumed and the expedition slowly approached the end of its twenty-five-mile ride, whose objective was the hunting lodge in Section 346 D of the ranch. One park remained to be crossed; and the cavalcade, headed by Mr. Williams, walked out into it, to find five turkeys feeding contentedly on weed seeds. As they started to run, Mr. Williams, trained woodsman that he is, threw his rifle to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. It refused to pull. With a throaty objurgation he threw in another shell and pulled. Again it refused to pull. In an excess of emotion he was neglecting to press the ejecting lever tight against the gun—a pressure which frees the safety knob and permits the rifle, in common with most rifles, to be discharged.

The Hunters Return

The delegate from Maine then ran his horse around Mr. Williams and dashed for the far end of the meadow. In the scrub oaks he pulled up his horse to listen, whereupon a prominent glossy turkey about as large as one of the smaller type of British automobiles materialized about fifteen paces to his right, racing back for the meadow. The delegate from Maine threw up his gun, wondering whether a wild turkey should be cooked with strips of salt pork pinned across its breast, and as the gun muzzle came up past the horse's eyes, he rose abruptly on his hind legs and wheeled to the left.

From every pore of the delegate from Maine came thoughts, language and emanations that rivaled the purple glow on the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. He jumped from his horse, but the turkey had vanished into that bourn where the woodbine twineth and the cockchafer fiddles his life away.

Stowing themselves stiffly and gloomily into automobiles, the expedition returned to the ranch house.

"Well," said Gene philosophically, "they're hard to shoot!"

"Thar sure is turkey in them hills, men," said Mr. Williams, moved to genuine Western dialect for the first time, "an' I plumb shore aims to come up here tomorrow and wait all day for one of 'em."

The final turkey ambush, therefore, was staged on the following day, when General Dawes, Mr. Williams, Mr. McCutcheon and the delegate from Maine, armed with a large arsenal of rifles and shotguns, repaired to the meadow where the last flock of turkeys had been seen on the preceding day. Lots were drawn for position, and Mr. McCutcheon and the delegate from Maine found themselves on one side of the meadow, about two hundred yards apart, and the general and Mr. Williams took up their positions on the other.

Thunderstorms came and went; opalescent mountain jays squalled violently at one another, hawks dropped down and picked up an occasional field mouse for dessert, and squirrels aired their family affairs with rancorous squabbles. The sun was warm and the scent of the pines was pleasant in the nostrils. Mr. McCutcheon, at the head of the upward-sloping meadow, sat half hidden on a log and toyed with a large cigar. The delegate from Maine, two hundred yards downhill from Mr. McCutcheon, lay on his stomach in a clump of scrub oaks and slept. In the course of time he awoke and an hour passed.

The Ambuscade

Down the trail in the upper left-hand corner of the meadow, out from the tangle of scrub oaks, came a single turkey—suspicious, solitary, hungry and big. He was as high and as broad as a cookstove, but more graceful. He would take two steps or three steps or four steps, and then he would look over his shoulder and to left and right and up into the sky. He would even look at his feet and under his own wings to see whether he was carrying anything that he shouldn't. Then he would pick a few succulent seeds from the high weeds through which he walked, and walk forward again.

He walked diagonally down the hill slope toward Mr. McCutcheon, who sat in blissful ignorance on his log. Then he turned down the hill slope and walked straight toward the thicket of scrub oaks in which the delegate from Maine lay. He was ninety yards—then ninety-five yards—then a hundred yards from Mr. McCutcheon before he saw him. And all the time he drew nearer and nearer to the delegate from Maine—a hundred yards away—ninety yards—eighty-five yards.

Mr. McCutcheon swallowed his cigar, slid from his log and wriggled three yards on his stomach. There the brush ended and his wriggles stopped. The turkey drew closer and closer to the delegate from Maine—eighty yards—seventy-five yards. There was no shot from Mr. McCutcheon, so the delegate from Maine knew that at last he was about to get a wild turkey. Probably a sage stuffing would be best, he thought. The second joint would probably be delicious unless the turkey had done too much running. His sights were directly on the bird, which looked around nervously and then plucked three more seeds with the contemplative air of a connoisseur.

"Twenty yards more," thought the delegate from Maine, "and I can stop him with Number 2's. Twenty yards more! Come on, baby! What I plumb shore am going to do to you is plumb shore whatever! You are plumb shore out of ——"

And at that moment Mr. McCutcheon shot. The turkey turned himself around in one-sixty-fifth of a second and lit out for the bridle trail down which he had come like a male ostrich racing across the desert in the cool of the evening to meet his lady love. The delegate from Maine waited to see whether Mr. McCutcheon would shoot again, then emptied his magazine after the fleeing bird, which had stretched out so vigorously that he seemed to be about eleven feet long.

General Dawes came out to the edge of the meadow and gazed amiably at Bloody Bridles.

"Did you hit him, John?" he asked.

"Yes," said Bloody Bridles dejectedly.

"Apple sauce!" said the gentleman from Maine, as he picked oak galls out of his shirt and hair and prepared to hasten away and don evening clothes for the great stag dinner to the governor and lieutenant governor of New Mexico.

Two hours later the dinner party was assembled, and the only persons who had omitted evening dress were the governor and lieutenant governor of New Mexico.

Who says there are no hardships in America?

Its very taste invigorates

Protects the MOUTH *of* YOUTH

TASTE PEBECO! It has a bracing tang like salt spray. For it contains an important salt. One that keeps the mouth glands young, active. If you are not careful these glands slow up. Decay sets in. You lose the healthy mouth of youth.

To keep the mouth of youth . . . Brush your teeth with Pebeco after each meal and before retiring. The mouth glands pour out day and night the fluids that counteract acids of decay. The teeth stay splendidly clean and strong, the mouth so fresh and clean you never worry about your breath.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole Distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

The numbers show where the mouth glands are, 3 on each side. *Hard* chewing would keep them active, but our soft foods do not. They slow up and decay begins. The special salt in Pebeco invigorates them so they protect the teeth and gums with a copious flow of the fluids that counteract decay. Your mouth stays gloriously clean and healthy.

FREE OFFER: Send coupon today for generous tube

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. L-84, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste. PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL
Name
Street
City ..... State
THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER DECEMBER, 1927

© 1927, by Lehn & Fink, Inc

UNCLE HELPS OUT

(Continued from Page 21)

Arnold was silent for a few moments, and then said, "Do you know, Fliss, I've been thinking of what you said about Uncle Neme. You weren't serious, of course, but you may have been right, at that. I can't see why he would come here unless he had some intention of helping us. A thousand dollars would be small change to him, from all I hear, and after all blood's thicker than water. Let me see that letter of his again."

Night is reputed to bring counsel, and there is a sound psycho-scientific basis for the hoary aphorism to that effect, but Arnold Dorrance, on his way to the station the next morning, was as completely at his wit's end as he had been the preceding night when Felicia and he agreed that it might be as well to get to bed and tear off an hour or two of sound, refreshing slumber. Nor had that hour or two revived his spirits, although, in accordance with another agreement to keep a stiff upper lip in spite of what had happened or might happen, he made a bluff at cheerfulness. After all was said and done, he and Fliss were young and had their health, and the kid—thank God!—was in fine shape, and you couldn't keep a squirrel on the ground. So he had whistled as he descended the stairs to start the water heating for the coffee, and had made the walls of the bathroom resound with song, and at breakfast he was almost merry. Felicia played up to him nobly, and the gay wave of her hand was the last thing he saw as he turned the corner of the street on his departure.

But once round the corner, Arnold rather slumped. Usually he enjoyed the walk down the leafy avenue. The pretty, well-designed little houses of his neighbors, with their clean freshness of paint and stain and their trim lawns and flowering shrubs, had been a delight to his eyes, and he was wont to sniff the perfume of flowers and grass with keen pleasure; but now he kept his eyes fixed on the flawless cement sidewalk to avoid the sight of what he was so soon to lose, and the smell of Tabor's lilacs gave him a feeling of sickness. He was momentarily relieved when he reached the business street, but trouble was awaiting him here. He had to pass Cresson's grocery and market, and Cresson was out in front of his store. There was something in Cresson's eye that told Arnold that he was going to be dunned.

"An elegant morning," Cresson responded, and slightly barred Arnold's path. "Just a moment, Mr. Dorrance, please."

There was something distasteful to Arnold in the way the man had combed wisps of sandy hair across his baldness. A blotch of red on his apron too—dirty red, with a smear of suet. Arnold said, hesitatingly, that he had to make the train, and the groceryman craned his neck to glance at the clock inside the store.

"You've got five minutes, and it won't take me more than a minute to say what I want," he said. "What I want is for you to settle up that account of yours, Mr. Dorrance. I've sent you a bill three times now in the last three weeks and you haven't taken no notice. One hundred and eighteen dollars and seventy cents, outside of yesterday's order. I can't run my business if my customers don't pay me, you know."

"Of course not," replied Arnold. "And I should have called and told you that I'm a little hard pressed for ready money just at the present time, but I was hoping—expecting that I'd be able to give you a check. You shall have something on account very soon now, if not the whole amount of the bill." He looked at his watch. "I must hurry on now."

"All right," said the groceryman surlily. "But I've got to have it paid right up in full by the first. You keep that in mind and you'll save yourself trouble and expense, because I'm going to collect it. You ——"

Arnold nodded and walked on. It was an added exasperation to see that Glaub, too, was standing in front of his office a few doors away, and had evidently been watching, with a complete understanding, Arnold had no doubt, of the subject of his conversation with Cresson. Glaub had been busying himself among Arnold's creditors, one felt sure, and the next thing Doctor Griffin and Wasson, the coal man, and all the rest of them would be clamoring for payment. There would be something more than clamor too. He and Fliss would be lucky to get out with their trunks. All the books and furniture would go—and go for next to nothing—and there was not only the loss but the humiliation to bear. Another thing—it might mean that he would lose his comparatively new job, which was a fine one. He had been making good in it and he knew that the firm knew it. An early promotion had been hinted at, but good-by to any hope of that if somebody garnisheed his salary, or whatever they called it. Something had to be done; but what?

But this wasn't keeping a stiff upper lip. He bought a paper before getting on the train, hoping to find solace for his own troubles by reading of other people's; but he made a rather poor fist of it.

Meanwhile Felicia was busy and her preparations for Uncle Neme's visit left her no time to brood. Annamarie was bathed, dressed and packed off to school with the Johnson children and then, with the assistance of the not too affable lady who would help out by the day or half day if you were tactful, furniture was shifted, curtains hung, floors waxed, rugs vacuumed, the guest-room closet cleared out and the room itself arranged and rearranged until, with the final touch of Meteor roses and the Wealth of Nations and First Principles on the bedside table, nothing, in Felicia's opinion, remained to be done to it.

There had been two telephone calls from Arnold: The first to ask her, guardedly, to order nothing from Cresson; the other, later, to report that Uncle Neme's only possible train would arrive at three o'clock, and that he, Arnold, would meet it and perhaps show uncle something of the town before bringing him out on the 5 15. If there was any change in this program Felicia would be notified. Felicia hoped that nothing would happen to change it. She wanted no distraction in the preparation of the dinner. It was not going to be a boiled New England dinner, as Arnold had suggested, but something that, though substantial enough, would be a little out of Uncle Neme's beaten track.

By a little after three o'clock the housework was finished and the dinner all ready but the cooking, so that, the chore woman having gone, Felicia felt she had time to lie down for a little in the heavenly quiet and peace and think of things a while as she rested. A calm and cheerfully philosophic view of calamity was what she intended. Succeeding in this, there would be no calamity to contemplate, would there? For misfortune is nothing but a state of mind, and fear is all that there is at the root of it, isn't it? Actual suffering was another thing, of course, but why suffer in the mere anticipation of it? There never yet was a philosopher who could endure the toothache patiently, but her teeth had never troubled her except in the cutting of them, and her dentist was a good one to whom they owed nothing—thank heaven! in the way of a bill. What other aches and pains had she endured in her twenty-nine years of life? A few, but they had passed and would pass. Poor old Coué was right. *Ça passe.* "Let me, then, live in the sunshine of the present, and if into my life some rain must fall, let me not everlastingly go about in a mackintosh and carrying an umbrella. Fear, begone! Gloom ——"

All very fine and lovely, but the misfortune was not happening to somebody else; it was menacing Arnold and Felicia and, what was worse, Annamarie poor little Annamarie was to be its victim Here she had been so happy and so well. Here they had all been so happy, so proud of their home, and looking forward so confidently to complete possession of it. They had put so much of themselves into it: it was so much a part of their dreams, their hopes and plans that to be forced from it now would tear them with pangs as acute as any imaginable physical torment could inflict. Their neighbors were their friends; some of them of quite kindred tastes and all with kindness and good will enough to make up for any lack of agreeable non-essentials. A clean, decent, intelligent lot of people, moderately well-to-do and likely to do better, and with an appreciation of the refinements of life. The school was one to be proud of and would carry Annamarie on to the excellent and not too remotely neighboring high with the girls and boys she was growing up with. Oh, a thousand advantages! Were they now to go back to the old stuffiness and shabbiness; lose all they had gained here, and even more? Arnold, who had struggled for it so gamely, to get this crack on the head from the bludgeon of fate just as he was turning the corner into Easy Street! What would it do to him? Mightn't he get discouraged and slump? Wasn't that what she was doing now?

Felicia opened her eyes, which she had been screwing tightly shut against tears. She unclenched her fists and, swinging her feet to the floor, lifted a corner of her apron and wiped away the evidence of her weakness.

"You're a pig, Felicia Dorrance," she told herself; "a cowardly, fear-obsessed pig who doesn't deserve her blessings, and that will be about all from you." With which she ran upstairs and was presently gasping under the coldest shower at the greatest pressure she could contrive, by way of penance. Half an hour later, fresh and fragrant, she was smiling gayly at the pretty reflection of herself in the mirror.

"What will Uncle Neme think of you, my dear?" she asked it, encouraging the cheek curl of her glossy bobbed tresses. "Can you vamp the last hope of the Dorrances? Will his indurated fiber and his rotund roll relax under your siren spell when you sit on the arm of his chair and pet him? Well, darling, we'll see; we'll just see."

Uncle Neme had no whiskers whatever, and Felicia had expected whiskers—on the chin. A plump smooth face with even the eyebrows almost imperceptible; it was only when he was close enough to shake hands that Felicia saw that they were eyebrows, but very fine, sparse and sandy in color. As to his eyes, they were light gray blue and bulging. Not a bad face, however. You could see worse faces any day if you looked about you critically where faces thronged. He was rather short of stature and seemed to be well fed. His expression was quite good-natured, Felicia thought, and if he had not badly neglected his teeth she might have learned to like his smile. And his clothes were not nearly so awful as one might have expected. A prosperous and probably prominent and respected small-town citizen, and if he didn't sit on their porch in his shirt sleeves there would be no objection to the neighbors seeing him at a distance.

Felicia opened wide the door as the taxi drove up and Arnold jumped out, followed by his relative. She heard Arnold say, "There's Fliss. You go ahead and I'll bring your things," but Uncle Neme was, for the moment, more interested in seeing what Arnold was paying the driver.

As they came up the path he said, "We could have walked easy. No need of throwing money away. How much ——"

"And here we are!" cried Arnold joyously, and then it was that Uncle Neme smiled. Anybody would have, at the sight of Felicia standing there in that ravishing little pink frock with her young daughter at her side and her piquantly pretty face alight with welcome. Annamarie's face, however, was entirely unexpressive and she kept close to her mother's skirt, which was not her customary pose by any means. Felicia had intended to embrace uncle—in the *croix de guerre* manner—if possible; and it was possible, of course, but she changed her mind and shook hands with him cordially.

"Well, you don't tell me this is Felicia!" said Uncle Neme, with great heartiness and appropriate beaming. "I'd never have thought it. Seems like you're too young to be a married woman. You ain't trying to fool me, are you, Arnie?"

"Arnold couldn't deceive a child," said Felicia. "Some of these days when we get very confidential I'll tell you how old I am. And this is Annamarie and we're very glad to see you, Uncle Neme."

"You don't tell me!" said Uncle Neme, bending. "Annamarie, eh? Well, Annamarie, you got a kiss for me?"

"No," answered the child. "It's unsanitary." She proffered her hand and then snatched it away and darted to her father. "I've got one for you, daddy!" she cried, and gave it to him ardently.

"Well, well," said Uncle Neme, somewhat discomfited. "Choosy, ain't she? That's the way gels should be, too, eh? Ho-ho-ho!"

They took him into the house and relieved him of his hat, and gave him the easiest chair, from which he looked around the room with frank curiosity, missing nothing in his deliberate survey. "H'm," he remarked, and then turned to Arnold. "How much do they charge you to bring you from the depot?" he inquired, and Arnold told him twenty-five cents.

"Each?"

"Each person."

"It hadn't ought to be more for two than for one on the same trip. Gave him sixty-five cents, didn't you? What was the extra fifteen cents for?"

"Tip," Arnold told him. "They expect a tip."

"They'd soon get over expecting it from me," said Uncle Neme grimly, and Arnold thought that very likely. Felicia left them for a moment or two, and when she returned with a tray holding glasses and a pitcher of a grape-juice beverage Uncle Neme was still holding forth on the subject of tips. He stopped long enough to drain a glass thirstily and hold it for replenishment and then proceeded to say that it was the principle of the thing.

"No need of throwing money away with both hands," he continued. "Money's a mejum of exchange; it ain't to play ducks and drakes with, the way I look at it. If I let go of any money, I cal'late to get money back, plus, or else value received, and having a man touch his hat to me and say 'Thank ye' ain't my idea of value for fifteen cents. I never saw the time yet when I had fifteen cents more than I had any use for, and I don't notice folks coming around and giving me money. Hard enough to c'lect when I go after it."

"What's in that package?" Annamarie asked, and was reproved by her mother, who told her that curiosity once killed a beautiful tortoise-shell cat and seven of the cutest little kittens, but gave no details of the tragedy.

"Why, that's all right," said Uncle Neme. "If a little gel didn't ask questions she wouldn't find out much of what she wanted to know." He smiled at the little gel most affably. "What's in that package? Now what do you s'pose? Lollipops? No, not lollipops. Cake? No, not cake. Pitcher books? No, not pitcher books. Well, I mustn't keep you on the anxious seat too long: I'll just tell you. It's wool underwear—two suits of nice, soft, warm wool underwear. What do you think of that now?"

"I thought it was something like that," replied Annamarie coolly.

(Continued on Page 63)

A NEW CHIC CHIFFON
with the modish Picot edge

Filmy sheer from top to toe . . . with a silken foot especially made for sandal-type slippers and reinforced for long wear

THIS dainty, new Allen-A creation has been expressly made for the continuing mode of short frocks, and the smart new styles in footwear.

The filmiest, clearest silken weave imaginable extends from an adorable Picot edge in contrasting color at the top, to the very tip of the toe. (Not a thread of cotton is used.) And the entire length of silken loveliness is full-fashioned. So the hose not only cling trimly to the ankle for slender shapeliness, but also mold softly to the knee in a most flattering manner.

With this chic beauty comes pleasingly long service. For the narrow sole and heel reinforcement (invisible even when worn with sandal-type slippers) and the new Allen-A top and side toe guards, strengthen and cushion all points of wear. Mention this advertisement to your dealer. Ask for this loveliest of all chiffons by style number—3710. In all the newest shades. If your dealer does not carry this hose, simply send us his name—a postcard will do—and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY
Kenosha, Wisconsin

Underwear
Spring needleknit and athletic type—for men and boys only

Hosiery
for men, women and children

Allen A

A LOVELY CHRISTMAS GIFT

In New York City, Allen-A Hosiery may be obtained at the better stores—and The Allen-A Hosiery Shop, 5th Ave., at 38th St.

Besides style number 3710 there are many Allen-A hose in chiffon, service sheer and service weights—all silk, and silk to hem—in all the newest shades. Priced $1.50 to $3.00

High Compression with

In converting waste heat to power, the new companion invention to the Super-Six principle accomplishes the ideal performance of the high-compression type motor that is sought through the use of special and costly fuels.

The Super-Six principle transforms what otherwise is destructive vibration into useful power. The companion invention converts waste heat to power. Combined they afford the highest efficiency in power generation and transmission ever achieved within our knowledge. This makes Hudson the most economical car per pound weight in the world.

No wonder such performance results have won for Hudson its greatest triumph. Hudson offers a genuinely new kind of performance. Drive it and you will know.

There is a full line of Hudson Super-Six models on the 127-inch Super-Six chassis. And with the new 118-inch chassis, a duplicate of the larger car in all particulars save length, there is also a car for those who want such signal quality and performance in a shorter, more compact car.

Standard Models

(118-inch wheelbase)		(127-inch wheelbase)	
Coach	$1175	Coach	$1285
Sedan	1285	Sedan	1385

Custom-Built Models

(127-inch wheelbase)

Brougham	$1575
7-Passenger Phaeton	1600
7-Passenger Sedan	1850

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax

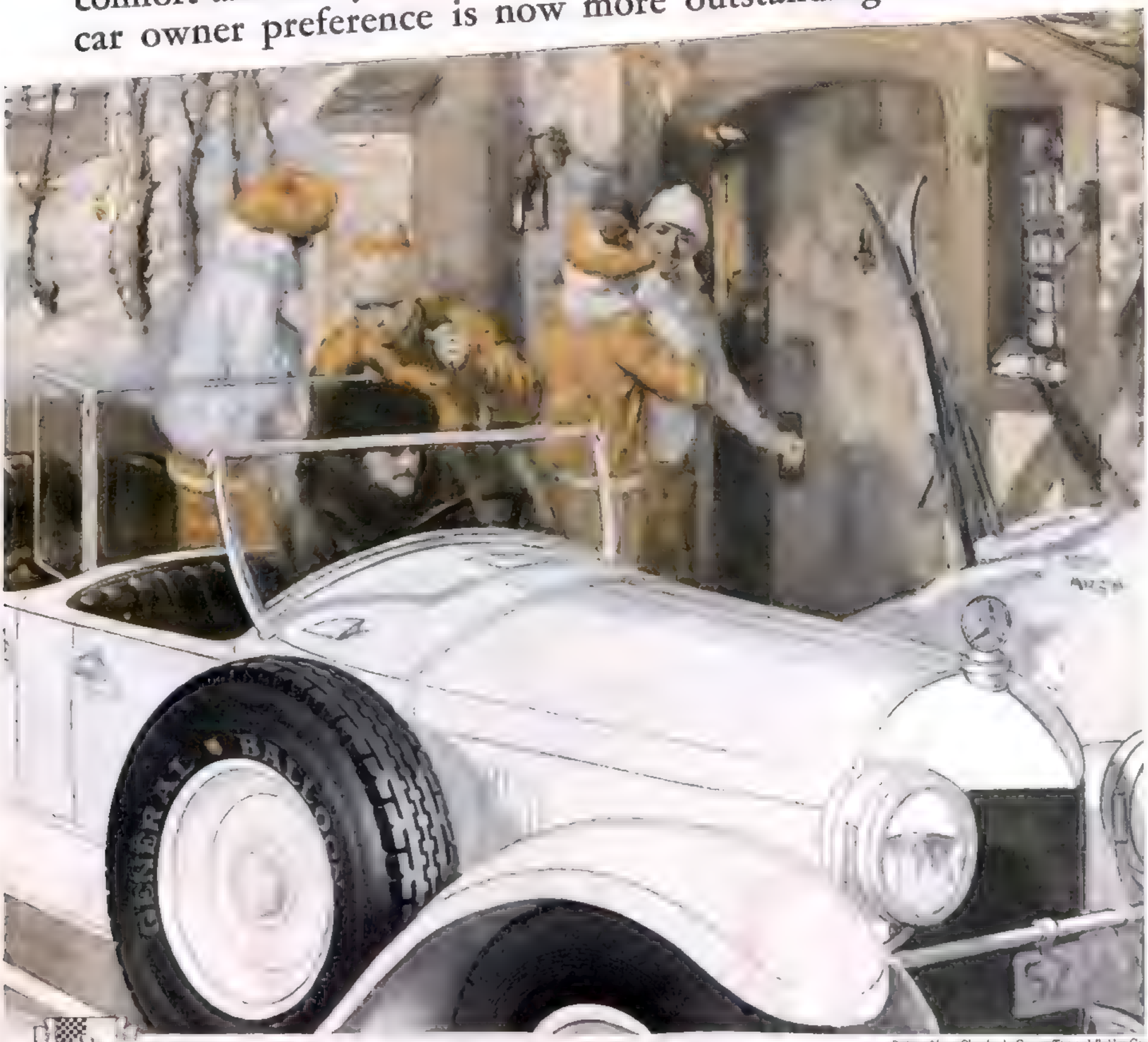
H

Performance *any Gasoline*

U D S O N

Super-Six

THIS YEAR has marked a fundamental trend in tire buying —quality is setting the pace for volume. . . . General's absolute fidelity to top quality has meant an excess in mileage, comfort and safety, with the result that General's leadership in car owner preference is now more outstanding than ever.



Built in Akron, Ohio, by the General Tire and Rubber Co.

The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

(Continued from Page 58)

"I struck a bargain this afternoon," explained Uncle Neme, turning to Felicia. "It may sound funny, buying wool underwear at this time of the year, but I'm a man who likes to take time by the forelock. Just because it's summer ain't no sign that winter ain't coming, like I told Arnie. 'What do you want of winter underwear now?' he says. 'I don't,' says I, 'but I want to make sure that I'll have it when I do want it. I believe in being forehanded,' says I. 'You'll get stung if you go in there,' says your husband. . . . Wasn't that what you said, Arnie?"

"It wasn't a first-class place," said Arnold defensively. "Yes, I thought they'd sting you." He laughed. "Little did they know you."

"I cal'late they knew more of me when I went out," said Uncle Neme exultingly. "They knew I knew what I was buying and they couldn't fub me off with something they said was just as good as what was in the window. 'You bring that stack out of the window and lay it here on the counter and I'll show you the difference, young man,' I says. Well, it was against their rule to muss up their window display. 'Don't you tell me that or I'll call a policeman in and have you arrested for trying to swindle folks,' I told him. Did he come to time then, Arnie?"

"He did," Arnold corroborated. "You see," he continued, addressing Felicia, "uncle looked as if he quite meant to do it."

"I did mean to," said Uncle Neme quite simply.

"Then I'm all the more glad that you convinced them without calling in the cop," said Arnold. "They'd have most likely thrown me into jail for being a material witness."

"You're a weak-kneed worm," said Felicia scornfully. "Give me a man who insists on his rights and fights until he gets them. I think you were wonderful, Uncle Neme. I'm absolutely thrilled."

"Apple sauce," remarked Annamarie.

"Annamarie, I've told you two or three times that we are not going to have apple sauce," said Felicia quickly. "It's going to be pudding. And if you want to run over and play with the Johnson children for half an hour I think we can spare you. That reminds me, I must be getting dinner. You people must be starved. Arnold, take your uncle upstairs to his room and then, if he isn't too tired, you can show him round the estate. Or would you like to take a little nap, Uncle Neme?"

Uncle Neme scouted the idea of a nap. Arnold observed that you weren't likely to catch him napping, which tribute the old gentleman accepted with amusing complacency. He followed Arnold upstairs, but told him to leave the package where it was. He wanted to show Felicia that underwear.

"That's a smart little woman you've got, Arnie," he remarked approvingly. "Good-looking too."

"She's one of the best," Arnold declared, with hardly restrained enthusiasm. "If the bed's too narrow, Uncle Neme ——" Uncle Neme had remarked that it would be a tight fit.

"No, no. I ain't particular. Anything will do me," was the kind reply.

In the kitchen Felicia found Annamarie awaiting her. The mother looked at her offspring in stern silence; Annamarie smiled broadly. "Pretty flat tire, isn't he?" she said.

Mercifully, Uncle Neme was a man of regular habits—or so he said. At least he began to yawn cavernously at half-past nine and by ten he announced his entire readiness for bed. He quoted an ancient rime. "I'm healthy," he asserted, "as a mule. As to the wealthy part of it, I don't know, but I figure that I won't be in the poorhouse yet a while, and I'm wise enough not to take any chances of it. Small honest gains and saving habits is my watchwords, and it won't do you no harm to take them to heart, Arnie. Take no chances is what I say. You do that and steer clear of rum or any other strong drink and you'll come out all right in the end. Neither a borrower nor a lender be. A fool and his money, Arnie, are soon parted. Well, good night, folks."

"What do you think of him, sweetheart?" Arnold asked when they felt safely alone.

"I hardly know; but then I haven't seen much of him yet," Felicia answered. "He isn't so bad though. Rather simple, don't you think? Of course we shock him by our extravagance, although I thought the dinner was quite frugal. But he did like my cutlets. He liked everything, I believe, but the artichokes; but he'll have no more soup as long as he's here. I can stand a good deal, but not that. No, not that!"

It was a fact that Uncle Neme had not absorbed his soup quite noiselessly, but he liked it. He considered that artichokes were a sinful waste of time, effort and money. The price scandalized him and brought out more apothegms advocating the conservation of resources. He had been surprised that Arnold had not started a garden. There was plenty of room for one on the lot. Grass was all right if you had stock to graze it, and flowers were all right if a person had nothing to do but tend 'em; but with vegetables the price they were paying—why, gracious goodness! Arnold missed a good deal of the horticultural disquisition that followed, his attention being distracted by the fear of another outbreak of Annamarie, but Annamarie was singularly well-behaved and silent. Arnold spoke of it now.

"Yes," said Felicia, "I gave her a little talking to. Do you know what she called your Uncle Neme?"

She told him. Arnold was immensely tickled by his daughter's precocious wit. "I agree with her," he said. "If you had been with him this afternoon! Tried to show him a little good time, and the best I got was a call-down every time I spent a nickel. I'm sore, Fliss. Blood may be thicker than water, but now and then it gets a bit too thick. He wanted to know what I was going to charge him for board. Imagine! My mother's brother!"

"I can imagine," said Felicia. "The trouble with you, old dear, is that you can't. He simply wants to know what the expense is going to be of anything he undertakes, and that's reasonable enough if you look at it the right way. And you need a calling down on your nickel spending and quarter spending and only-a-dollar-or-two spending, and so do I. We can't lay everything to Hughie. But I'm not going to scold and post-mortem, darling. You look all fagged out and worried, Arnold. Don't. It's been a hard day, hasn't it, boy? Was Cresson very nasty?"

"He did his very best to be, and being nasty is the easiest thing he does, especially when he tries to be nice," Arnold replied. "Fliss, I never realized what a glorious thing it is to be able to look any man in the face and tell him to go to hell. Whoever said that may have been profane, but he knew his garden truck, as Uncle Neme might say. I was afraid, this morning, to look Cresson in the eye, tried to dodge him, and I was afraid to tell him to go to hell, much as I wanted to. I'm dodging Palmer, I'm dodging Dr. Griffin, I'm dodging Glaub. You were right when you said that I was a cowardly worm, this evening, even if you thought you were kidding. It isn't conscience makes cowards of us all; it's debt. And the funny thing is that I never knew I was in debt until—oh, the devil!"

Felicia threw an arm round his neck and hugged him. "You're the gamest man I know, and a tower of strength, and I wouldn't change you for anybody in the world unless I got boot."

"I haven't told it all yet," said Arnold. "I borrowed money from one of the men in the office today. I told Cresson I'd pay him something on account, so I had to get it, someway—even under false pretenses of not needing it. Of course I'll return it on pay day—must—but if you knew what it cost me to put on that pleasant face and airy manner ——"

"Of course I know," said Felicia. "And you talk about being a coward when you've got the moral courage to do a thing like that! A soldier isn't exactly a coward who goes over the top with a laugh and a joke, and the fear of death in his heart making his knees shake."

Her face glowed when she said that. Arnold loved it, but it embarrassed him a trifle. "That's a new line: The heroism of making a touch," he giggled.

"I don't care; it was heroic. But to go back to Uncle Neme, dear; did you say anything more to him about borrowing that money? No? Well, I wouldn't, because he's going to get us out of the hole, anyway, so don't worry a bit. I'm sure of it. It's my woman's intuition, probably, but I feel as sure of it this moment as I ever felt about anything in my life."

"He likes you, I know, but ——"

"Darling, he's going to keep on liking me, and he's not as hard as you think. Stingy, perhaps, but it's these stingy people who are always giving away vast sums to worthy objects, and if we aren't worthy I don't know who is."

She was so earnest and assured that Arnold could not help smiling. He took her by the shoulders and shook her with rough tenderness. "Wake up, girl!" he said. "Listen, Fliss; that old bird isn't just stingy; he's mean. Gene Twinnell told me when he was here last year that Nehemiah was the cold-bloodedest old shark in seven counties. Widows and orphans are his meat, according to Gene. He sits in that little office of his and skins 'em and then devours their substance at any old percentage he can screw out of 'em. He owns three or four farms that he's foreclosed on under circumstances that it's a wonder he wasn't lynched. Owns half of the brick business block and nobody knows what his cash assets are outside of his property, but they're big. But what good does his money do him? I ask you!"

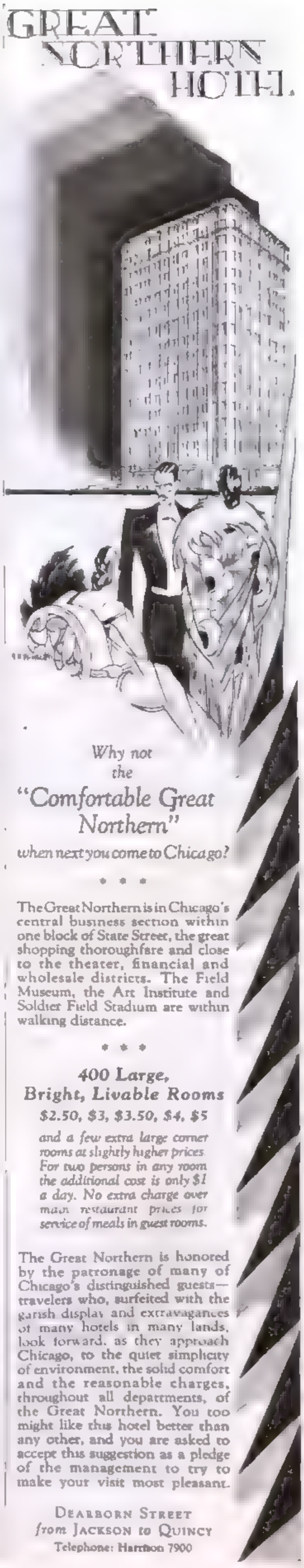
"The point is that it will do you a lot of good when it comes to you," said Felicia. "He wouldn't will it away from you, would he?"

"You never can tell," Arnold answered gloomily. "The only thing in our favor is that he's generally hated and I don't think he loves his enemies, and, unless those onion sets still rankle, he hasn't anything against me, except that he beat mother out of her share of grandfather's estate. I'm afraid, though, that Annamarie dislikes him and that he knows it."

"I'm going to like him myself," said Felicia. "And, besides, I hope I have a proper sense of gratitude."

Uncle Neme put Felicia's gratitude to a pretty severe strain the next morning. She had been particularly careful as she dressed to make no noise that would disturb the poor old man's beauty sleep, and was cautioning Arnold to be equally considerate and, above all, to refrain from his bath song, when there came a thumping knock at their bedroom door and Uncle Neme's voice inquiring if they knew what was the time of day and offering to get himself a bite of breakfast if they would tell him how they lit that gas contraption of theirs. Felicia, shaking her fist at the door as she thought of Annamarie complications, replied sweetly that she would be down in just a moment, and accused herself of unforgivable laziness in tones of sincere penitence, at which they heard the poor old man go clumping down the stairs grumbling to himself; and when Felicia descended to the kitchen she found him there, with unmistakable evidence that he had been poking around.

But her cheerful charm conquered his grouch and he returned her greeting with something like a grin. He even joked. "Half the day gone and nothing done," he said playfully. "Well, I guess you city folks have your own ways and your own times of doing things. I b'lieve in early rising, myself. Early to bed and—so that's the way you light it! What does it cost you to run that contraption—the gas? . . . Wouldn't you find it cheaper to buy your



Why not the
"Comfortable Great Northern"
when next you come to Chicago?

* * *

The Great Northern is in Chicago's central business section within one block of State Street, the great shopping thoroughfare and close to the theater, financial and wholesale districts. The Field Museum, the Art Institute and Soldier Field Stadium are within walking distance.

* * *

400 Large, Bright, Livable Rooms

$2.50, $3, $3.50, $4, $5

and a few extra large corner rooms at slightly higher prices. For two persons in any room the additional cost is only $1 a day. No extra charge over main restaurant prices for service of meals in guest rooms.

The Great Northern is honored by the patronage of many of Chicago's distinguished guests—travelers who, surfeited with the garish display and extravagances of many hotels in many lands, look forward, as they approach Chicago, to the quiet simplicity of environment, the solid comfort and the reasonable charges, throughout all departments, of the Great Northern. You too might like this hotel better than any other, and you are asked to accept this suggestion as a pledge of the management to try to make your visit most pleasant.

DEARBORN STREET
from JACKSON *to* QUINCY
Telephone: Harrison 7900

HE SOWS and reaps and builds with increasing efficiency, the better to provide a nation and the world with food . . . *the American farmer!* ▪▪▪▪ Long ago he learned the futility of temporary construction, so that today when he builds to house valuable livestock and machinery, or to store grains for future sale, he chooses carefully the materials and the workmanship which go into the building of that shelter. ▪▪▪▪ A devotee of wood he is—not only because it yields so easily and so economically to his will, but because of its serviceability! ▪▪▪▪ Those careful farmer-buyers have long had intimate association with this trade-mark, its meaning of *maximum construction value* having been demonstrated repeatedly to them under exacting conditions for many years. ▪▪▪▪ To all lumber users . . . whether individuals, or purchasers for great industrial projects . . . this trade-mark is assurance that skilled men have done all that long experience and human ingenuity can do to give utmost value *to the user* of lumber products.* ▪▪▪▪ Ask your retail lumber dealer—he knows!

*Know the Lumber You Buy! . . . . Today thousands of American home owners are justly proud of the lengthening service of their Long-Bell oak floors . . . tribute undeniable to maximum serviceability and economy *built into that oak flooring* during the process of manufacture. ▪▪▪▪ More than fifty years' lumber experience goes into the making of all of these Long-Bell lumber products: Douglas Fir Lumber and Timbers, Douglas Fir Window Frames . . . Western Hemlock Lumber . . . Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers . . . Southern Hardwood Lumber and Timbers, Oak Flooring . . . California White Pine Lumber, Sash and Doors, Box Shooks . . . Creosoted Lumber, Timbers, Posts, Poles, Ties, Guard-Rail Posts, Piling.

The Long-Bell Lumber Company
R. A. Long Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.
Lumbermen since 1875

bacon by the piece? . . . I should think you'd bake your own bread. This bakers' stuff, it don't stay with you. . . . What are you paying for eggs? No! For eggs—eggs like those? Seventy cents! Land o' Goshen! Why, that's nearly six cents apiece for each egg. You and Arnie must be fond of 'em. If they charge that for an egg, what would it cost you to buy the hen that laid it? Too much like eating money for me."

Arnold made his appearance with Annamarie, and Felicia thankfully embraced the opportunity to turn them all out of the kitchen, but when they sat down to breakfast Uncle Neme began again—with the grapefruit. Prunes, he opined, were more wholesome and less expensive. Dried apples could be made as tasty as need be, if you were bound to have fruit, and they cost less than prunes. He had noticed that Felicia got her oatmeal in packages. How much did they set you back for a package? . . . Well, buying it in bulk would cost just about a third of that. Same with all the other fancy packages and bottles and cans on her pantry shelves—which he specified exactly. It was all right if you wanted to throw money away with both hands, but, personally, he never ate fancy bottles and gilt labels and cardboard and such, and he didn't see any sense in paying a fancy price for what you threw out.

"And as to that garden," he went on; "if I could have found a spade anywhere around—and I looked high and low—I'd have had quite a patch dug up for you in the time I've been waiting for breakfast."

"I'm glad you didn't find it," Felicia told him. "I wouldn't have had you trouble to do that for anything. Besides, it's too late for a garden this year."

"Plenty of things it wouldn't be too late for that would save you a considerable," said Uncle Neme. "Arnie could plant them and Annamarie could do the weeding. It would be good for her. And then you could fertilize and have the ground in good shape for next spring. Chickens too. . . . I was telling Felicia, Arnie, that eating eggs was too much like eating money for me."

"I thought you liked money," said Annamarie. "You must like eggs, anyway; you've eaten three of them."

"Annamarie!" said Felicia reprovingly.

But Uncle Neme didn't mind. He explained to Annamarie that he didn't have to pay for these eggs. "Fools make feasts and wise men eat 'em," he said, and here the postman whistled and Annamarie was sent to get the letters. There were four of them addressed to Arnold that he frowned at and stuffed unopened into his pocket, exchanging a quick and significant glance with Felicia, who had seen them first. Uncle Neme announced that he would stay and visit with Felicia during the morning, as his business engagement was not until the afternoon. It would most likely take him two or three days longer to get this business settled. It was important business that would need looking into and thinking over. His motto was look before you leap and then don't leap, but go kind of slow if it's important. "Folks that do that don't get into jams, Arnie."

"That's right," Arnold agreed. "But they miss lots of chances," he added.

"Chances of ruin," said Felicia, and was rewarded by Uncle Neme's approving nod.

Her head, Uncle Neme said, was level. "Make a business deal in haste and repent at leisure. Safe bind, safe find, Arnie."

Arnold was one of the most patient of men, but with a heightened color and a degree of violence he set down his coffee cup and pushed his chair back. A warning look from Felicia checked the remark he was about to make, and Uncle Neme, reaching for toast, missed his glare. "I—I'll have to be going," Arnold said, and bent over Annamarie and kissed her. "Sorry you aren't coming with me, uncle. If you'll give me a ring a little before five we can come back together. So long! . . . Fliss, are you coming to the gate? . . . Annamarie, you stay like a little lady and entertain Uncle Neme."

"I don't want to entertain him," wailed Annamarie. "He's—oh, all right then. If I must, I must."

As Arnold and Felicia left the room they heard Uncle Neme say that little gels shouldn't be sassy. He spoke with decided asperity, but they didn't wait to see how the little monkey took it.

"Darling," said Felicia as they walked to the gate, "I don't blame you, but you mustn't lose your temper with him. Too much depends on it, and he doesn't really mean to be offensive."

"I know; but I'm fed up with him and his moldy gags," said Arnold. "Did you see the mail? I know you did. It's just as I thought. The whole crew piling on my back at once. Another week and they'll be fighting over my carcass."

"Another week and, if you're good, Uncle Neme will have everything straightened out for us and we'll be happy," she assured him. "Good-by, dear. I must run back and see that Annamarie doesn't get into trouble. Call me from town. Cheerio!"

She gave him a quick hard hug and sped back to the house.

Felicia Dorrance seldom speaks of that morning's experience. When, after lunch, Uncle Neme departed, she was simply a wreck of ragged, throbbing nerves. She had astonished herself by her endurance of that almost incessant nasal drone of carping and bragging, and the fact that she not only endured it but maintained an attitude of admiration, interest and agreement augmented her amazement. That she smiled and laughed in the most natural manner at feeble stupid jokes; that she bore undeserved censure of her perfect husband and paragon of a child with meekness; that she answered outrageous questions without showing a spark of the fire that flamed within her made her marvel at her own powers of restraint and dissimulation in a quite detached and impersonal way. Through it all she found her natural kindliness and toleration steadily decreasing and her sense of humor deadening before Uncle Neme's self-revelation of vulgar meanness; but it was thrilling and sustaining to feel, as she did, that she was as steadily and surely rising in Uncle Neme's estimation, and the thought that she was abasing herself for the sake of her husband and child seemed to her something in the nature of a justification.

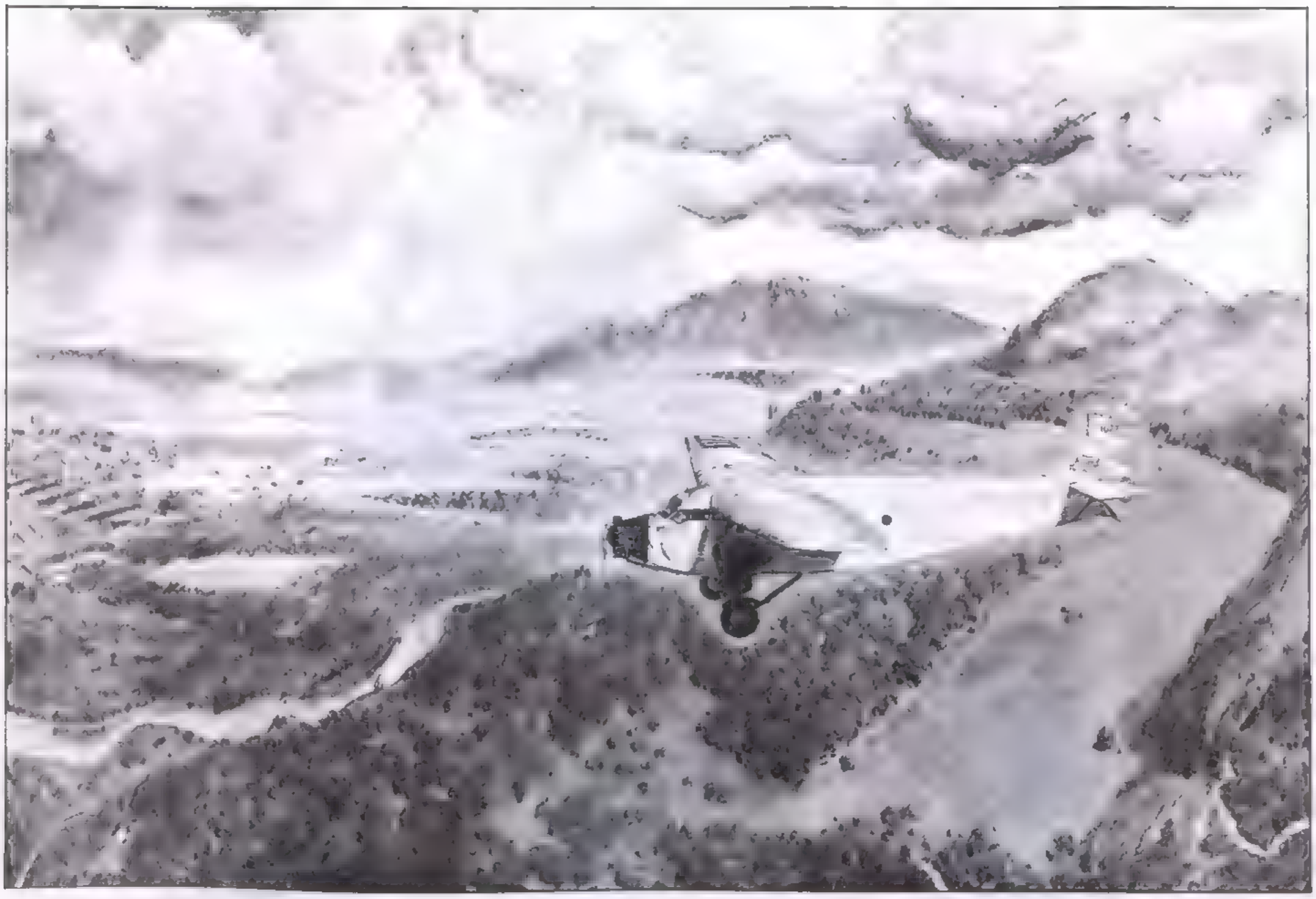
She went down to the gate with Uncle Neme also, her hand on his arm. "I can't tell you how much you have helped me by this talk," she said shamelessly. "You've made me see things so clearly. Of course Arnold hasn't had your experience and knowledge of life and human nature, and I'm afraid I've been terribly careless and extravagant. But we'll reform; I promise you that. Once we get through this trouble—and you've no idea how we've both worried over it, and still are ——"

"Now don't you fret," said Uncle Neme kindly. "I got a hunch that you don't need to. We'll see; we'll see. Now you remember; no fal-lals for dinner. No artichokes to choke on, huh? Ha-ha! Plain meat and taters and pie is good enough for me and good enough for anybody. I don't mean you should lose money on me. I'll talk things over with Arnie this evening."

"That will be lovely," said Felicia. "You go so straight to the heart of a thing—the essentials—and know just what to do. It must be wonderful to have a mind like yours!"

And there were to be days more of this—cajolery, flattery of this old pig! How could she stand it? How could she stand it? But it would never do to lapse and lose the ground she had gained. At least she could now tell Arnold something definitely hopeful. They were not to fret, Uncle Neme had said. He was to see what could be done. Well, there was just one thing for him to do, and he would soon bring his mighty brain to that conclusion. She hoped that she would have a chance to speak to Arnold before he and Uncle Neme talked.

(Continued on Page 66)



NOW THAT MAN HAS WINGS

A GIANT all-metal plane drones overhead carrying the mail westward. . . . A man-driven machine leaps into the fresh sea winds of New York, to appear a few weeks later high over the jungles of Indo-China. . . . A winged car circles the lifeless ice-fields of the North Pole. . . . Flocks of planes dart upward through the clouds, and away from city to city, following lighted airways across the continent. . . . This is the world of today!

Now that man has wings he flies! No power in the world can hold him back!

At Le Bourget, in France, twenty-seven passenger planes leave daily on fixed schedules. At Tempelhof, in Germany, Lufthansa flights are guided by traffic police. The planes that fly from Croydon, in England, have an established record for dependability and safety that has brought insurance rates to Paris down to one-third less than by land and sea.

And yet America is already outstripping anything abroad!

A steady stream of mail is carried along the established airways from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Detroit to Dallas, Texas. Ford planes, with an extraordinary record for reliability, have carried four and a half million pounds of express for merchants and manufacturers who know the value in competition of more speed and wider markets.

The planes of one American air-express company fly farther in a single day than all the combined flights of Lufthansa, and twice as far as the combined flights of the Imperial Airways. . . .

One hundred American factories are busily turning out new planes to meet the steadily increasing demand. . . . Close to a thousand air-ports are being rushed to completion to care for American planes flying in all directions.

And as fast as the U. S. Government defines new routes with lights and ports, air-traffic increases proportionately.

We are about to see a repetition of the history of the automobile on a broader scale. This does not mean we anticipate an airplane in every man's garage, or that the airplane will lessen the streams of automotive traffic that pour over the highways everywhere. *But it does mean that everyone will soon recognize the airplane as a means of extending the radius of human activity far beyond the scope of any vehicle that moves upon the surface of the earth.*

Don't let sensational failures in the air blind you to the steady progress of non-sensational commercial flying. The prairie trails marked by the wrecks of Covered Wagons were soon enough obliterated by farm tractors and disk harrows! And the wrecks of wooden trains have not checked the swift smooth rush of all-steel limiteds, binding the nation together.

The Ford Motor Company has set the highest standards for its own accomplishments. Its rust-resisting, all-metal planes, tri-motored for unfailing dependability, are piloted by men whose preliminary training is based on 1000 hours of actual flight. Its great airport at Dearborn, with modern passenger and express stations, is the center of stirring activity. *Every Lincoln automobile service station in the country is a potential service station for Ford planes.*

Now that man has wings he will open up new paths across the skies.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

(Continued from Page 64)

That hope was realized. Arnold returned by the 5:30 train alone. He had not heard from Uncle Neme. Felicia had ample time before the dinner hour to give Arnold the news and make a few suggestions for the coming conference, and the poor fellow brightened considerably. It would have seemed incredible, he said, only that he knew that nobody could resist his wife.

"I believe you could talk Glaub into giving us an extension," he said, beaming at her in a way that he would not have beamed if he had known what it had cost Felicia to get Shylock's heart softened. She had passed over that very slightingly.

But it got to be long past dinnertime and still Uncle Neme did not come. Eventually they had to eat their fal-lalless dinner without him. Nine o'clock and the dishes washed and put away and no Uncle Neme. When the whistle of the 10:10 sounded from the distance through the open window and there had been no word from or sign of him, the Dorrances began to worry a little. Arnold suggested that he might have gone to a movie and stayed through three or four performances to get value received for his money. "Naturally he wouldn't telephone when he found out that it was a ten-cent toll," Arnold said, and Felicia promptly called him down.

"I don't want you sneering at the saving of ten cents, my dear," said Felicia. "Whatever happens, we're going to look out for our dimes, and our pennies too. And we're going to make out a budget and keep track of what we spend. Uncle Neme's got me converted to that extent, anyway, and you've got to back me, old boy."

"It might not be a bad idea, at that," Arnold admitted. "I believe you are right."

"And I know I am," said Felicia. "Let's get a pencil and paper right now and do a little figuring."

Arnold assented, and they were still engaged in this fascinating indoor sport at half-past eleven o'clock when a taxi drove up to the house and stopped. The driver's voice said, "Hey! Here we are, general. Tumble out! . . . I say we're here. Get me? This is the number you wanted. Hey! Watch your step now. . . . Hey! back up here and pay me a dollar."

Uncle Neme's nasal voice rang out on the clear, almost midnight air in indignant protest: "Quartersh y'r fare, 'n' quartersh all you get, young man. No more 'n' no lesh, an' you give me lip 'n' I'll have y' 'rested an' y'r license took away from you."

"Hurry out, Arnold," Felicia directed. "Quick, or he'll have the whole neighborhood aroused."

Arnold hurried. He found Uncle Neme had removed his coat and thrown it on the sidewalk and was now unsteadily squaring at the taxi driver, who had just stepped aside to avoid one rush.

"This won't do," said Arnold, collaring his relative and pulling him back. "What's the trouble, Bill?"

Bill explained that he had been driving grandpop here all over the suburb to various addresses and a dollar was dirt cheap for the time he'd been having. This caused a fresh outbreak from Uncle Neme, which Arnold stopped by telling the driver that a quarter was all he would get and slipping a dollar into his hand. The driver grinned and climbed to his seat and drove off, and Arnold picked up Uncle Neme's coat and steered him with some difficulty toward the house. At the steps Uncle Neme wanted to sit down and watch the rising moon. He also thought a li'l' drink would be in order, it being, as it were, merely the shank of the evening. Arnold got him into the hall, but he firmly refused to go up to bed and lurched into the living room and dropped into a chair. Felicia had retreated to her room.

"'Lectric light," said Uncle Neme, blinking at it. "Wunnerful 'vention, but gimme old oil lamps. Oil, Arnie, thasss stuff! Y' can't beat it, an' thas where the money is—kerosene, gash'line, all kines thingsh. I got it, Arnie, gush'n'n' shpoutin'—millionsh gallonsh, millionsh money. Arnie, I been shelbrating—ol' bashlor shelbrash'n—lasht chance. Di'n't cost a cent. Foolsh make feasts f'r wise guys. Wheresh Flishy? I wanna tell her. Lesh talk 'bout the jam you're in, Arnie. You tell me an' I'll closhe m' eyes a moment."

In spite of all Arnold could do, he sank into slumber. Arnold wheeled the chair close to the sofa and tumbled him on it and removed his shoes. Then he got a blanket and covered him up and went up to Felicia to report.

In Uncle Neme the habit of early rising was too strong to be broken by a solitary infraction of the early-to-bed rule. At five o'clock the next morning—daylight saving—he awoke and about ten minutes later Felicia heard him as he stealthily mounted the stairs with his shoes in his hand. She woke Arnold and they presently heard him going down the stairs again. Looking into the guest chamber as she went downstairs a few minutes later, she saw that Uncle Neme's bedding was rumpled and thrown aside as if the bed had been occupied, and when she entered the kitchen, there was Uncle Neme busy with the coffee percolator and with his baggage packed and standing conspicuously on the floor. And a bleary, red-eyed, puffy-faced old scoundrel he looked.

There was nothing in Felicia's manner to indicate that she saw anything out of the ordinary as she gave him a gay good morning. "You got ahead of me, after all, didn't you?" she said. And then, with concern: "How are you feeling, Uncle Neme? Rested? Arnold said that you were so fagged out last night that you went to sleep in your chair and he hadn't the heart to wake you."

Uncle Neme, with a rather hang-dog air, admitted that he had been somewhat fatigued. The Long Island air made him drowsy, he guessed. And he had eaten something that had disagreed with him the night before. Thought he would make him a little coffee.

"Well, go into the dining room and sit down in the rocker and I'll have breakfast on in something like a jiffy," she told him. "Arnold will be down in a few minutes. I'm so sorry you're feeling badly."

He hesitated, but Felicia had unmistakably taken charge. "Coffee's all I want," he said, and picked up his suitcase and the parcel of underwear. He seemed about to say something more, but after a moment's pause he went off—sneakingly, Felicia throught—ashamed of himself, as he well might be. Soon she heard Arnold come down, and voices in the dining room. She went in just as Arnold called to her, and he at once burst out with: "Here, Fliss, what do you think of this? Uncle Neme says he's going to leave us. You tell him he's altogether mistaken."

"It's like this," explained Uncle Neme, with some embarrassment. "I got through with my business yesterday sooner'n I expected, and if I hustle I can catch the night boat to Boston and get home by tomorrow noon."

"Why the rush?" Arnold asked him, and Felicia said that, being Saturday and Arnold's half holiday, they had been anticipating a good long visit. Uncle Neme explained that time was money and that he had neither time nor money to waste. Then he came out with a confession: The fact was that he was figuring on getting married. Two could live as cheap as one, and his bride-to-be, having kept house for him for some years, knew his ways. She was a good, sensible woman and had a little property of her own. He would have to buy a few things to kind of spruce up for the occasion and—well, he guessed he'd get back.

Arnold and Felicia congratulated him. Perhaps not enthusiastically, but in the circumstances, what they said did them credit. Uncle Neme cut them short to inquire for coffee, and Felicia hurried to the kitchen and came back to find that Arnold had already taken the bull by the horns, but with insufficient leverage to throw him off his feet, apparently. Uncle Neme was shaking his head, and the flabbiness seemed to have left his face, which was now set harder than granite.

"No, Arnie," he said. "No. I give you my answer to that in the letter I wrote you."

"We thought, Uncle Neme," Felicia interposed, "that since you had been out here and had seen the place, being such a judge of values, you would see in a moment what a crime it would be to let that man get it back. We could afford to pay you a good interest on your loan, and I thought yesterday when you said ——"

Uncle Neme looked at her malignantly. "Didn't make any promises, did I?" he interrupted. "No. And I don't know values of real estate here, only they seem to me out of reason and likely to take a big slump; and I ain't got time to study what they are and I don't go blindfold with my money into what I don't know about. Another thing, doing business with relations means trouble. I had trouble with your mother over business matters, Arnie."

"So I've heard," replied Arnold grimly. "She always believed that you cheated her, now you mention it."

"There you are, you see," said Uncle Neme, throwing out his hands. "Well, I won't have trouble of that sort with you and Felicia. But if this house and lot is worth all the money you say it is, you oughtn't to have to look far to get somebody to advance you something on your interest or buy you out. You've been trying your friends and you've been trying me; now why don't you try somebody that's interested in properties here? I don't know your New York State laws, but there's ways of getting around most laws. And as for them you owe, why, see 'em and compromise. Claim your exemptions. Sue a beggar and you catch a louse. Tell 'em that. You seem to be scared without knowing what you've got to be scared of. You'll probably have to let the house go, but you deserve to, letting a slick-tongued swindler talk you into signing that note. Well, I got to go, folks. How much do I owe you, Felicia?"

He walked to the station carrying his suitcase and parcel, and they stood by the gate and watched him go—even waved to him. "And that," said Felicia, "is that." They both laughed, but it was mere bravado, and when they got back into the house Felicia the indomitable broke down and sobbed and Arnold had no words to console her. It was Annamarie who dispelled their gloom for the time being. She came scurrying down in her pajamas, crying, "Is he gone? Is he gone? Goody-goody-goody! Goody-goody-goody!" She made a song of it and danced a saraband around the room, singing it. There was no resisting her mood. "You're only pretending to be sorry," she told her parents. "Anyway we must make the best of it, mustn't we?"

"'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings,'" Arnold quoted.

"Yes, Annamarie, we must make the best of it." To Felicia he said that there was something in what Uncle Neme had advised at the last. He would call up the office and say that he couldn't get down and then he and Felicia could resume their last night's figuring and get everything down in black and white—obligations and resources—to take to some lawyer. Lyons might be a good man. Living here, he would know real estate and he would know the people. He would phone Lyons for an appointment. On consideration, he decided that he would go to the office after all. It didn't seem right to neglect his work for his private affairs unless it was absolutely necessary.

Felicia gave him approving pats, and after he had made his appointment with the attorney for that afternoon, he departed. Felicia, as soon as she had disposed of Annamarie and the house work, went to her little desk and got out the papers that she and Arnold had been working on the night before, and began to prepare a statement of the Dorrance liabilities and assets. It was no simple task to divide the former by what they could pay from the savings from Arnold's salary. They had estimated necessary expenses, but the estimate had to be carefully revised. Some expenditures had been overlooked, some opportunities for retrenchment had not occurred to either of them. There could be no setting down anything not certain—as, for instance, that raise of salary that Arnold was expecting daily. Margins had to be allowed for emergencies, and there was interest on notes—if any loan was arranged. Oh, and the taxes!

All the rest of the morning she plodded perseveringly back and forth, erasing, interlining, copying, adding, subtracting, dividing, until her tired mind muddled the figures and she turned with relief to thoughts of lunch. And here, an hour early, came Arnold, who had satisfied his sense of duty by cleaning his desk of everything important, after which there had been nothing to keep him. Felicia showed him what she had done. His face fell as he glanced at the statement and made a few calculations. It seemed clearly impossible to save the house.

"Well," he said, assuming a cheerfulness that he was far from feeling, "it might be worse and we may make it better, sweetheart. And it lets in the light wonderfully. Fliss, you're a corker. Let's see about lunch now and we'll talk it over after we've eaten. Give me a kiss first."

Felicia spread the kitchen table with a pick-up lunch and they sat down to the informal repast with sharpened appetites. That, for the time, was as far as they got—to the sitting. Felicia had begun to pour milk for Annamarie, when the child uttered a loud squeal of joy and overturned milk, bowl and spoon as she started up from the table.

"Hughie!" she cried. "It's Hughie!" and flung herself into the arms of a young man who stood smiling on the threshold.

Phœbus Apollo himself, radiant, graceful and beautiful, with hyacinthine locks of red gold curling close to his godlike head. He might have been just about to step into the chariot of the sun on his daily mission of light and warmth. There was something irresistible in his smile. At once cheerful and cheering, it inspired confidence and invited friendliness to an extraordinary extent; it was a smile that disarmed hostility and melted opposition at sight, and was accompanied by a voice musical yet manly, persuasive in every inflection and with a note of convincing sincerity. A dangerously attractive young man, Hughie.

"Nobody else glad to see me?" he asked, gently disentangling Annamarie from his neck and setting her down.

"We hate the sight of you," said Felicia, giving him both her hands. "We loathe you," she added, and presented a glowing cheek for his salute.

"You're a pest and we're not at home to you," Arnold chimed in. "How are you, Hughie? You're just in time for a beaker of foaming milk and some peanut butter. Let me take that disreputable lid and the hedge stake." He seized the young man's expensive panama and Malacca stick. "Sit down and gorge yourself with us."

"He may have an egg if he likes," said Felicia. "They're nearly six cents apiece and it's like eating money, Hughie, but you can have one."

"What did you bring me, Hughie?" Annamarie wanted to know. "I can dance the Charleston, Hughie. Want to see me?"

They fussed over and made much of him—this villain who had robbed and ruined them. They forced him into a chair and heaped his plate for him. Felicia, forgetting economy for the time being, sacrificed the cold boiled ham that was to have served for the morrow's lunch and opened one of her expensive, gold-labeled bottles of preserves. They joked and laughed as if there was no such thing as a financial statement in the world. Glaub *et al.* were forgotten.

(Continued on Page 71)

New Smartness that Sparkles

THERE'S a transcendent smartness about the new Royal Eights and new Sixes by Chandler that says better than words, *"Here is superior quality."*

It is the kind of smartness that could never be laid on with a paintbrush . . . *inbuilt* smartness, inherent in structural design . . . the true smartness of line and curve, lowness and symmetry, in addition to beauty of color.

And these magnificent cars certainly have the stuff in them. They have the power . . . worlds of marvelous traffic-power, road-power, and hill-power . . . with that serene smoothness and quietness so characteristic of Chandler's famous high-compression Pikes Peak Motor!

And besides a long list of important features such as oil-filters, air-cleaners, 4-wheel brakes, self-adjusting spring shackles, special theft-proof locks—there is a great paramount advantage in all Chandler models not to be found in any other car within or anywhere near the Chandler price range . . . the "One Shot" Lubrication System. You simply press your foot on a plunger and the car automatically *lubricates itself* from one end of the chassis to the other. Quicker, cleaner and far better than old-fashioned lubrication by hand.

Just see—just drive—just compare. There's the new Special Six Sedan at $995; the new Big Six Metropolitan Sedan at $1495; the new Royal Eight Sedan at $1995—and two dozen other resplendent new models. All prices f. o. b. factory.

CHANDLER-CLEVELAND MOTORS CORPORATION · CLEVELAND

CHANDLER

NEW ROYAL EIGHTS · NEW BIG SIXES · NEW SPECIAL SIXES

These receivers operate from the electric light socket.

RCA RADIOLA 32

Custom-built. Deluxe combination of the famous Super-Heterodyne and the incomparable Loudspeaker 104, the two finest achievements in radio. Socket-power operation, A.C. or D.C.

Complete with Radiotrons $895

RCA RADIOLA 28

The Super-Heterodyne, supreme achievement in receiver design, in the popular table model. Ideal in combination with RCA Loudspeaker 104 (see below).

Radiola 28, with Radiotrons $260

A.C. Package for adapting Radiola 28 for A.C. operation with RCA Loudspeaker 104 . . . . $35

RCA LOUDSPEAKER 104

Universally recognized as the finest reproducer ever designed. In combination with Radiola 28, it eliminates all batteries and provides socket-power operation.

RCA Loudspeaker 104 (A.C.) $275

RCA Loudspeaker 104 (D.C.) $310

Buy with confidence where you see this sign

The world's knowledge of radio is embodied in these new Radiolas

RCA RADIOLA 30A. Custom built. De luxe cabinet set, with concealed loudspeaker. Employing the unrivalled RCA Super-Heterodyne, it operates directly from the electric light circuit—either 60 cycle A.C. or 110 volt D.C. Extreme sensitivity, selectivity, tone fidelity and ease of operation . . . . . $495 complete

The new Radiolas that operate from the electric light circuit include custom-built, cabinet models of the incomparable Super-Heterodyne, and the wonderful new Radiola 17 that makes use of the new alternating current Radiotrons.

Battery-operated sets have been developed to their highest efficiency in the new Radiola 16 and the nationally popular Radiola 20.

Before selecting a new radio set to replace your old one, ask an RCA Authorized Dealer to demonstrate these instruments for you—*with an RCA Loudspeaker.* Don't handicap a good radio receiver with an antiquated loudspeaker.

A Radiola is a Christmas gift that every member of the family can enjoy.

RCA Radiola

MADE · BY · THE · MAKERS · OF · THE · RADIOTRON

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Socket-power operation perfected by RCA, Westinghouse and General Electric

RCA RADIOLA 17. The lighting-socket receiver the radio world has long waited for. This year's outstanding achievement in radio design. Employs the wonderful new RCA alternating current Radiotrons. Just plug it into the electric outlet (A.C.) and turn the control knob . . . Less accessories $130. *With Radiotrons* $157.50.

The complete line of RCA Radiolas and Loudspeakers now on display throughout the country embodies all the world's knowledge of radio.

Developed in the great Research Laboratories of RCA, General Electric and Westinghouse, these highly-perfected instruments are the culmination of a quarter century of discovery and invention by the leading electrical and acoustical engineers of the scientific world.

Radiolas are everywhere recognized as the standard of the radio art.

A Radiola is a Christmas gift that every member of the family can enjoy.

RCA Radiola

MADE · BY · THE · MAKERS · OF · THE · RADIOTRON

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

These receivers operate with batteries or battery eliminators.

RCA RADIOLA 16

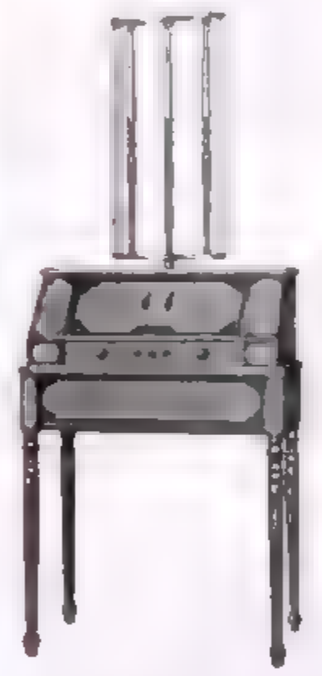
The new RCA storage-battery set. Very compact. One-dial control. For selectivity, sensitivity and tone quality, it sets a new standard for receivers in its price class.

Less accessories . . . $69.50
With Radiotrons . . . $82.75

RCA RADIOLA 20

Many times as selective as the average antenna set. Known the country over as "the biggest value in radio."

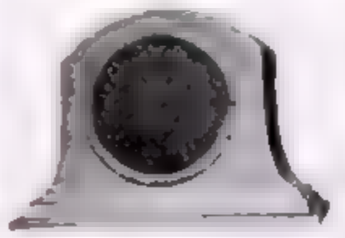
Less accessories . . . $78.00
With Radiotrons . . . $89.50



RCA RADIOLA 28

The tried, tested and perfected RCA Super-Heterodyne, a sensation ever since its introduction.

With Radiotrons . . . $260



RCA LOUDSPEAKER 100-A

Still better than the model 100. Built for long life. Rich, mellow tones. Amazing capacity and musical range. Equally efficient with battery or socket-power sets . $35

Buy with confidence where you see this sign

Give This Amazing Tire a Twelve-Months' Trial on Your Car

1 One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls

2 Geared-to-the-Road—Road-Shaped Tread

3 "Uniflex" Cord Construction

WE can't tell you that America's Scientifically Correct Balloon Tire will prove itself on your car in thirty days.

We do tell you that in twelve months—as the care-free tire miles have piled up on your speedometer—as you've grown to totally forget the very existence of tires on your car—you will know how close Miller has come to perfection. You will never return to old ways. You will be satisfied with nothing less than *Scientific Correctness*—made possible by three unique improvements.

1. One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls

Gone for all time is fear of cracking joints and the destruction that followed with old ways. Now the husky Miller tread reaches all the way around the tire with the One-Piece Tread from toe to toe. *All joints and hinging centers are eliminated—no chance whatever for cracking.* Actual road service on hundreds of thousands of cars *proved* the *scientific* correctness of this new Miller design.

2. Geared-to-the-Road—Road-Shaped Tread

The broad, road-shaped contact surface of the Miller exclusive Geared-to-the-Road Tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load—the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road—taking wear evenly and therefore *slowly.* Thus Miller banished uneven, spotty tread wear—the outstanding cause of short tire life. Not satisfied to stop there—a third unique result was obtained.

3. "Uniflex" Cord Construction

Insures uniform flexibility of all parts—completing a perfectly balanced tire. Built to resist curb and rut jolts—recovers from blows to normal shape with the quick, lively action of real rubber—leaving One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls, Bead and "Uniflex" Cord Carcass secure and intact. Thus the common cause of internal wear is eliminated—and miles added to the life of all Geared-to-the-Road tires.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
of N. Y.
AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Miller *Scientifically Correct* Balloon Tires

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD • MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

(Continued from Page 66)

"Best lunch I ever ate," declared Hughie when they had finished. "And I don't mean maybe, so don't you think for a moment that I do. If I thought it was rotten I'd tell you so just as frankly; but it was a triumph of art concealing art, Felicia. Simple, like most great achievements, but perfect in composition and full of appeal. I was half intending to eat in town before I came down here, but I simply couldn't wait. I want ——"

Annamarie kicked at the screen door and clamored for admittance. She had slipped out unobserved, and now bore in her arms a box that had every appearance of containing five pounds of chocolates.

"Hughie brought it," she shouted. "He hid it behind the laurel. I knew Hughie had brought something for us! I love you, Hughie."

Phœbus Apollo laughed, a truly Olympian peal of laughter. "You'd have loved me just the same if I hadn't brought anything, wouldn't you, kiddo? Of course you would. It runs in the family. Well, you and mother can open it up while I do a little business with daddy. Watch me closely, Arnold. Are you ready?" He rose and stood erect, an ineffable smile on his face. By some legerdemain a large flat package of bills appeared in his left hand. He slammed one down on the table. Its back was yellow. In each corner of it were the figures 100.

"One," Hughie chanted. "Two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, and the last makes ten!—and there you are. One thousand dollars and a thousand thanks for the accommodation, and I tell you, dear people, it's a thousand-ton load off my mind. I was afraid you might be worrying. Pick it up, Arnold; it's good money."

Arnold was staring at him idiotically. Felicia was the first to realize what had happened, and her "Oh, Hughie! . . . Arnold! Arnold, darling!" was a cry from the heart, and the next instant Arnold was running for water and there was great commotion. She didn't quite faint, though, and they soon had her laughing, and Arnold recovered sufficiently to pick up the precious yellowbacks, caress them and pass them on to her. Hughie said, contritely, that if he had known the shock it would be he would have repaid them in ten-dollar installments, but, at the same time, it seemed a sort of reflection on him. He quoted Ben King's immortal lines:

"I say, if I should die tonight
And you should come to me, and there and then,
Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten,
I might arise the while, but I'd drop dead again.

"Why the surprise?" he demanded. "Didn't I tell you I'd have it for you in a few days?"

"You did," replied Arnold. "What did you use, Hughie—a blackjack or a gun?"

"I put through the deal I told you about—sold my man and got his certified check yesterday. That sum represents my rake-off."

"Sold him what?"

"Buonaventure Oil—stock. Mean to say I didn't tell you about that stock?"

Arnold looked grave. "You didn't. I believe, though, that I'd rather you had got it with a blackjack, old man."

It was evident that Hughie's feelings were hurt. "Arnold," he said earnestly, "I hated to do it, but only because I was practically making a free gift of a fortune to a man that I didn't like very well—and a couple of others of his kidney that he represented. Just mark my words, Arnold. In a month or even less the oil world will be gasping for breath at the biggest strike in its history. That whole Buonaventure property is reeking and oozing with oil in every inch of every acre. I'm telling you facts. You can't lift your feet on it, but your boot tracks will fill with oil. It's the reservoir of the wide world and there's nothing from Baku to Bakersfield that can touch it. I've got some of the stock myself, and I tell you I'll go barefoot and hungry before I'll sell a dollar's worth of it. Arnold, if you and Felicia haven't any immediate use for that thousand you can turn it into a million inside of a year or two by putting it into Buonaventure."

His eyes shone with earnestness: his gestures, sharp and forceful, forestalled doubt; his voice gave the strongest impression of facts set to music. Arnold felt himself wondering whether, after all, it would not be better to let the house slide and grab this golden opportunity.

"No, Arnold," said Felicia quickly. "No, dear." But she herself was not unaffected. "Please don't talk about it any more, Hughie," she pleaded. "Because we really must use that money for something else. And oil is always uncertain, isn't it?"

"Uncertain?" Hughie echoed. "Felicia, Arnold, I wish you had seen and heard the man I sold to yesterday. He's the original sure-thing operator. Any dollar that bird lets go he can see coming back with a flock of little cartwheel companions. Value received is his motto, and right at the start, when Joe Foldring first talked to him in his native village, he said that he didn't believe in taking chances. Joe made me a side bet that I couldn't sell him, even on a proposition like Buonaventure, and I had to talk to him steadily for over an hour before I got him to sign on the dotted line. 'Safe bind, safe find,' says the old lad, and 'a penny saved is a penny gained' was another of his wise cracks, and, my dears, he lives up to them, does Nehemiah. No uncertainties for him. Joe took him out to dinner after the deal and the old skinflint, even after he had had the best part of Joe's flask, started an argument about the tip Joe gave the waiter. Said he hated to see anybody throw away money with both hands. It was the principle of the thing."

Felicia clutched Arnold's arm. She seemed to be choking.

"What did you say was his name?" Arnold asked excitedly.

"Nehemiah—Nehemiah P. Tulbert."

"I told you!" cried Felicia hysterically. "I told you—I told you that Uncle Neme was going to help us out of our trouble!"

THE AMERICAN BOOK OF WONDER

(Continued from Page 5)

Europe knows the capacity of its own market, for the simple reason that not one has ever systematically or intensively explored it. Only now, in the American example, are the industries of Europe beginning to regard the possibility of really exploiting domestic trade.

Our supply of power?

That we use much more mechanical energy per capita than any other people is not owing to the extent of our power resources, nor to the fact that our power is cheap. We do not use it because it is cheap; it is cheap because we use it. Europe has not utilized her resources to anywhere near the same degree. Nor is it that our engineering and technical skill is superior. England knows better than to waste energy by millions of horse power burning her coal in open grates.

An Open Book

In any case, the physical, geographical and political conditions were all previously known. Why should foreign countries be sending missions to the United States to confirm such facts as may be read out of the almanacs and yearbooks of any modern language? We have no hidden natural resources, no secret sciences, no inventions that are not for sale. It is supposed that in the extremes of mechanical skill we are inferior, and this may well be true. In technical knowledge we are not superior. There is nothing we make that other people may not make also, as well or perhaps better. We have nothing in the way of industrial method that is not published in trade journals and magazines of technology. Anyone is free to copy our methods. The League of Nations is welcome to transpose the American system into the European system by part or whole; we make no mystery of it. We have no new ideas among us, abstract or concrete, but we give them immediate circulation in print.

The American book lies open. Yet one who should read it through, if that were possible, would ask one question more. The book explains everything and is itself unexplained. Who expounds the meaning that underlies the text?

What is new in the world is without a name—the American thing. It is not a system, not a method, not yet a formulated philosophy. Out of it is proceeding a new reality. American prosperity is its light and witness.

Do we understand it ourselves? Our relation to it is functional, not contemplative. Take certain premises in the interrogative, as, for example:

American business is unlike business anywhere else; it is unlike itself as it was only a few years ago. Wherein is this difference and what are its principles?

Formerly the American business man, like any other, was content with money profit alone; the degree of his profit was the degree of his contentment. That is no longer true. What has happened to him?

We were once facing all those evils of laborism, such as limitation of output, demarcation of jobs, puerile jurisdictional tyrannies, that still hinder the prosperity of Great Britain; there was a babel of counsel, no one knew the way out. Yet we escaped. How?

We had capitalism here in its dangerous forms. But now, as we have labor without laborism, so we have capital without capitalism. How is that?

We have gone much farther than other people with standardization and with mass production, and yet what was predicted as an inevitable consequence of this method when it should have been carried to the American extreme—namely, that it would reduce human beings to the mindless condition of automatons—has not happened. So far otherwise, what strikes the foreign observer deeply—even the English, who most of all dread losing their individualism to machine craft—is the individualistic character of American wage earners. What does that signify?

Why is the conflict of man with himself and with his environment more creative here than in countries that are older in culture, richer in experience and had first possession of the transforming power of machines?

New Treatment for Old Subjects

The American's own first impulse is to turn for the answer to the book that explains everything and remains itself to be explained. Facts about the code of ethics that is rising in business, the doctrine of Rotarianism, the institution of management appearing as a scientific solution between labor and capital, the technic of antagonistic coöperation, the approach to economic problems from the consumer's point of view—it is all there on the record. The object matter is there. None of it is new as idea. What we do with it is new. And why we do it belongs to the vital subject part beneath the text. It is possible that this part—the fundamental why—may be apprehended only by intuition. It is something we know and cannot say, for when we say it in words, the sense of words begins to be debated. There is that mystical possibility.

The most useful Xmas Gift

Used the year 'round

For DAD MOTHER SISTER BROTHER

Adjusto-Lite

A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

"It Clamps Everywhere"

$3.95 Solid Brass

Bronze, Nickel or Ivory finish $4.45 West of Mississippi, Rockies and Maritime Provinces—25c additional

Make sure you get the genuine Adjusto-Lite. For sale at all leading stores.

S. W. FARBER, Inc.

141-151 So. 5th St. • Brooklyn, N. Y.

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

This for that and that for this—Good Hardware–Corbin—for every need

Locks and latches, keys and catches, knobs and knockers—just a few of the 10,000 items that make up the Corbin line.

A coat hook or a door bolt? Corbin makes them. Splendid Unit locks and cylinder master key systems? Corbin makes them, too.

Designs? Corbin offers you a wide variety—hardware in the Colonial tradition, hardware for the Spanish type of home, hardware to enrich the beauty of any architecture, each design complete in all items.

Whatever the need for hardware, in basement or attic, in subcellar or penthouse, for a cottage or a castle, it can be met with Good Hardware–Corbin.

"Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware" also [illegible] list of interesting [illegible] information. Mail [illegible] to you.

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
New York Chicago Philadelphia

But what seems more probable is that to the task of interpreting the spirit and meaning of American prosperity to ourselves we seldom bring those qualities of mind with which normally we act upon practical problems. The proper attitude would be that of taking nothing for granted, least of all any dogma as to how the forces of self-interest, desire, socialness, inertia and creative impulse operate in economic principle. Who cares how they should operate in principle? How, in fact, do they act in our scheme? That is the question. For if it be assumed—and such is the theme—that as Americans we are making a new attack upon economic reality, it follows that they are acting among us in some unpredicted manner.

Prosperity has primarily the aspect of economic phenomena; and the economic life is in three terms—namely, production, distribution, consumption; what you produce, how you divide it, what you do with it. But the economic life is not all. The first term of life as a whole is human relationship; this acts powerfully on the three economic terms and is itself in turn acted upon by them. What ultimately governs all other terms, however, is a people's way of thinking. In the American's way of thinking, what is original? Or is it perhaps what he thinks with? You would almost, of course, begin there.

The American mind does possess certain characteristics of its own. So does the German mind, the French mind, the English mind—any collective mentality. Wherein they differ one from another may be a matter of very subtle comparison, and yet from the projection of such differences comes all contrast. The works of a people can be only the externalized reality of their thoughts.

Ingenious or Dumb?

Consider the American mind on its inventive side. Whether it is more or less inventive than the European mind is often debated. Suppose it were either more or less. There might still be an important difference in how it employs the inventiveness it has, and in fact there is. This can much better be illustrated than defined.

A Russian removing a dead horse from the stable premises proceeds in this manner: He arrives with a live horse and wagon, alone. It is the wagon you first notice, for it is high and narrow, with a rack around it, and has no tackle or equipment for handling a carcass. You wonder how he expects all by himself to lift half a ton of dead horse into it. Leisurely he proceeds to do that thing. He unhooks the live horse and uses it to drag the carcass to a position parallel to the wagon and about five feet from it. Next he goes to the other side of the wagon and with the leverage of a pole first sets it rocking and then tips it over toward the dead horse on the ground. Now, with the wagon resting on its side, almost touching the carcass, he passes a rope around the neck of the dead horse, which is limp, and easily lifts it—the neck alone—to the center of the wagon bed; there he suspends it by making the end of the rope fast. Another rope he ties around the rump, and the free end of that rope is laid around the hub of the upper rear wheel, which, with the wagon on its side, revolves in a horizontal plane.

Now, using the wheel as a powerful windlass, he lifts the whole body of the dead horse to the center of the wagon bed, where he suspends it, as he suspended the neck, by making the rope fast. With the carcass secure in the bed of the wagon, it is easy to tip the wagon back again to its natural position by using the pole as a lever; or, if that is too much exertion, he can do it with an overslung rope attached to the live horse. This done, he hooks the live horse to the wagon and disappears.

That the particular Russian one may happen to see at this job did not invent the procedure is irrelevant. It is a fine example of Russian ingenuity. No American could beat it, because, given the difficulties, the solution is perfect. The Russian is thus resourceful with difficulties; he invents ways to overcome them. But he accepts the difficulties to begin with. There is the point.

A typical American, watching this Russian, would not be in the least impressed by the ingenuity of the performance. He would say, "How dumb!" meaning how stupid in the first place to accept the difficulties. Why not remove them? That is his impulse—remove the difficulties, change the facts. Specifically, he thinks of a wagon built for the purpose, low swung on bent axles, with proper tackle attached. Having imagined the special wagon, he asks himself if it would pay. Perhaps not. Such a wagon would not be right for general purposes also. Therefore the special wagon calls for an organized special activity. With two or three of them one might remove all the dead horses in Moscow. Then it would pay.

Such is the American's natural process of mind. Hence new forms, new methods, then new difficulties and more new forms and methods, all in a state of fluid change.

Another rare characteristic of the American mind requires in the same way to be illustrated. Thomas Edison has been a deep observer of it and loves to illustrate it. Some years ago, when electric locomotives were evolving, he used to ask:

"Have you seen that big electric engine on the New York Central Railroad—how the power is coupled to the wheels? No? I'll tell you a story about it to show what happens to any of us when we get in a rut from knowing too much about the difficulties. Those engineers had finished the engine, all but one detail. They couldn't think of a proper way to get the power down to the wheels. That silly problem has bothered engineers all over the world. You will see if you look in how many different ways they have solved it. Well, these engineers were stuck, all in a rut. They had looked at the thing so long and knew so much about it that they couldn't see it. So they posted a notice. Five hundred dollars to anyone who could make a working suggestion. Weeks passed. Still nobody could think of a way to couple the power to the wheels."

The Theory of Ignorance

"One day a boy from the drafting room stopped at the chief engineer's desk and made a little scrawl of a pencil sketch. 'I don't know anything about it,' he said, 'but would this work?' The engineer looked at it and said he believed it might—and it did. You will see it working the next time you leave the Grand Central Terminal. That boy wasn't in a rut. He didn't know what the difficulties were. He just looked at the thing."

This is what might be called the theory of ignorance. Clearly, "ignorance" is not the right word. "Innocence" is not much better. There is no exact word for what is meant, which is that in order to act upon a thing in an original manner you must be able to see it naïvely, with no prepared ideas, taking nothing about it for granted. So Edison works. If he were an economist he would not take the law of supply and demand for granted. So Ford works. They are only celebrated examples. The head of the largest mechanical research laboratory in the country—in the world—began with a gang of linemen. From post-hole digging to the mathematics and physics of high mechanics by common sense and skepticism! It is one of the notable traits of our common mentality and so well known that an expression of it occurs in vernacular speech: "Show me! I'm from Missouri!"

Important in another dimension is a negative fact. The American is not political minded. Superficially, this may seem—and probably is—untrue; fundamentally, it is so. Sagacious foreign observers of American life, before and since Bryce, have not failed to say that as a rule men of power and great ability avoid politics.

(Continued on Page 74)

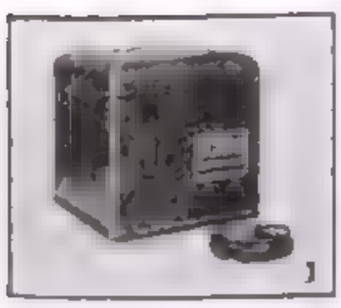
The PIANO *will tell you about* Willard RADIO POWER

An impression of Ev. Jones broadcasting from WTAM

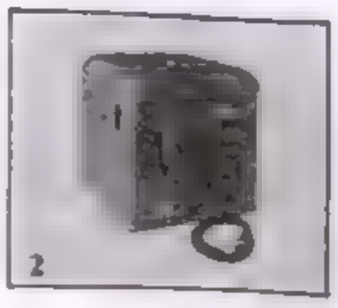
Licensed under Patent Nos. 1,455,141 and 1,635,117

The Willard Combination
"A-B" POWER UNIT

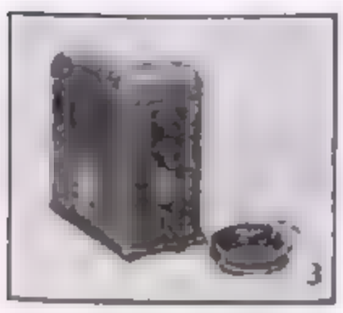
Here is the very latest development in Willard Radio Power. A combination light-socket radio unit which can be depended upon to supply steady "A" and "B" power in any type of radio set of one to ten tubes.



1—Willard Standard "A" Power Unit [illegible]



2—Willard Super "A" Power Unit [illegible]



3—Willard Standard "B" Power Unit [illegible]

4—Willard Super "B" Power Unit [illegible]

Listening to piano music is one of the surest ways to check quality of radio reception. Radio set makers admit this. Their dealers tune in piano music when they wish to demonstrate the finer qualities of the sets they are selling.

The Willard dealer goes a step further. He says, "Listen carefully to this piano selection I have tuned in for you. When you say the word I will shut off the present source of power in the set and switch on Willard Power."

"I want you to *compare* the difference Willards make in the same set with the same music."

The Willard dealer also has precision instruments to satisfy you that Willard Power Units give the full-rated voltages claimed for them. And if you wish to compare the difference Willards will make in your own radio set, just ask the dealer to make this same "hear test" in your home.

When you hear the difference it is easy to decide what kind of radio power *you* want for *your* set.

For sale by the **Willard Battery** *men and authorized radio dealers*

(Continued from Page 72)

They do not find here a profession of politics in the high, respectable sense; and, indeed, they would sooner find a profession of business than a profession of politics. They discover among Americans a kind of contempt for politicians, running parallel to a respect for government. Certainly, no other people so distrust the political approach to an economic problem. On the part of capital, this is fairly notorious. The same instinct for keeping politics and economics apart acts with labor. Trades-unionism in Great Britain, for example, is definitely political. There is a Labor Party, and there has been a Labor government. Here trades-unionism is just as definitely economic; temperamentally it is so, to the despair of an American cult calling itself liberal, from some notion it has of kinship with the Liberal Party in British politics. This fact of separation runs very deep, if you follow it down, and has structural significance in the American scheme.

Anciently it was that the individual existed for the state in all senses, political, moral and economic. The true crime of Socrates against the Greek state was to have taught the doctrine of individual rights; the political offense of early Christianity was of the same root. In the course of 2000 years the individual became supreme in the highly civilized forms of Western society. The ancient doctrine was quite reversed. Now the state is declared to exist for the individual in all senses.

The perfect acknowledgment of this modern idea is in Great Britain, where a man, because he is British born, is entitled to sustenance and to a certain standard of living, irrespectively of what he may or does produce. He does not always get the kind of living to which he feels entitled and his disappointment is a chronic political issue. The Englishman who says the state owes him a living utters an opinion that everyone accepts. If he has no job the state must keep him in doles; if his wage is insufficient to provide him a decent living the state must house him in a manner of minimum comfort, and so on.

An Immigrant to America

Here, if a man says the state owes him liberty, protection, equality of opportunity, that is already acknowledged. These are political benefits. But if he says the state owes him a living he is ridiculed; if he insists, we know there is something wrong with him. He is a failure, a ne'er-do-well, a nuisance. Here the state exists for the individual in political senses only; economically the individual is on his own.

Where it is otherwise—that is, where the active responsibilities of the state to the individual are both political and economic, there equality of opportunity, which is a political conception, passes into the economic life as levelment of reward. That is finally to penalize efficiency for the benefit of inefficiency. Under that condition such a thing as paying a higher rate per piece to the man who exceeds the standard norm of output would be unknown.

This is one of the special features of the American wage system and represents a revolution of thought. As economics, it is sound in a new light. Obviously the labor of one who lays 2000 bricks per day in the wall of a building is worth more than twice as much as the labor of one who lays only 1000. It is worth more per brick, because it brings the building so much faster to completion, with all that means in time and interest saved; or, in the case of two costly machines exactly alike, an output of 2000 units per day from one is cheaper per unit than an output of 1000 units per day from the other; and rightly for that reason the larger output may bear a higher reward per unit to the one producing it. As a method, however, it is not possible until both capital and labor see it alike in principle, and labor can trust the employer not to break the basic rate simply because the efficient man is making a handsome wage.

Given these three characteristics of mind, you might expect strange American answers to the Old World problems and riddles of industrialism.

You will remember that industrialism was immigrant here. We did not conceive it. Its spontaneous appearance was in Europe. When it was half a century old and highly developed there, life in this country presented still an agricultural picture. We came late to machine craft. Europe's darling ambition was to monopolize it in order to be able to exchange manufactured goods with the rest of the world for food and raw materials. We imported machines when we could, and when it was impossible to buy them, owing to the European embargo, then we held out inducements to men who could carry the plans in their heads and build them here. And as we got from the Old World the primary methods and mechanisms of industrialism, so at the same time we got the European ways of thinking that had attended it. We imported the European book of political economy. It did not belong here. It was a manual of instructions we had done better perhaps never to have read at all.

Three Schools of Economics

There is grimness in the fact that a people, departed from Europe to find freedom of mind and spirit in the wilderness of the New World and to embrace the dignity of labor, should have imposed on themselves unawares at the beginning of their industrial career a set of Old World formulas, called the science of economics, that had come straight up from traditions of feudalism, caste and peasantry. That was one more piece of mysterious evil to challenge the enterprise of Puritan faith.

You may take it classically that the science of political economy is the study of the creation and distribution of wealth. Historically, in Europe, it shows three principal figures namely, the Utopian, the apologist and the radical. The Utopians are those who flee from reality and take refuge in fantasy. The apologists are those who hold that what is was to be. The radicals are those who propose to seize the moneybags.

Dissimilar as they earnestly think themselves to be, they are rooted all alike. In the manner of the Russian loading the dead horse, they accept the difficulties. They find industrialism working in a certain way and say that is the law of industrialism. They find capital working in a certain way and say that is the law of capital—the law of its nature, as if it had an immutable nature! They find men behaving in certain ways for gain and say this is the law of economic motive. They are one in despair. The Utopians have generally said man was spoiled in his nature by bad rulers and bad experience; so they have taken him as he ideally should be and arranged him in imaginary worlds. That is merely to leave the dead horse on the ground. Reality too difficult.

Between the apologist and the radical there is full agreement, save only as to what should be done in view of the accepted facts. Having examined wealth, idleness, poverty, the uses of capital and the frustrations of human happiness, the apologist has said, "Such is the economic law. The law is implacable. Let things be." This is the celebrated doctrine of *laissez-faire*. The radical has amended this to say, "Such is the law of capitalism, and that law is implacable. Therefore destroy capital."

Counsel of flight. Counsel of do nothing. Counsel of destruction. Make the economic life over by legislating a fantasy; let it be and endure its evils; abolish capitalistic society and save the people from doom

Such were the ways of thinking about it that followed industrialism from Europe to this country The first fruits here were European fruits Climate did nothing to change them. The economic history of the last third of the nineteenth century is the memory of an American nightmare. All that is new began when the collective American mind, with its passion to alter the sacred circumstance and see then what will happen, with its gift for seeing only the thing itself and its preference for any practical solution that will work itself out on the ground over solutions by theory in the air of politics, began freely to act upon the phenomena of industrialism.

There is no natural law of capitalism any more than there is a natural law of voodooism. Capital does not occur in a mysterious manner, with a nature of its own. People invent it, create it, consume it, destroy it. How they create it and what they do with it is the way it works with them, and there is no other law. There was a Mosaic way with capital; it would work now if people were again like that. There is a Mennonite way with capital, there is a European way with capital and there is an American way with capital, and it is in every case the way of people with their own. Every form of society must have an economic structure. A society of ants has that. But there is no universal law of economics any more than there is a universal law of taste or morals. How people produce, divide and consume wealth is according to their capabilities, understanding, industry and character. The formal rules and laws about it merely declare what is standard practice in that time and place, and the practice comes first. The pyramids were built by one way with wealth, skyscrapers are built by another.

This had all to be imagined and then to be demonstrated. First of all, it was necessary to doubt a European philosophy that assumed the existence of a proletariat naturally consecrated to poverty.

The French originated systematic curiosity as to the sources of wealth and how it passes around. They were the first to realize that society must have an organic economic structure. From thinking of it, they visualized it and made a drawing to represent it—the famous Tableau Économique—with hollow columns to symbolize the different classes of society, such as farmers, who alone were productive; then the proprietors and nobles, and finally the sterile class, which included tradesmen, artisans, servants, artists and intellectuals; and among these columns were tubes in zigzag arrangement through which the flow of wealth occurred, like the circulation of blood.

The Industrial Revolution

The enthusiasm for this crude graph was extraordinary. Mirabeau said of it:

"There have been since the world began three great inventions which have principally given stability to political societies, independent of many other inventions which have enriched and advanced them. The first is the invention of writing. The second is the invention of money. The third is the Economical Table, the result of the other two, which completes them both by perfecting their object; the great discovery of our age, but of which our posterity will reap the benefit."

It was a mechanism hitherto invisible that had been all the time working by itself. As they looked at their picture of it they began to think of controlling it. Then they broke into a violent dispute as to whether it was working as it should—whether what they saw happening was the natural order or a deformity of it. Those who believed with Rousseau that man by nature was good, unselfish and wise, and had been degraded by government, so that the only political problem was how to restore him to his natural disposition these said the economic machine was working in aberration; all you had to do was to make it work as its own true nature was and the world would be perfect. Utopias began to be founded. This was in the middle of the eighteenth century. There was yet to occur the French Revolution, in which so much economic fantasia went headlong to disaster that people turned back to reality.

The French had invented an economic mode of thought; but the English founded what is called the science of political economy. Adam Smith's book—The Wealth of Nations, published in 1776—is the imperishable old testament of that science. It was the first work in which the economic life was treated as a system of minute activities for the most part unknown and invisible to one another, and yet all related in a definite manner to one whole scheme. The industrial revolution now was taking place—machine craft displacing hand craft, industrialism in opposition to agriculture, division of labor, foreign trade regarded as an international division of labor, phenomena of cost, value, price and exchange—and always poverty. The wealth of the world increasing prodigiously by new means and still the ache and scandal of human poverty.

Smith's work was primarily descriptive. But running all through it was a thesis that justified the first 100 years of industrialism as a horrible paradox. The thesis was that economic institutions were of natural origin. Therefore nobody could be held responsible for how they worked. Nobody could help how they worked. It was to be supposed that on the whole they worked in a beneficent manner, like other natural things. Labor touched his sympathies. Also, he said labor was the true source of wealth. Nevertheless, he said, there was a natural wage determined by the number of people.

The Market for Labor

"The number of people," he went on, "depends on the demand of society, and this is how it works. Among the proletariat, generally speaking, children are plentiful enough. It is only when wages are very low that poverty and misery cause the death of many of them; but when wages are very high, several of them manage to reach maturity."

That is to say, the wage rates regulate the supply of proletariat.

"It deserves to be remarked," he continued, "that it necessarily does this as nearly as possible in the proportion which the demand for labor requires. If this demand is continually increasing, the reward of labor must necessarily encourage in such a manner the marriage and multiplication of laborers as may enable them to supply that continually increasing demand by a continually increasing population. If the reward should at any time be less than what was requisite for this purpose, the deficiency of hands would soon raise it; and if it should at any time be more, their excessive multiplication would soon lower it to this necessary rate. The market would be so much understocked with labor in the one case and so much overstocked in the other, as would soon force back its price to that proper rate which the circumstances of the society required. It is in this manner that the demand for men, like that for any other commodity, necessarily regulates the production of men; quickens it when it goes on too slowly and stops it when it advances too fast."

The ox prospect for human labor. A proletariat, automatically obedient to the law of demand and supply, that is doomed to fluctuate between just enough at one time and misery at another.

If wages provide it with a little more than enough, it over-produces itself, wages fall and it sinks into misery; when the mortality of misery has made it a little scarce, wages rise to encourage a proper supply from procreation.

It happened that Adam Smith's doctrine of individual irresponsibility for how economic institutions worked, and his remorseless theory of natural wages, perfectly suited the mentality and spirit with which Europe approached the opportunities of industrialism. The idolatry with which his ideas were received, especially in Great Britain, is understood only on the supposition that they met some urgent need of the

Continued on Page 79

From a painting by Elmer Person

Copyright 1927, P & L

Feet, Feet, Feet — Wear, Wear, Wear

SUPREME in wear-resistance on floors—"61" Floor Varnish! Big feet, little feet, sport shoes, dress shoes, brogans, or dainty little heels with the force of hammer blows, are the real test of a floor varnish. This punishment, which every floor must undergo, sounds the death knell to ordinary varnishes. They can not live through it.

"61" Floor Varnish is made to stand up under this continuous friction and pounding. This stamina is built into "61" from the inception of the formula to the final purifying of the product. "61" Floor Varnish forms a tough, hard but elastic film that is not only resistant to wear but also waterproof—proof against liquids, hot or cold.

That is why a floor finished with "61" requires no care. That is also why you can mop it or wash it with soap and water when you want to clean it.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

On furniture and woodwork, "61" Floor Varnish gives even greater service than on floors. Linoleum stays like new if you give it an occasional coat.

For a lustrous floor, use Clear Gloss; for a semi-gloss effect, a last coat of Dull Finish; and for stained effects, the six rich woodstain colors. They are easy to apply.

FREE SAMPLE PANEL

finished with "61" Floor Varnish will be sent on request. Try the "hammer test" on the panel! Color Card and names of local dealers will also be sent you.

GUARANTEE: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give complete satisfaction you may have your money back.

P&L Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Canadian address: 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ont.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

"61" LACQUER ENAMEL

Wherever a quick, durable, opaque enamel finish is desired, use "61" Lacquer Enamel. Dries in thirty minutes! Brushes and flows easily.

"Save the surface and you save all"

Santa's Workshop - Making Gifts that keep on giving

103

HOTPOINT ELECTRIC GIFTS are Santa's favorites. They give joy for many years when other gifts are discarded and forgotten

When you select gifts for your family and friends, consider their term of usefulness. Most gifts last a few days or weeks and are gone and forgotten. If you want to spread greater joy that will last for many years to come, select Hotpoint gifts this year. They keep on giving and are reminders of the giver day after day, year after year.

Your dealer will gladly show you the complete line of Hotpoint Electric Servants ranging in price from $2.50 to $65.00. A few are shown on the opposite page. All have Hotpoint quality, the high quality that has made Hotpoint the world's largest manufacturer of household electric heating appliances and ranges. Decide now to make your 1927 Christmas gift expenditures bring the greatest possible pleasure and satisfaction. Give Hotpoint gifts "That Keep On Giving."

Hotpoint

Hotpoint Gift Suggestions

The Hotpoint American Percolator

A BEAUTIFUL table appointment of American craftsmanship. It makes coffee by the famous Hotpoint "Hot Drip" method which extracts the full aromatic flavor and fragrance. An ideal gift, this handsome paneled percolator. It is made of copper, lined with silver and finished in polished nickel. Only Hotpoint Percolators have the practically indestructible CALROD element, and the Super-Automatic control which makes overheating impossible.

Price $24.25.

Other Hotpoint Percolators from $9.00 to $36.50.

Dolly Madison Percolator Urn Set

GRACE of design and beauty of finish are outstanding in this handsome percolator set. The urn is silver lined; the sugar and creamer gold lined. The best percolator set that money can buy. An unusual gift that will retain its beauty for many years. Its capacity is 8 cups of coffee made by the Hotpoint "Hot Drip" method.

Price $65.00—Satin Silver Finish.
Price $55.00—Polished Nickel Finish.
Other percolator and urn sets as low as $14.25.

De Luxe Waffle Iron

BAKES wonderful, golden-brown waffles without turning. No grease, no odor, no trouble. Just connect it to the nearest electric outlet and pour on the batter. Besides waffles, many enticing desserts can be made on the Hotpoint Waffle Iron. The Hotpoint Waffle Iron is equipped with the patented CALROD heating element which is more efficient and practically indestructible. Finished in highly polished nickel.

Price $15.00.

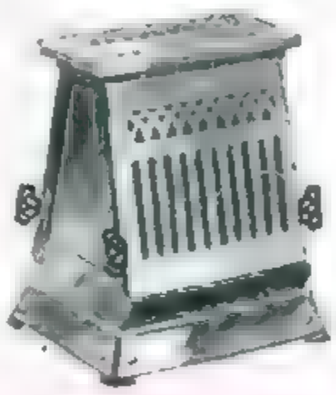
Other Hotpoint Waffle Irons at $10.50 and $11.50.

Hotpoint Trianon Toaster

A HOTPOINT Toast-Over Toaster will be appreciated every day in the year. Toast can be made right at the table. The bread automatically turns when the toast is lowered. The toast is made just right—not too fast, scorching and burning the toast; not too slow, drying out the bread. Finished in highly polished silver.

Price $6.00.

Other Hotpoint Toast-Over Toasters at $6.00 and $8.00.

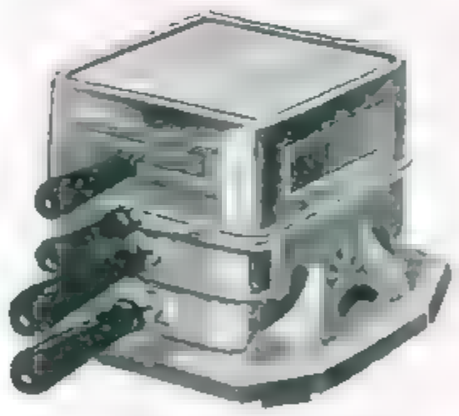


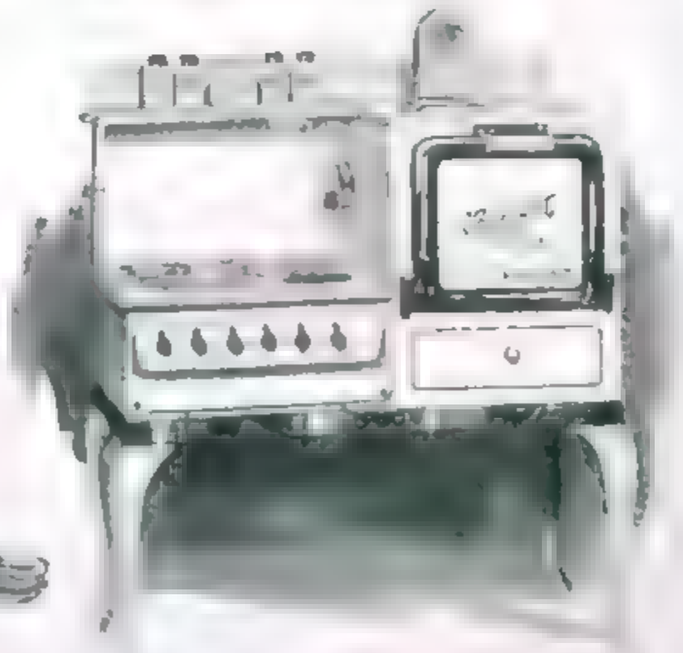
Traveling Press Kit

THIS is the regular 3-pound Hotpoint Iron packed in a light, flexible, patent-finish leatherette case. Ideal gift for the girl or woman who travels. Fits easily into the corner of the overnight or traveling bag. Just the right size for ironing milady's daintier things.

Price $4.95.

3-lb. Iron (without case) at $3.95.





De Luxe Traveling Iron

A BEAUTIFUL 3-pound Hotpoint Iron with ivory enameled wood handle, gray silk cord and plug. Packed in an attractive gray leatherette case with removable tray for cord and plug, hinged top and snap fastener for case. The De Luxe present for the girl at college or the woman who travels.

Price $6.95.

De Luxe Curling Iron Set

THE famous Hotpoint Curler with an ivory finish handle, in a silk-lined, gray leatherette case. The plugs and thumb button are gray to match the gray silk cord. An exclusive feature is the shield which opens parallel to the heated waver rod so that the hair is held evenly for the full length of the rod.

Price $7.50.

Other Hotpoint Curlers as low as $2.50.

Hotpoint Super-Iron

ONLY the Hotpoint Super-Iron has the patented CALROD heating element that is practically indestructible; the Thumb Rest that rests wrist, arm and shoulders; the Hinged Plug that trebles the life of the cord. The Hotpoint Super-Iron is hottest at the point where the iron meets the damp cloth first. An ideal gift of lasting satisfaction.

Price $6.00.

Another 6-pound Iron at $5.00.

Hotpoint Triplex Grill

THE Hotpoint Triplex Grill poaches, toasts, broils, boils or fries—three operations at the same time. It will be appreciated by those who delight in the unusual for Sunday night or midnight supper. Ideal for the bachelor girl and others who do not have regular kitchen facilities. A most convenient electrical appliance because of its many uses. Complete with necessary utensils.

Price $13.50. Duplex Grill at $9.85.

White enameled top Table Stove at $4.00.

Hotpoint De Luxe Christmas Range

HERE'S what Mother Really Wants. This new De Luxe automatic electric range. It will simplify her cooking problems and give her more time for rest and recreation. With its gleaming white enamel and sparkling nickel, this new range will be the beauty spot of the kitchen and the pride of the family.

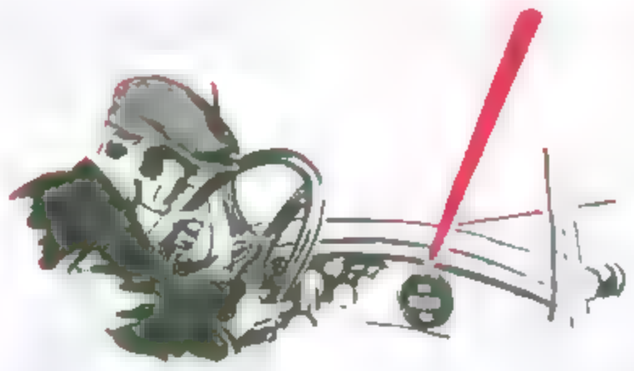
And electric cookery is modern. It is clean, cool, convenient, economical, cooks better food and requires less time in the kitchen.

This new De Luxe range has many added conveniences that make it a wonderful gift. Ask your electric light company for terms and prices on Hotpoint Electric Ranges. There's a Hotpoint Electric Range for every purse and purpose.

Hotpoint Electric Gifts are for sale by electric light companies and leading electrical dealers everywhere.

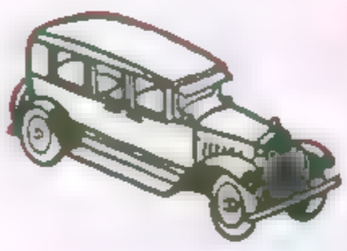
EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
5600 West Taylor St., Chicago, Illinois *Factories:* Chicago, Illinois, and Ontario, California
Branches and Factory Service Stations in the principal cities
In Canada: Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto
World's Largest Manufacturer of Household Electric Heating Appliances

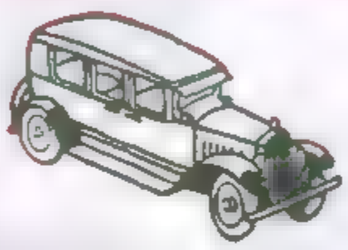
SERVANTS



Your Speedometer talks

—and tells why even cars of the same make and model require different grades of oil





LET'S take any three people who own the same make of car. The general idea is that they all can use the same grade of motor oil.

But, what do their speedometers say? If one car is new—if the speedometer on the second shows it has been driven "2,000 miles", and the speedometer reading for the third is "12,000 miles"—*the speedometers say the degree of wear in each engine is different.* It is common sense that the more miles a car travels the more *space* there is worn between the piston and the cylinder wall. That's why each of these cars requires a different grade of oil, and will continue to require a different grade until each has reached the same degree of wear in the cylinders.

It is in this *space* between the piston and the cylinder wall that oil does its biggest job. Oil must always have exactly the right body to fit that *space* and seal it, so that when the piston comes up there will be full compression on the compression stroke, and when it goes down there will be full power on the power stroke.

That's correct lubrication—the right grade of oil to fit the degree of wear in the cylinder as indicated by the mileage on the speedometer. That's the foundation of the Sinclair Law of Lubrication and the Sinclair Recommendation Index, the basis on which Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil is made and sold. Watch your speedometer when you buy oil and tell the Authorized Sinclair Dealer your speedometer reading. He'll give you correct lubrication.

He'll give you the right grade of Opaline Oil that will give you increased compression and power. . . greater security and economy of operation . . . more mileage from gasoline . . . less dilution and sludge . . . less carbon trouble . . . less wear and lower repair bills . . . and increased pleasure in driving.

He'll give you the grade that seals the space between the pistons and the cylinder walls and reduces the noise of operation by cushioning the bearings and all moving parts in your engine. Try buying oil by mileage!

SINCLAIR REFINING COMPANY, INC.

Also Makers of Sinclair Gasoline and H-C Gasoline

New York	Detroit	Chicago	Omaha
Atlanta	Kansas City	Houston	Boston

SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL

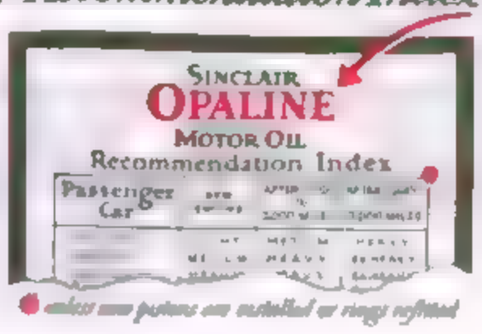
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Seals Power at Every Degree of Wear

Stop where you see this sign

Picture contents copyrighted 1927 by Sinclair Refining Company, Inc.

tell the dealer your mileage 02540 he will give you the right grade of OPALINE MOTOR OIL as shown on the *Sinclair Recommendation Index* based on the SINCLAIR LAW *of* LUBRICATION • ⟦ *for every machine of every degree of wear there is a scientific* SINCLAIR OIL *to suit its speed and seal its power* ⟧ • • • This correct method of oil application is exclusive with the Authorized Opaline Dealer • • Ask him for the booklet "*The Sinclair Law of Lubrication*" • • • • • • • • • • • • • •



(Continued from Page 74)

human conscience. On The Wealth of Nations as a Bible was reared a complete system of thought. It was taught in the primary schools and even in nurseries as finished truth that children ought to understand; it was expounded in the form of popular tales and conversations with young Caroline by Miss Martineau and Mrs. Marcet. Its hold on the mentality of Europe is not broken to this day. Its influence upon economic and political behavior is still powerful, if not dominant.

After Adam Smith came Malthus, with his law of population, to prove that the human race tends to reproduce itself faster than the means of sustenance can be increased; therefore inevitably, and as a natural fact, a great fringe of misery.

"The poor are themselves the cause of their own poverty," he said, simply by not refraining from excessive procreation. Thus the responsibility for poverty is passed from the ill working of economic institutions, which no one can help, to the proletariat itself.

Next came Ricardo, whose authority was great because he was himself a capitalist and able from experience to confirm what the economists had deduced by theory. He said:

"The natural price of labor is that price which is necessary to enable the laborers one with another to subsist and to perpetuate their race without either increase or diminution."

Adam Smith had treated labor as a commodity. Here Ricardo treats it as of a race apart. He added:

"It is a truth which admits of no doubt that the comforts and well-being of the poor cannot be permanently secured without some regard on their part or some effort on the part of the legislature to regulate the increase of their numbers."

And it was Ricardo who stated it as a law that wages and profits were in direct opposition. One could not be increased except at the expense of the other, and this conflict was eternal, again like any other natural fact.

The Cost of Production

The revised and polished version of all this thinking was written by John Stuart Mill, who, from regarding with his emotions what his mind said was logically true, became a tormented pessimist, full of melancholy reflections on the futility of progress, wishing for a stationary state and wondering if life was not destined to run itself out in a quagmire. There was some heresy in him. All the laws of economics, he said, were not natural laws, immutable.

"The laws and conditions of the production of wealth partake of the character of physical truths," he said. "It is not so," he believed, "with the distribution of wealth. This is a matter of human institutions solely. The things once there, mankind individually or collectively can do with them as they like."

Such a thought about division was heretical; it was socialistic. But it was not serious, really, and did no damage to the fundamental thought that governed European industrialism, because at the same time he was, within that thought, sound as to wages. It was he who formulated in a final manner what the socialists have ever since called the brazen law of wages. Natural wages, in the long run, he said, were determined, as the price of everything was determined, by the cost of production—by the cost of producing the human worker. And the famous limited-wage-fund law he stated thus:

"Wages depend on the proportion between the number of the laboring population and the capital devoted to the purchase of labor, and cannot under the rule of competition be affected by anything else."

What did an emotional heresy about division matter when at the same time he proved by logic that wages, representing labor's share in the total product of wealth, were twice limited—once by a natural price, which was nothing else than the cost of producing a laborer, and again by a rigid wage fund? He was himself distressed by the implications. The only means of amelioration he could suggest were, first, to increase the wage fund by saving, and, second, to limit procreation. When the socialists retorted that from the natural wage as he defined it there was nothing to be saved, and that his other means meant condemning the laborer to celibacy, he recanted and withdrew his theory. This produced a great sensation in the world of respectable economic thought. But on reflection he felt obliged to put it back, because it was logic, and he did put it back, wishing it were not so. There it is.

In the industrial countries, or in those destined to become such, especially Great Britain and France, government very easily accepted the thought system founded on Adam Smith, because it canceled moral responsibility. The economic affair was governed by natural law. No one could change it. The less it was meddled with the better. The play of individual self-interest was triumphant. Each for himself and none for all. Sentiment, the humanitarian impulse, a feeling for the poor, socialness—these were attributes of the emotional nature. The economic man was another animal; the only way he could act was for his own, by a natural principle of selfishness.

Just Enough and Too Little

And for a while it did seem that this was the régime required for the development of industry in its new form. It flourished amazingly. Appeared the great centers of production, such as Manchester and Birmingham in England, Lille and Mulhouse in France. Wealth increased in a fabulous manner, with a concentrating tendency.

But where was the prosperity?

There was much more wealth. That was evident to all senses of measurement. There was more poverty, too; or, in any case, the spectacle of it was more terrible. Misery, like wealth, was tending to concentrate itself in a few places and thus all contrasts were intensified. Magnificence and high profits on one hand, for the few; on the other hand, low wages, long hours, squalor and wretchedness for the many—for the proletariat as a race apart. Conditions became so bad that the manufacturers themselves became alarmed lest the growing generation should become hopelessly enervated under the strain of exhaustive toil for sometimes as many as fifteen hours a day, and insufficient nourishment at the end of it.

What could they do? They were not responsible. Such was the economic law, including the law of wages—the law that wages must vacillate between just enough and not enough to sustain life, for that was the natural price of labor.

Sensitive natures began to rebel. There arose socialists, communists, anarchists, mystics like Renan and moral judges like Carlyle, all saying the economic life was abominable.

Beneath the visible tragedy that moved them was another in which they themselves were involved unawares. This was a tragedy of the mind. One spell worked upon Utopians, radicals and conservatives alike. They believed the same things held among them a common delusion. That is to say, they regarded the evils complained of as inherent in the nature of economic institutions, inevitably proceeding from the natural laws that governed them.

The Utopians, seeing how industrialism worked, and being unable to imagine its working in any other way, pleaded with people to forsake it. Seeing how competition worked, and unable to imagine any other principle of competition, they preached coöperation. Seeing how private capital worked, and with no intuition that it could work differently in a capitalistic state of society, they embraced communism.

The radicals, believing with the conservatives that there was an eternal conflict between profits and wages, demanded that the wage-and-profit system be abolished. Believing with the conservatives that in a capitalistic state of society, owing to that eternal conflict, there was bound to be a proletariat doomed to poverty, they advocated the overthrow of society.

This is finally illustrated in the case of Karl Marx, the great Buddha of radicalism, whose name for more than half a century has been a terror to European capitalism. He did not attack the economic law as it was founded on Adam Smith. He agreed with Smith, Ricardo and Mill. What he undertook to do was to push the law to its ultimate conclusion, as no one else had dared to do. Not only would he prove that such was the law of capitalistic society and capitalistic production; by the same pure logic he would prove that the law was implacable. This the others had not proved; they had assumed it. In a surprising manner Marx avoided the discovery that the law was false. The spell saved him from that pitfall. Two or three times he seemed to glimpse it or suspect it, and each time he put a mark there. For, of course, if he had stumbled into it his whole thesis would have fallen.

What he thought he had proved was that the same necessity obliging capitalistic society to exploit the proletariat equally obliged it to destroy itself. The rich would become richer and fewer and the poor more wretched and numerous, until at last the proletariat at one gulp would swallow up the rich.

"What the bourgeoisie"—the capitalistic middle class—"produces above all," he said, "are its own gravediggers."

Thus, under the law, the doom of the proletariat was poverty, but the doom of capitalistic society was death. In his calm moments he seemed quite indifferent as to when or how the fate should fall—whether by an act of violence or by a simple declaration of the fact accomplished. Most of his followers, few of whom are capable of understanding his process of logic, construe him to prefer class war in its violent aspect.

Sun Spots and Cycles

The whole drama of European industrialism was like a dream to which no one had the key. In the physical dimension appeared and reappeared a kind of reality that was mistaken for a mirage. That was the phenomenon of overproduction, causing panics, periods of frightful depression and unemployment. The first occurrence of this kind was in 1815, when the British merchants and industrialists found themselves with more goods than they could sell. Their own people had no reserve buying power because the natural wage had held them to the barest necessaries of life from day to day; and the Napoleonic Wars had left the world at large in a low economic state, so that the export market failed. The next crisis was in 1818. There was another in 1825.

Every few years this thing occurred—overproduction and poverty at the same time, too many goods and nothing to buy them with.

The economists, as you might suppose, assumed the existence of a natural law for this contradiction. The recurrence of crises suggested periodicity. The word "periodicity" suggested "cycle." If you could see it all in one heap you would be astonished at the extent of the profound literature on cycles in business. One eminent economist traced the natural law thereof to sun spots and wrote a book to prove it. If sun spots caused industrial depressions, overproduction and unemployment, then, of course, it was God's business. Economic institutions were not to blame; again, nobody was responsible.

Why did the economic thought of Europe assume this false fatalistic shape? One is obliged to ask that question. Why was industrialism in Europe accompanied by a logic that proved always its limitations—a natural wage just above the line of misery, a proletariat whose lot could not be mitigated, a perpetual conflict between profit

$1.50
with leather case
The Perfect Gift for the Motorist!
WHEN you choose a U. S. TIRE GAUGE as a Christmas gift you are giving an accessory needed by every car owner. This gift will be appreciated for its utility value and its regular use will assure thousands of miles of added tire service.
The U. S. TIRE GAUGE is guaranteed accurate to the pound!
It fits all types of wheels, is handy to use and as easy to read as your watch. Sturdy construction is in keeping with the unbreakable crystal.
Ask for the U. S. TIRE GAUGE by name at your dealer's. If he cannot supply you, order direct. Price, $1.50, with leather case.
UNITED STATES GAUGE CO.
New York and Chicago
Makers of Pressure and Vacuum Gauges All Sizes and Types for Every Purpose
Give a
U.S. TIRE GAUGE
for Christmas

The Future of Air Commerce—
The Future of Radio Power—
is Written in One Word—

"HELIUM"

SCIENCE gave to the world a new gas—helium. And the day when great air liners shall connect our shores with Europe was brought closer by years.

With that same gift of Science began a new era in the rectification of light-socket power for radio use. For it was the discovery of helium that made possible the Raytheon Rectifying Tube.

The filament in the ordinary tube deteriorates while it is emitting electrons. In Raytheon, ionized helium gas, eighty times more conductive than copper, is used in place of a filament. This ionized helium supplies over and over again millions of electrons per second, with no deterioration to the helium. It is ionized helium which gives Raytheon its *sustained voltage* throughout the longest life of any rectifying tube on the market.

Among the many Raytheon-equipped power units by forty leading makers, there is one best suited to your receiving set. Ask your dealer which one it is.

TYPE BH	TYPE BA	TYPE R
Standard for "B" Power Units. 125 m.a., 300 volts.	For complete A-B-C Power 350 m.a.	Voltage Regulator 90 volts, 60 m.a.
Price $4.50	*Price $7.50*	*Price $4.00*

RAYTHEON MANUFACTURING CO., Cambridge, Mass.

The green Raytheon Seal identifies a Raytheon-equipped power unit. Look for it when purchasing an eliminator.

Raytheon
LONG LIFE RECTIFYING TUBE

and wages, a remorseless law of capital, the utter impossibility of diffusing prosperity in a progressive manner?

The answer is, if they could persuade the mind to prove these things, then their scheme of human relationships was justified. Their thinking was rich, but their traditions were fixed. All the reasoning with which they proved to themselves a false economic case was but a dialectic, and beneath it was a social assumption that could not be proved. That assumption was—and still is—that a certain structure of society is ordained and natural, a caste structure, one caste to labor, one to contrive and one to enjoy—the lower, the middle and the upper classes. Thus, class warfare in the Old World, now taking its images from industrialism and employing the language of economics, is simply the ancient social struggle among those three classes. Industrialism intensified it, principally by massing the political power of the lower class.

Industrialism did not create the proletariat; it did not limit the prosperity of the proletariat. It was proletarianism deep-rooted in the Old World system that limited the tremendous social significance of tools and methods whereby for the first time in the history of mankind there is the feasibility of great plenty

A Foreign Philosophy

It must now be fairly clear why the book of economics that we received along with industrialism from the Old World did not belong here. In the first place, it defined limitations, and we disbelieved in limitations. In the second place, it was designed for and took to be forever granted a social structure that did not exist here. That is to say, industrialism as we received it was founded on a foreign philosophy, one that we had definitely rejected in the Declaration of Independence. It was one of two things that could happen. We had either to change our social philosophy or change the meaning of industrialism; and for a long time, half a century at least, there was doubt as to which would happen.

It was an American, Francis Amasa Walker, in 1876, who prepared the destruction of the two disastrous foreign theories that there was a natural wage for labor, meaning the bare living wage, and, that profits and wages were in perpetual conflict.

What did it mean that among competitive industries it often happened—as a rule, it happened—that the one making the highest profit was the one that paid also the highest wages? This invariably turned out to be the most efficient industry of its kind.

The Limit of Wages and Profits

Thus, it occurred to him that wages need be limited in fact only by the productivity of labor; and as for profits, it occurred to him that "Under free and full competition, the successful employers of labor would earn a remuneration which would be exactly measured, in the case of each man, by the amount of wealth which he could produce with a given application of labor and capital, over and above what would be produced by employers of the lowest industrial or no-profits grade, making use of the same amounts of capital and labor."

Therefore profit was not that horizontal charge upon production which the European book of economics said it was. Profit, above interest on the capital employed, might be pure surplus, a plus quantity altogether; that is to say, it might be an actual increase in the production of wealth from better methods and higher skill, with only the same amount of capital and labor as before. So wages and profits were limited not by each other at all, but only by the productivity of capital and labor in collaboration.

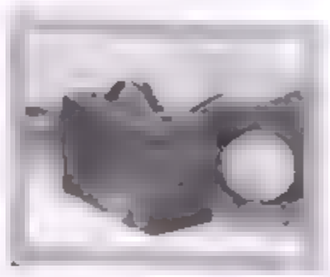
These ideas, though now so familiar among us, were at that time strange. We did not copyright them. They were free to the whole world. But it was only here they took root. They grew slowly at first, and more slowly in the gardens of economic theory than in the testing grounds of experience. In notable instances they were proved by results. Their implications enlarged. Then suddenly they put forth their strength and overthrew the European book of economics.

This, you see, was their native soil.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Garrett. The second will appear next week

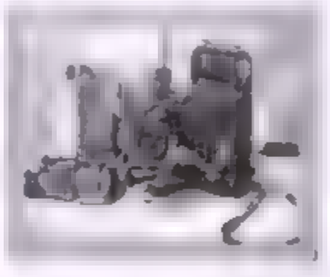
On the Trail of the Shadows, Longmire Springs, Rainier National Park, Washington

The 1A Kodak Series III ... Kodak Anastigmat ... Takes pictures ... Price ...



The ... Box Brownie shown here makes an ideal children's gift ... Takes pictures ... Price $... Other models from $... to $5

This Model B Vest Pocket Kodak is handy to carry. Takes pictures 1⅝" x 2½". Price $5. Other Vest Pocket Kodak models up to $25.



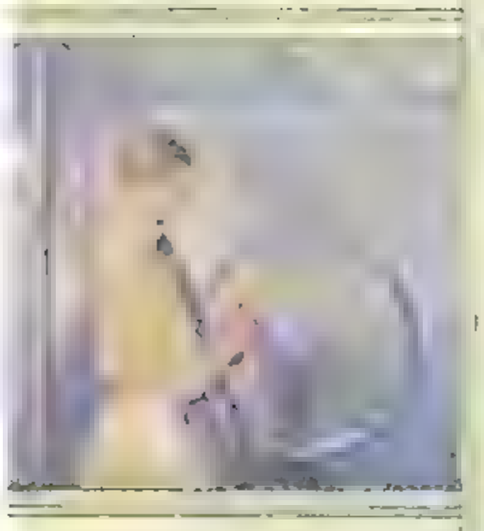
This popular 1A Pocket Kodak Series II with f. 7.7 lens costs but $23. Takes pictures 2½" x 4¼". No. 1 Pocket Kodak Series II (picture size 2¼" x 3¼") with f. 7.7 lens - $21

Start Your List with a Christmas KODAK

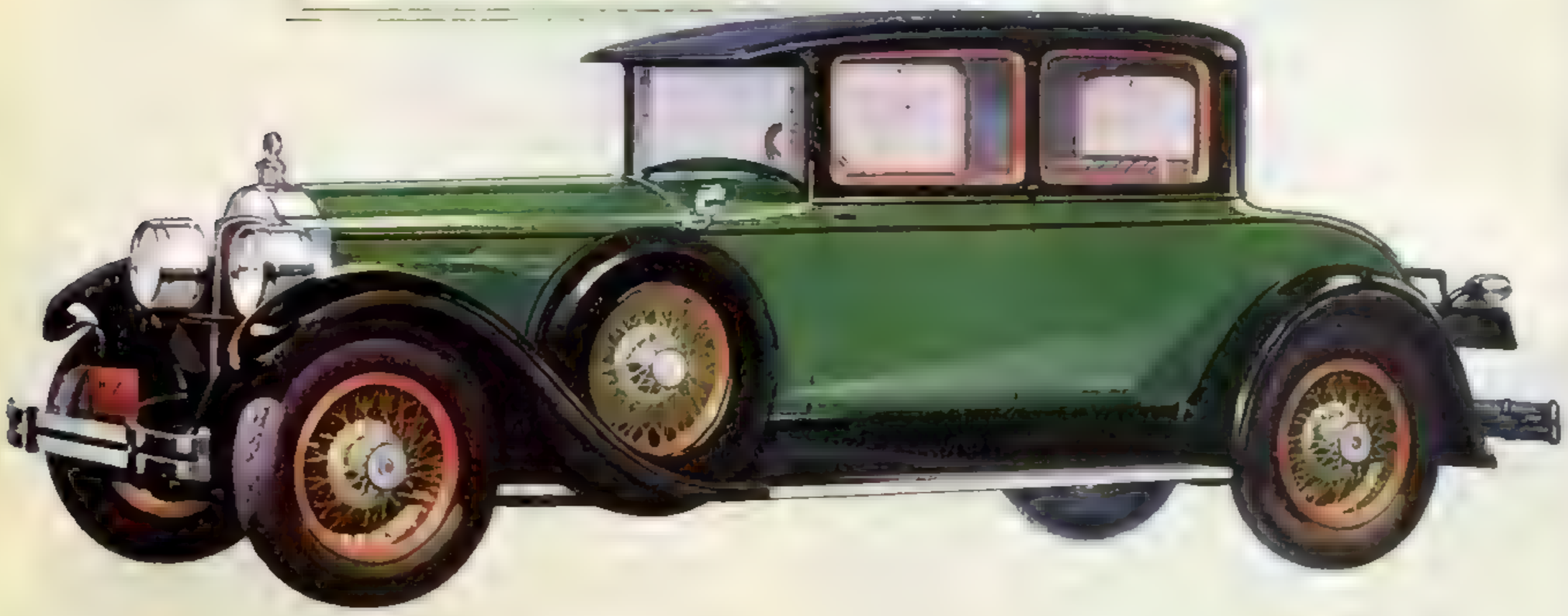
THE true spirit of Christmas is in a Kodak, as in nothing else. A spirit that means real enjoyment in the giving . . . a real thrill in the receiving. A gift that embodies the true meaning of the Christmas custom . . . lasting fun . . . perpetual joy . . . intimate friendships. For the Kodak itself gives all of these. Lasting fun in the never-ceasing opportunities it affords for taking artistic pictures . . . perpetual joy in the happy scenes it records forever . . . intimate friendships in the associations its pictures keep intact. Make this a Kodak Christmas. Look at the cameras illustrated on this page. There's a Kodak dealer nearby who will gladly help you make your selection.

Remember . . . you may also purchase an entire Home Movie Outfit . . . Ciné-Kodak Camera, Kodascope Projector and Screen, for as low as $140. It makes an ideal gift for the entire family. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

No. 1A Pocket Kodak with Kodak Anastigmat lens f. 6.3, price $18. Takes pictures ... Other Pocket Kodaks, $9 up.



The art of enameling dates from the fifteenth century, when Venetian glass workers discovered the secret of firing enamel on metal surfaces



IN EXTERIOR finish as in a hundred other important details of design and craftsmanship the Packard is a modern expression of the painstaking care which artists of the past have lavished on their far less exacting work.

Packard's new enameling equipment, costing many hundreds of thousands of dollars, mechanically eliminates even the possibility of defective work. And it is but one item in the millions of dollars' worth of improved facilities which spell perfection at every stage of Packard production and finish.

The new series Packard cars are more beautiful and distinguished in appearance, more restful and luxurious in comfort and finer in precision of design and manufacture than any previous Packard ever was. Owners find them a perfect blending of artistic and mechanical achievement.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

STORY BY—

(Continued from Page 13)

"Outside," said the little man, after a moment's thought. "The boss is back there."

He carefully wiped the batter from his hands, removed his box cap and stepped out to the walk, followed by the Hollywood promoters.

"Now," said Thune, "how much do they pay you here?"

"Seventeen a week," replied Deszo, blinking in the sun, and they observed that his conversational tone was a hoarse whisper. "Why?"

"How would you like a new job?"

"This is a good job. I'm gonna get eighteen. The guy feeds me."

"I'm offering you a better job than that. I'll pay you twenty-five dollars a week."

"Cookin' cakes?"

"No cakes."

"What doin' then?"

"Nothing."

Mr. Kiadas gave his apron a slight tug and his countenance contracted into a Balkan scowl.

"Don't kid me," he said. "I got my work to do."

"I'm not kidding you. I'm offering you twenty-five a week and a steady job."

"And I don't do nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Do I feed myself?"

"No. We pay all expenses, including food, clothing and rent."

"You ain't cuckoo, are you?"

"We are not cuckoo."

"Where is this job?"

"Hollywood."

"When does it begin?"

"Right this minute."

"How do I get paid?"

"In advance," said Thune; "every week in advance."

Mr. Kiadas considered this amazing matter for an instant, looking hard at the strangers. He was apparently a man of instantaneous decisions.

"Wait here," he said. "I'll be with you."

He moved rapidly into the Busy Corner, undoing his apron strings, and within plain sight of his new employers, he resigned his job. The owner came forward, conferred with Deszo, cursed him fluently before the customers and flatly refused to pay him seven dollars of due money. Mr. Kiadas told the proprietor a few lamentable facts about his ancestors, disappeared from sight and presently emerged with the battle light still in his eye. He now wore a greasy black suit, slightly green, the pants of which were too short, a streaky yellow-and-white shirt, a derby hat with a hole in it, and no necktie.

"That bird was sore," he announced, grinning. "I'm workin' for you now. Where do we go?"

"Hollywood," answered Thune. "What nationality are you?"

"Me? I'm a Greek."

"What's your name?"

"Deszo Kiadas."

"Can you read English?"

"No. If this is a reading job, I'm through now."

"Good!" said Britt. "Did you ever go to school?"

"A guy like me don't need to go to school."

"You get better every minute," returned Britt, beaming.

At the running board, the new man paused and considered Thune's hearty invitation to climb into the rumble seat and make himself comfortable.

The ex-cake tosser surveyed his associates, and again the dark mantle of suspicion fell upon him.

"Say," he began, "before goin' any further, let's get this straight. They ain't anything funny about this job, is there?"

"Funny?" Britt asked.

"I mean we don't break any laws. I don't go climbin' in windows or like that. I broke a law once, and one law is my limit."

"This," said Thune in just indignation, "is an honest, legitimate job. Do we look like a couple of crooks?"

"No," admitted Deszo, climbing slowly aboard; "but on the other hand, a couple of crooks don't look like a couple of crooks either."

The automobile rolled rapidly south in the sunshine, with Mr. Kiadas clinging fast to his derby and pondering the future.

"So far," Thune announced, "this has moved along nice. The fellow on the back seat is the hardest part of it. We got him. The rest ought to be apple pie."

"Here's something else," Britt suggested as they bowled along: "You've been calling our friend Señor Alvarado. That's no good when a man's got a valuable name like Deszo Kiadas. There is a name for anybody, and plenty foreign."

"Right you are. The change is hereby made. From now on it is Señor Deszo Kiadas, the great Spanish dramatist, visiting America for the first time."

"Maybe it isn't a Spanish name."

"All right. Who's going to know that in Hollywood?"

At the first stop for gasoline, Mr. Kiadas—now señor—climbed stiffly down from his rumble perch, removed his iron hat with an effort and watched the man fill the tank.

"I been goin' over it," he said to Thune. "You gentlemen worked pretty fast, and if it's all the same to everybody, I'd like to get this week's pay now."

"Certainly," Thune replied, without anger, and the señor was paid.

"And I don't do anything?" Deszo asked again, counting his pay as he prepared to resume the journey.

"Not a thing," Britt said. "Just keep your mouth shut."

"Somethin' funny about it, and I'll always say so," reiterated the señor. "And remember, we ain't openin' up any banks at night, and I am no good going through bureau drawers with a lady screaming. I am a fella that obeys the law."

In Hollywood, his future home, Mr. Kiadas found himself presently in a doubtful little hotel on a decidedly side street, where people asked no questions. His board and lodging were paid in advance and his instructions were to lead a blameless and unspectacular life, avoiding contact with his fellow men, staying close to his room by day and scrupulously keeping the lower part of his face motionless if he desired to go on holding a sweet position. The señor amiably fell into his new mode of living, contemplated himself as one marked unaccountably by the gods for the bestowal of fine fortune and was more than ever convinced that, regardless of the unknown plans of his employers, it must have been another fellow.

With mounting enthusiasm, Messrs. Thune and Britt rented space on the boulevard and opened an office, the firm name being Thune & Company and the business announced as an official agency for the transaction of traffic with motion-picture producers, actors, authors, artists and all interested in the advance of the cinema. The new agency was received calmly by the movies. Somebody is forever opening an agency in Hollywood, or closing one, and those who knew Thune concluded that after starving for years at the business of writing scenarios, he would now go on starving as an agent. Mr. Thune glanced at a man painting gold letters upon the office window and smiled contentedly. Inside, Mr. Britt was already purking away on the typewriter, manufacturing news items for the local press concerning the affairs of Senor Deszo Kiadas, the Spanish Shakspere.

Mr. Thune likewise attacked the problem of spreading the fair fame of the gifted Spaniard over whom the Latin countries were excited, and early items for Hollywood consumption bore such headings as Deszo Kiadas May Come to Hollywood, Noted Spanish Dramatist Succumbs to Lure of Films.

The film capital was given to understand that, incredible as it might sound, there was a grain of truth in the oft-repeated rumor that the volatile señor might be persuaded to leave his happy Spain and risk the terrors of a sea trip. Hollywood knows very little about Spain, except that it is a pink country over there, probably near Italy, containing a horde of novelists, playwrights painters and bullfighters whose names cannot be pronounced.

A few days after the opening-gun announcement, literary news of the week revealed that the Red Lizard was now running in its third month at the El Tovar Theater in Bukharest and that Señor Kiadas was considering an offer to shoot the Lizard into the films. British capital was seeking to lure Kiadas, with the promise that his plays should be made into high-class movies, under his own direction if he desired. It was shown, too, that even with a poor film production, the Kiadas plays made admirable motion pictures, and in his reference to the playwright, Mr. Thune treated him as a combination or essence of Shaw, Molière, George M. Cohan, Pinero and Mr. Barrie.

The public was informed that arrangements had been made by Thune & Company to handle all American business for Señor Kiadas, a distinct feather in the cap of the budding agency when so many were clamoring for the distinction. The president of a large movie corporation pushed a button and conferred with the head of his scenario department.

"What about him?" the president demanded. "You know anything about him?"

"Certainly," replied the head, without a moment's hesitation.

"Who is he?"

"One of the big ones. Wrote the Red Lizard, which is now running in Algiers."

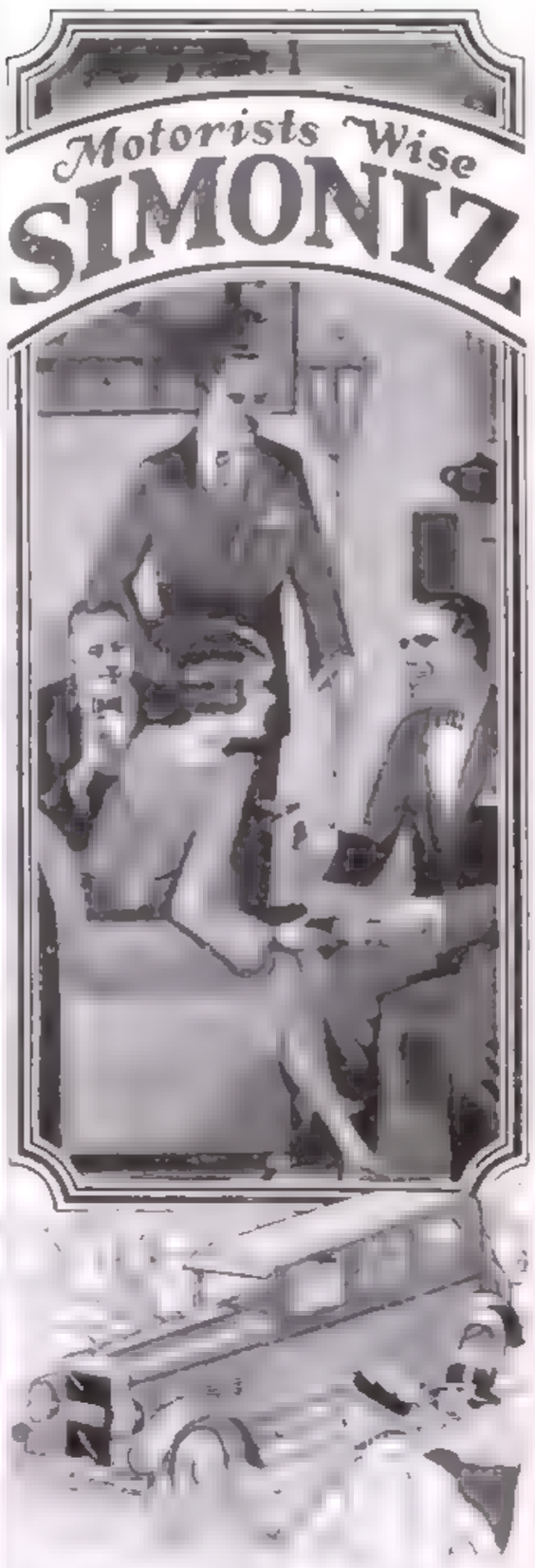
"Better get a line on him," murmured the executive.

"I've been working on it for two weeks," replied the head, and with an unabashed smile he walked back to his own office.

Mr. Thune now stepped the speed up a notch and newspapers announced that Deszo Kiadas was on his way to London to supervise personally the filming of his international success, the Calm Madonna. Next day this cablegram was denied and it was said that Señor Kiadas had definitely turned against the British films, stating that their methods were inept and that he looked with greater favor upon the American idea. Señor Kiadas accepted the handsome offer of the Transport Film Corporation of New York for the morning papers and declined to have anything to do with Transport Films in the afternoon editions.

There are numberless items a press agent can send to the papers and numberless ways to have them printed, and the agency of Thune & Company saw to it that the public prints did not suffer for want of news about the oncoming senor. Thune piqued the curiosity of an indulgent editor, who asked him to do a little sketch of Señor Kiadas for the Sunday paper, and the Thune agency responded with the full life chronicle of Spain's big man, anecdotes dealing with his plays and novels, pictures of his palatial mansion in Madrid, photographs of bullfights in West Barcelona at which the senor was present in the left-field stands and a snapshot showing the crowd trying to get into the Lisbon Theater on the opening night of a Kiadas tragedy in three acts. The summary concluded with a brief note to the American people assuring them that this man was coming and

(Continued on Page 86



Every Car Needs a Simoniz Overcoat

Simoniz is the "winter overcoat" I put on my car for its protection against rain, snow, sleet and mud.

There's nothing like SIMONIZ, as every wise motorist knows. It keeps the color from fading. Simonizing is really the proven way to protect the finish of your car in all weather so that it will always look new and beautiful.

SIMONIZ KLEENER is wonderful. It quickly and easily removes all discoloration spots and blemishes, bringing out the brightness and luster of the color . . . then SIMONIZ gives a hard dry finish, adds to the brilliancy of the luster and forms a lasting and protective finish that is easily kept bright and beautiful with a soft cloth.

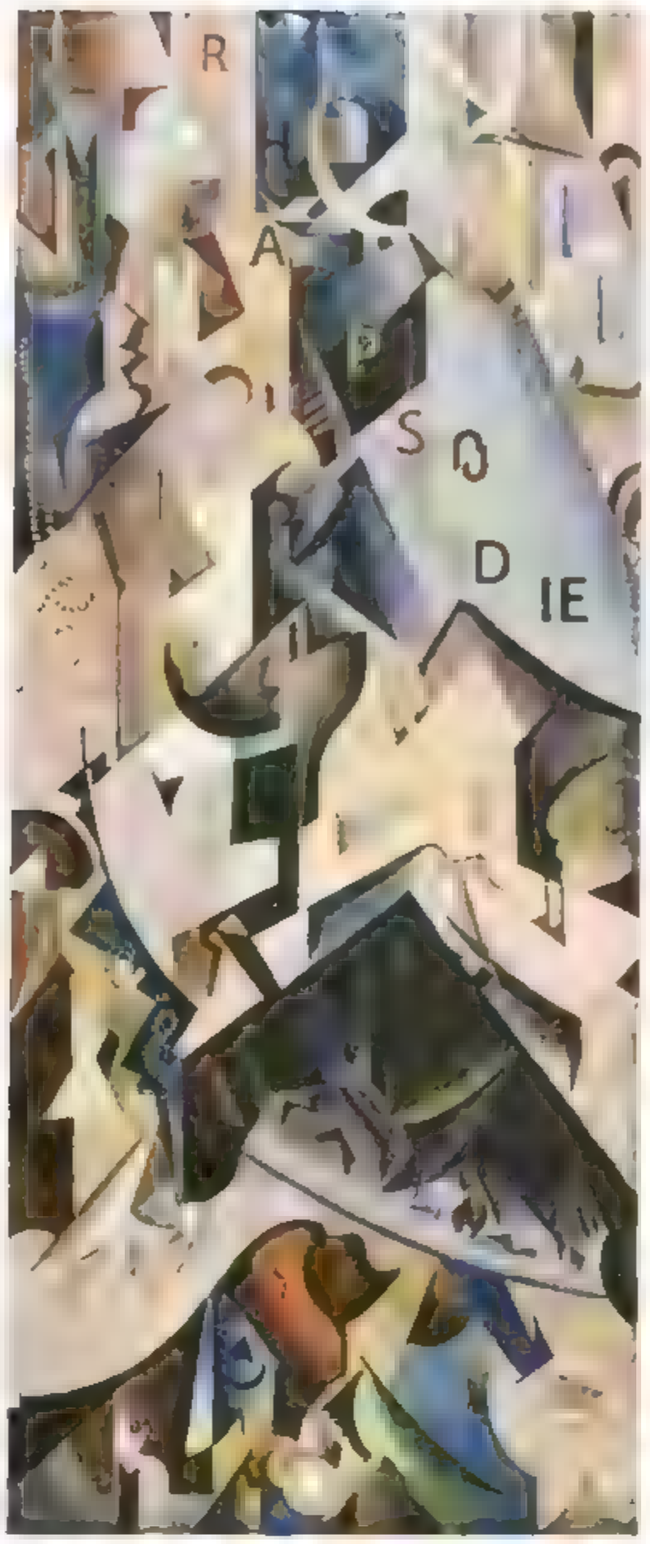
Insist on SIMONIZ

THE SIMONIZ CO.
2116 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
New York London Paris Melbourne

Only 60c
Each in
U. S. A.

Apply with a Soft Cloth

The Steinway you have longed to own is well within your reach



THERE is something in the character of a fine piano which strikes a fundamental note in all of us. . . . Its beauty of line and tone . . . its grace . . . its swift, proud answer to the lightest touch . . . its loyalty.

Such a piano is more than a noble instrument. It becomes a companion, a mentor, a friend. It speaks with the voice of understanding. It adapts itself to a mood. In every phase of existence it offers its measure of joy, delight, or consolation.

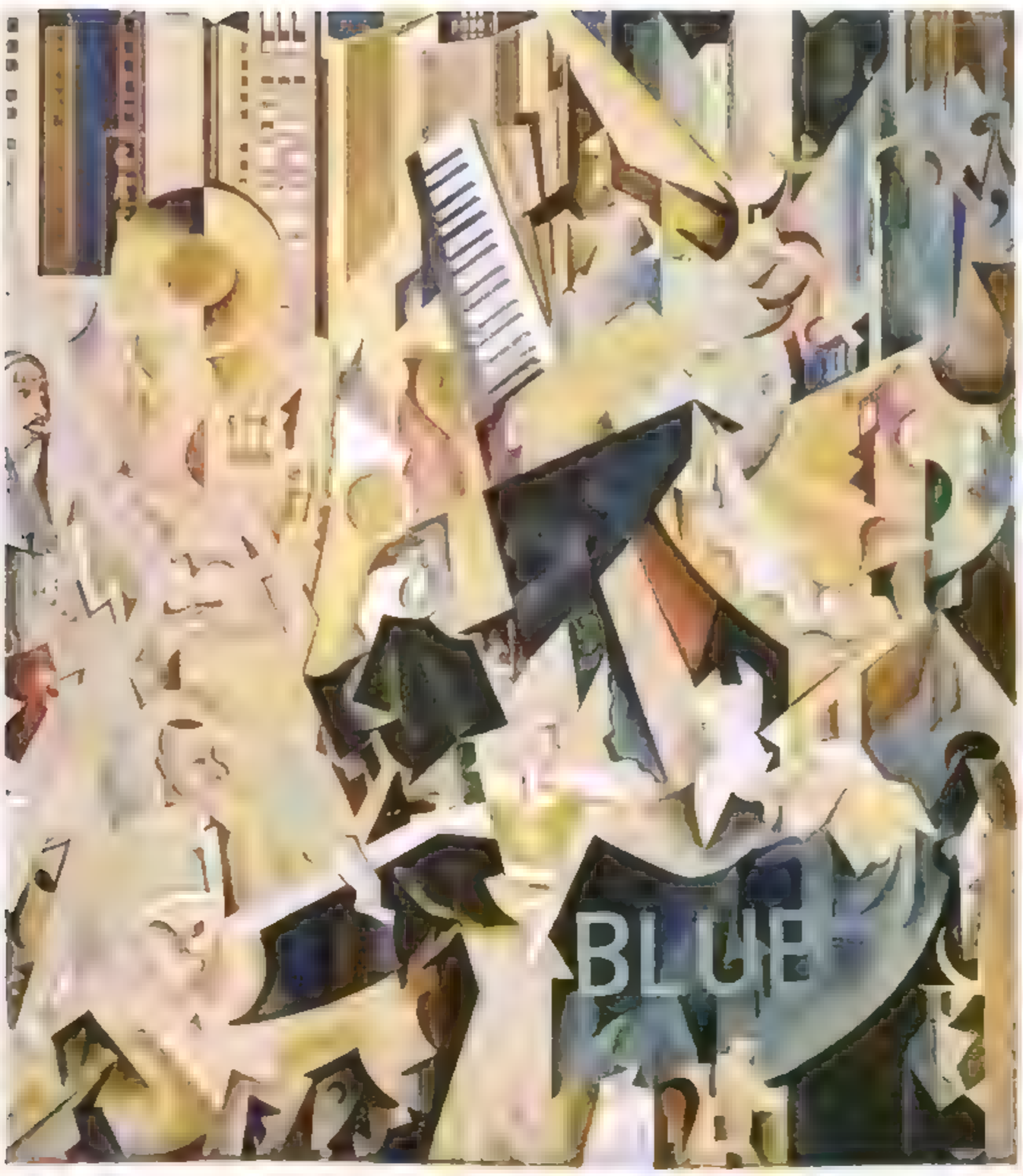
It is in this personal relationship with its owner that the Steinway reveals the full extent of its superiority. There has never been another piano to compare with it, in either the loveliness of its tone or the duration of its service. For more than seventy years it has been the choice of the most distinguished musicians, from Wagner to Paderewski. From the beginning, it has been "The Instrument of the Immortals."

In those seventy years an international reputation has grown up around the name of Steinway. Both in the home and on the concert stage its position as

The Steinway
Ebonized Baby Grand—
a new instrument; an extraordinary
piano value—$1375

A genuine Steinway of this size and power—at $1375—is an exceptional value! Its ebonized finish harmonizes readily with any plan of interior decoration, and its length of 5 ft. 7 in. is such as to conserve floor space and still retain that breadth and beauty of tone which a true grand piano ought to have.

This piano (as any Steinway) can be bought for a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years.



An interpretation of George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*— painted by Earl Horter

In any discussion of the future of American music, George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* sooner or later becomes the center of controversy. Many believe it to be the first significant departure in the establishment of a native school of composition. Certainly it is among the most ambitious and successful of all experiments in the American idiom.

George Gershwin has written of the Steinway: "My experience forces the conclusion that whether on the concert stage or in the home, the Steinway is incomparable!"

the world's foremost piano is sure and undisputed. . . . Yet that renown was not sought as an end in itself. It came rather as an outgrowth of the unswerving determination of four generations of the Steinway family to build the best, the finest instrument that human hands could make.

And in this they have been eminently successful. For in the Steinway piano not the slightest concession is made—in either time, or fine materials, or care. Five years and eleven months go into it. It is constructed like a watch, inside and out. And that is why a Steinway commands a fuller, richer tone than any other piano . . . and continues to command it long after an ordinary instrument has outlived its usefulness.

It is this very quality of permanence in the Steinway which places it among *the least expensive of pianos*. The durability which is built into it—carefully, step by step—extends the limits of its service over 30, 40, and even 50 years or more. To you, and to your children and your children's children, it will continue to make its same unfailing return—moulding musical tastes, yielding that intimate pleasure found only in personal performance. And when at last it has given all that it has to give, it will not be within your lifetime. You need never buy another piano.

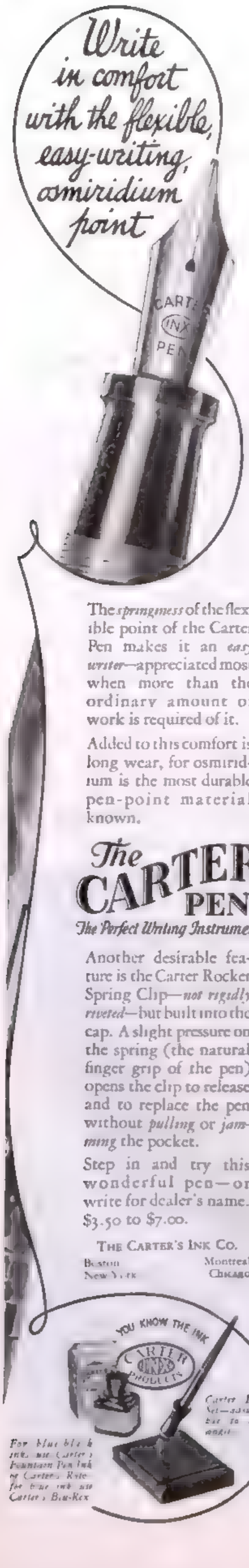
There is a Steinway dealer in your community, or near you, through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: $875 *and up*
Plus transportation

Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall
109 West 57th Street, New York

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS



The *springiness* of the flexible point of the Carter Pen makes it an *easy writer*—appreciated most when more than the ordinary amount of work is required of it.

Added to this comfort is long wear, for osmiridium is the most durable pen-point material known.

The CARTER PEN
The Perfect Writing Instrument

Another desirable feature is the Carter Rocker Spring Clip—*not rigidly riveted*—but built into the cap. A slight pressure on the spring (the natural finger grip of the pen) opens the clip to release and to replace the pen without *pulling* or *jamming* the pocket.

Step in and try this wonderful pen—or write for dealer's name. $3.50 to $7.00.

THE CARTER'S INK CO.
Boston Montreal
New York Chicago

(Continued from Page 83)

would be here soon, to see if he could do anything about the sad state into which our native movies had slumped.

It became necessary for Mr. Thune to confer with the oil-station man, and he did so, handing over his automobile for the sum of three hundred dollars. He likewise forced Britt to sell his car, which the latter did to the tune of considerable moaning

"We shall need every dollar we can find for a month and maybe for two months," Thune explained. "Then we begin to cash in. I miss my car as much as you do, so lay off."

"Why do we need so much coin?" Britt demanded. "We've got nearly a thousand."

"For one item," said Thune, "Winthrop Castle is going to cost five hundred a month and I have already agreed to take it by the year."

Mr. Britt looked dismayed. Winthrop Castle is Hollywood's noblest residential pile and was erected in pride by a man named Sturgess. It is the true show place of the town and the sight-seeing busses pause humbly before its gilded gates while the megaphone man goes into heavy details. Mr. Sturgess having built his castle and surrounded it with a park and a high wall, immediately betook himself to China, where he died of the flu, leaving his executors to do what they could with the stately pile.

"If you think we can pay five hundred a month rent for a year," protested Britt, "you're simply gone."

"If we are making twenty thousand a month, we can pay it," retorted Thune. "And that's what we will be making if this goes over. If it doesn't go over, nothing matters. I doubt if we shall even be residents of this town."

In the course of time it was definitely established that Deszo Kiadas would have nothing to do with the German or British cinema people and that he had given official utterance to the effect that he would crash into the films in America, if he crashed at all. These important disclosures were duly chronicled in the California press and nowhere else.

Presently Mr. Kiadas set sail for these golden shores, arriving, strangely enough, in Boston, Philadelphia and New York, as Mr. Thune happened to feel about it. Mr. Britt landed him at Savannah without any particular reason. Along the Eastern seaboard the dark-skinned genius issued interviews in which he said that nothing could now keep him from California, which he had come to recognize as the real home of artistic motion pictures.

Messrs. Thune and Britt turned their attention to the actual señor and made certain needed changes in that unworthy soul so that he would photograph properly. A barber was summoned to rearrange the Kiadas goatee and spruce him up generally, concealing the bare places on his scalp where possible.

A high hat was ordered, along with spats in three colors, a frock coat, canes and various sartorial surprises designed to impress the innocent Western eye. To all changes the señor submitted calmly, collecting his twenty-five in advance, and daily more than ever convinced that it was a case of mistaken identity, good while it lasted.

It dawned upon the consciousness of Hollywood that there existed a Deszo Kiadas, man of note, and one of the papers said editorially that in selecting Hollywood for his future activities, Mr. Kiadas only displayed the good judgment that has always characterized the Spanish. A limousine was hired by Thune, with a properly decorated chauffeur, and the señor stood ready to arrive and be greeted. Britt was prophesying dismally that their money would never hold out, but Thune waved him aside and continued to spend. It was Britt who packed the señor into an automobile in the early hours of the fateful morning and drove him rapidly to the east, pausing in a village where the through trains for the west stop for water.

"You know what to do?" Britt queried.

"Sure," grinned Deszo. "I don't say anything to anybody."

The Western art center on the rim of the blue Pacific responded right smartly to the call of culture, and two thousand persons, having nothing else to do, swarmed into the railway station and stood expectantly waiting for Spain's leading dramatist. Señor Kiadas arrived on the minute, walked from his car into the waiting arms of Julian Thune and was cheered as people cheer a triumphant aviator who has just flown under and over a stone bridge carrying two anvils and a letter to the mayor. Many of those present realized that they were there to do homage to a Spanish dramatist, while others thought it was an arriving film star or somebody connected with the Republican Party.

News-reel cameras clicked merrily and the usual beautiful Hollywood extra maiden presented the señor with a bouquet, costing Thune and Britt five dollars for the girl and the same for the roses. Gentlemen of the press crowded up and were treated nicely by Thune, who said that the great man would be happy to grant interviews as soon as he was rested. The señor bowed, smiled, tipped his high hat, waggled his new goatee and said nothing. Scouts dashed away from the scene to inform producers that Kiadas was actually in town, and Mr. Thune stepped into the hired limousine and sat beside his employe.

"Where do we go now?" Deszo asked.

"To your new boarding house," answered Thune, and presently the limousine climbed a long hill, passed through grilled gates, rolled down the graveled drive and Mr. Kiadas entered the lovely home prepared for him. Thune led him immediately to the solarium and pointed to a broad table covered with the materials for producing works of art.

"Your time is your own," said Thune. "When you see anybody looking in the window, sit down at the table, look at the ceiling and pretend to write something."

Mr. Kiadas nodded gravely and reflected again that it was a strange way to be earning twenty-five dollars a week, but that had its advantages over cooking cakes in a window. In the afternoon, the newspaper boys arrived and interviewed Thune, the señor being slightly indisposed, and the promoter gave out interesting and colorful statements which he said they might print as coming from the Spanish marvel. At the agency of Thune & Company, Mr. Britt glanced through the contents of four letters and two telegrams from leading manufacturers of motion pictures, which suggested it would be a good thing for art if Señor Kiadas would arrange to talk business.

In Hollywood, Mr. Julian Thune was known as a man who avoided the ladies, or seemed to. His love affairs, if any, were quietly conducted, and no one, not even the faithful Britt, knew that the tall pale gentleman had cherished for a long time an overwhelming passion. This passion had been drifting for several years, since the time when Thune had first encountered one Neva Harburg in a small studio where she was engaged in trying to burst into the movies in a large way. At that time Neva was just a slim flapper among three thousand flappers, with a slightly pug nose, thin legs and a careless vocabulary. Mr. Thune made romantic advances, but no particular headway; for he seemed to be, as Neva viewed it, painfully short of cash, and she knew plenty of men who had money and could take a girl to restaurants with cloth napkins.

Being a sensible fellow, Julian Thune simply stated his case to Neva, which was that he adored her above rubies and hoped she would marry him, to which she returned that if Julian thought that she, Neva Harburg, intended to marry up with a penniless scenarist who could scarcely pay his own board, he was plainly lacking in good information. Mr. Thune saw the reasonableness of this and continued to admire silently and without hope of reward. . . .

Time flipped by. . . . The vivacious Neva changed her name to Golding and to everyone's astonishment began to climb to the top of the artistic caldron. This ascent was due largely to Neva's personality rather than to her skill as an actress. She had bright red hair and a saucy manner, and it flashed upon her one day that the movies seemed to think more of a girl if she made people talk. So Neva made them talk. There was one widely published tale of how she bit a gentleman. At any rate, the more they talked, the faster little Neva climbed toward a respectable salary and good rôles, and she was now trembling upon the brink of stardom.

She was associated with the Sunlight Films Corporation and its officers were certain that in Miss Golding they had a valuable property, to be developed skillfully into an asset. After calm consideration of these facts, Mr. Julian Thune decided to mix love and business.

Other gentlemen in Hollywood have mixed love and business and have passed on wearing a surprised look, having found that these elemental ingredients mix naturally—the same as a hammer and a piece of fresh dynamite.

Mr. Thune asked Miss Golding if she would lunch with him and listen to a business discussion, and Neva readily consented, remembering that Thune had once been a press agent and probably would be again. They met in a pink-and-gold restaurant on the boulevard.

"Neva," said Thune, "I asked you to marry me once. Remember?"

"Is this the business talk?" she inquired.

"Partly."

"A number of men have asked me to marry them."

"No doubt. But when I asked you before, I hadn't much to offer. Now I have. That's where the business comes in, my dear."

"Julian," said the little lady, "I always liked you. You're a nice man. Let's hear the business."

"It's this: I can make a star of you, and I will; and if I make a star of you, wouldn't it be only fair for you to marry me?"

"Sounds reasonable," Neva agreed. "I'm going to be a star anyhow, you know."

"Maybe. But I can lift you to the top row in one jump from where you sit."

"How?"

"By obtaining especially for you, with the star rôle written for you, the first story for the films by Deszo Kiadas, who has just arrived. You know who he is?"

"Yes," said Neva. "I know who he is."

Miss Golding smiled coyly and concealed her thoughts. At her own studio, she had listened to officials discussing the noted Spaniard and the remote chances of hooking him.

"This man," Thune continued earnestly, "produces marvelous stuff and just your kind. Anything he turns his hand to is bound to be sure-fire, and as you must know, the studios are all trying to sign him. I control the situation, because Thune & Company are handling the señor's business."

Miss Golding saw at once that it was the moment to melt into a friendly mood. She beamed upon her luncheon partner and seemed astonished to learn that he directed the affairs of the distinguished visitor.

"Julian," she said, leaning toward him and making her voice sound emotional, "I always liked you, and I would have married you long ago; only we couldn't afford it. But now things are different."

"You mean," gasped Mr. Thune, amazed with the easy victory, "that you will marry me?"

"Certainly," responded the dainty Neva. "You always fascinated me, Julian, and I am only too happy that you still feel the same way about it."

"Then we're engaged!" cried Julian, reaching across the table to squeeze the slim hand.

"From now on," said she.

"And we shall be married?"

(Continued on Page 88)

This Christmas
Give the one you love
A CAR SHE'LL LOVE
Nash is a wonderful car for a woman. Smarter looking. Quieter. Safer. Much easier to manage. The motor is smoother and finer because of the Nash 7-bearing principle. Nash 4-wheel brakes are safer because of their Two-Way action. And Nash is, without a doubt, the easiest steering motor car on earth.
Pick out her Nash today, for delivery bright and early Christmas morning. 24 models to choose from, each one a luxurious 7-bearing Six, priced from $865 to $1990 f.o.b. factory.
NASH
LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE
The
Standard Six - Sedan
$895
f. o. b. factory

THE hand that checks a Christmas shopping list with a Conklin Sapphire Blue Endura always reminds its owner that Conklin Enduras make splendid gifts. In Sapphire Blue or Verd Green, $6.00 and $8.00. In Mahogany, Black, Red, $5.00 and $7.00. Pencils to match. Identify the Endura by contrasting annular rings on cap and barrel. Every Endura is covered by an unconditional guarantee of free service forever. Other Conklins, all prices, all colors, all models.

The Conklin Pen Company
TOLEDO, OHIO
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Conklin
ENDURA
Unconditionally & Perpetually Guaranteed

(Continued from Page 86)

"After I'm a star," Neva cooed. "Remember, that is part of the bargain. You are to get me a starring story at once from Kiadas."

"Sold!" said the delighted fellow, and the remainder of the luncheon was given over to friendly conversation, with Neva nodding pleasantly to her many friends. She came away an engaged young lady, which was no novelty in her blithe affairs. She was usually engaged, getting engaged or throwing aside some hopeful male, and her sentimental doings were discussed in the papers the same as the weather. The Golding creed was that there was no harm in telling any man you would marry him, because it made the chap feel important, and usually he did a few nice things for a girl.

"Thune & Company," declared the gentleman, "will at once enter into negotiations with the Sunlight Films. You shall have a story that will make you overnight."

He left his fair companion in the exalted state of a man who has hit the bull's-eye, and at the Sunlight Studios, Miss Golding passed into the presidential suite and informed Sam Diller.

"To show you," she said brightly, "that my heart's in my work, I have been out scouting and I've got the big moose."

"Who?" asked Sam.

"I'm to have the first movie story by Deszo Kiadas. Mr. Thune, of Thune & Company, is in charge, and you'd better see him at once."

"Maybe," the Sunlight official admitted cautiously; but later there was a studio conference, and it was the calm judgment of the directors that Neva was ripe and that a rousing picture would put her over.

"Go ahead," ordered President Diller, "and don't waste any time or somebody else will land the señor."

On the following morning, Messrs. Thune and Britt idled in their agency waiting for action. The telephone rang. A secretary at the Sunlight Corporation inquired if Mr. Julian Thune could find it convenient to call at the studio, have luncheon with President Diller and others and discuss a business matter. Mr. Britt replied that Mr. Thune, pressed as he was, would probably find it possible. He hung up the receiver and grinned.

"Well, they're sending for us, aren't they? Never used to send for us. You're to go over and eat with Sam Diller."

"I don't like him," returned Julian, "but I will eat one meal with him."

Two hours later the business agent of the Señor Kiadas sat with officials of the Diller concern in their ornate studio dining room and glanced about him with a smile. Mr. Thune often had labored for Sunlight Films as a continuity plugger, knew the officials by sight, but never before had set foot within the elegant precincts of the luncheon room. They wasted no time, and Mr. Diller spoke of the pressing need of material for Neva Golding.

"Fifteen thousand dollars," replied Thune gravely and with no tremor in his voice.

"Little high," suggested Diller.

Thune chuckled.

"Not if you could glance at my mail. And I might add that a quotation of fifteen thousand stands only for the duration of this lunch. I'll get twenty before night."

"Still think it's high," Diller said amiably. "How about ten?"

Thune shook his head.

"Remember," he said, "that Kiadas is a genius and that the studios are hounding me with demands for material. Remember, too, that in buying a story from Deszo Kiadas you get a sure-fire hit, as you know, and you likewise acquire not a partly done job which you must do over in the studio—you get the finished product ready to shoot, consisting of the three vital elements—story, treatment and continuity."

He paused impressively and glanced about the circle of attentive faces. Inwardly, he chortled, thinking of the facts. Three years before, he and the industrious Britt had hammered out a little thing of dramatic quality and had submitted it to the Sunlight Films and others, asking apologetically for five hundred dollars. They had back their opus immediately, with a chill note informing that Sunlight Films were not even reading stories sent in by strange gentlemen, and that they hoped the public would stop annoying them. So Thune repeated that fifteen thousand was a temporary quotation, subject to quick change.

"Mr. Kiadas works out a complete script?" asked a surprised executive.

"To the last trifling detail. He is the one man who will countenance no tampering with his finished product, knowing as he does that four fourth-rate minds do not make one good mind. A Kiadas idea is a perfect, complete thing. He will do this story for Miss Golding, provide the treatment and finally complete the continuity, and when the contract is drawn up, whether with you, Mr. Diller, or with another, it will state plainly that the señor's work is not to be polluted by the somewhat absurd additions of the ordinary studio hack."

"Well, shan't you give up!" asked a listener in astonishment.

The luncheon slipped along pleasantly. Thune realized that haggling over price was a gesture of habit and that Mr. Sam Diller intended to purchase for Neva Golding a Deszo Kiadas story, no matter what it cost, and only because of his sentimental regard for that fair damsel, Thune asked fifteen and not twenty. It created a distinct impression to discover that this visiting señor did the complete job, for, as the studio men knew, the average author turns in a feeble, formless thing that he calls a story, demands a grand-larceny sum of money and goes away light-heartedly, leaving the hired men to sweat blood.

"Story," Thune repeated importantly, raising three fingers, "treatment and continuity."

"Well, now," remarked President Diller, "that's very extraordinary, Mr. Thune."

Thune knew it was extraordinary. Everyone in the movie business knows it is exceptional for the seller of a story to do more than sign a contract and indorse a check. He places his book or play upon a table, takes down his money and hopes that the movie makers will not have too much agony producing a photoplay.

There are three long, wide steps in the process of fabricating a mile of celluloid drama—three main ingredients—and the first of these is the story, which may appear suddenly and in any form, sometimes as five or six carelessly scrawled pages of plot outline and sometimes as a three-volume novel with red covers and a foreword by some large Englishman.

The intelligent motion-picture corporation first buys or otherwise comes into possession of the story, and if it happens to be a novel with a rousing sale, the company pays ten or more thousand dollars and looks anxiously about for a man or woman who can do something with it.

If the story, for example, happened to be that abnormal wet spell of some years ago, the Flood, the producing parties would discern at once the painful flimsiness of the plot, which, attenuated as it is, offers almost as much red meat as do most of the modern novels tossed into the maw of the movies. There would presently be a gathering of gloomy moguls, a meeting of sad-eyed supervisors, scenario writers, title experts, business managers, technicians, directors and other pessimistic souls, and someone, probably a supervisor, soured by long experience, would be almost certain to say:

"Well, now that we are stuck with this impossible thing, the Flood, it is my opinion that it contains nothing we can use and hasn't a good bit in it from beginning to end. It is simply the chronicle of an extremely wet voyage taken by an elderly man named Noah, accompanied by his family and a number of animals. The ending is tame. There is no drama here, no sustained interest, no love story whatever, and no suspense. The whole kit and boiling of them ride around dismally for forty days and that's all."

"Naturally," announces the general manager in a firm tone, "we are not going to put money into anything like that."

"Certainly not."

"Send for Joe Blotz."

Joe is, as all present know, one of the treatment kings of Hollywood, an admitted sockdolager in a most difficult art. There are dozens of treatment wizards in California and they live a life apart in their richly appointed mansions, knowing their worth; for it is the treatment that blows the warm breath of life into the dull novel, splashes it with color, bequeaths it interest where none was, decorates it with drama and action, stipples it with heart throbs, moistens it with tears, sweetens it with the nectar of mirth, and raises it finally up from sheer nothingness until it becomes a sparkling romance, a stirring tragedy, a frolicsome comedy, a dramatic *chef-d'œuvre*, or whatsoever the treatment gentleman elects. The original story is the empty house, bare and unattractive, with naked walls and staring floors, and the treatment is the overstuffed furniture, the fine paintings, rich upholstery, rare rugs, tapestries and decorations to lure the passer-by inside and beguile him for one hour and seventeen minutes.

Mr. Blotz dashes up to the studio in his red limousine, dashes into the stalled conference, listens grimly to the tale of woe and goes home with the Flood under his arm. He gets out a package of fifteen-cent cigarettes, chases his family to the upper floors and begins at once the complicated process of treating the Flood.

"Get me a Bible," he says to Mrs. Blotz, who spends the rest of the day scouring Hollywood. Meanwhile Joe wraps himself in thought, and when the Bible arrives he scans it carefully and finds in it absolutely nothing fit for the camera. Two rather quiet people, one of them six hundred years old, sail about aimlessly for a month or more, doing nothing to interest Mr. and Mrs. John Doe and the little Does.

Joe knows that you must have a boy and a girl on board the ark when she sails, the boy about thirty, with hair like the raven's wing, and the girl nineteen, blue-eyed, wistful, shapely and a nice dresser. These two being provided, Joe adds a rather unpleasant chap, the heavy, who begins at once to make trouble between the boy and girl. The ark sails, Noah and Mrs. Noah being now relegated to the background, as befits a couple of mature people, and instantly, Alixe, the blue-eyed lass, loses all confidence in Ronald, the heavy having got in his dirty work by informing Alixe that the hero does not love her and has only come on board to win a bet made at the club.

To warm up the action, a new girl named Phœbe now appears in a disabled motor launch and is taken aboard by the kind-hearted Noah, and this merciful act only adds to the hero's griefs, for it happens that Ronald knew Phœbe in college, where there was considerable gossip about them, all of which is known to Alixe.

In the midst of growing misunderstandings, with Mr. and Mrs. Noah trying to pacify the passengers, the animals escape in a violent thunderstorm and this permits a spirited chase sequence, with room for amusing touches when the lions run the colored steward under Noah's bed. The ark eventually comes to rest and Mrs. Blotz timidly brings Joe a cup of black coffee and inquires how he is getting on with this new job for Itinerant Films, Inc.

"Only fair," he replies, and sternly plunges on.

The ark subsides gracefully, coming to earth, strangely enough, at Newport, Rhode Island. It happens to be a lively day in Newport and gathered there is a distinguished group of prominent society ladies and gentlemen engaged in winding up the social season. Noah glances over the lee rail and observes a brisk polo game with

(Continued on Page 90)

Flavor added to flavor . . . *as a painter mixes colors*

. . . the first coffee ever to please the critical men and women of the entire country

NO SINGLE coffee grown has ever pleased them—those many Americans to whom their breakfast cup is a real event in the art of living well.

For years all the rare coffees of the world have been brought to this country for them to choose from—the harvest of over forty different tropical lands. Yet of them all, the critical men and women of America have never found one coffee on which they could agree.

"The flavors we most enjoy," says a famous writer on food, "are rarely given us ready made by nature. They are *created* by some one who has added taste to taste as a great painter mixes colors."

And so it is that the first real nation-wide fame has come to no single coffee grown, but to a rich mingling of flavors—to a blend created years ago in the South.

No one had ever tasted it

A Southerner born with a genius for flavor, growing to manhood in a land of good things to eat and drink, Joel Cheek dreamed of a coffee flavor that no one had ever tasted.

In the coffee blend which he finally perfected, it was a particular shade of mellow richness that won the approval of the great families of old Dixie. Long ago Joel Cheek's blend became the favorite coffee of the whole South.

Today the news of its special, mellow taste has travelled swiftly through the United States. In city after city Maxwell House Coffee has brought a new experience to those who understand the good things of life.

Known to the South alone a few years ago, Maxwell House is now by far the largest selling coffee in the entire country.

An adventure awaits your family in the rare flavor and rich aroma of this famous blend. Your first taste will tell you why that shade of difference has now so swiftly captured the whole nation. See what new pleasure it brings. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in the famous blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago.

* * * * *

Tune in! Noted artists in superb programs every Thursday—Maxwell House Coffee Radio Hour, 9 p. m. Eastern Time, 8 p. m. Central Time: WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WCCO, KSD, WDAF, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WIAX. 8 p. m. Pacific Time: KGW, KFOA, KHQ. Mondays 7 p. m. Pacific Time: KSL. Tuesdays 8 p. m. Pacific Time: KMTR. Wednesdays 8 p. m. Pacific Time: KFRC.

"Good to the last drop"

Years ago Joel Cheek's blend first won fame at the Maxwell House in Nashville —the most celebrated hotel in the old South

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

(Continued from Page 88)

eleven college lads on each side. Thirty-five bathing girls in unparalleled costumes are sporting like dryads about a marble pool or smoking cigarettes while a butler brings on the wine and bananas. The owner of the place steps up in evening clothes and with a gesture of weariness says to an unidentified lady—title: "I am sick of this tinsel life, Helen, and intend to start tomorrow for Alaska, where a man can be a man."

Nobody pays any attention to this gentleman, and in no time at all everyone leaves the cabaret and flocks out to the picturesque lawn party under the striped umbrellas. Here are ladies clad in what would be bathing suits anywhere but at a lawn party, and manly fellows in white duck pants carrying tennis rackets and long cigarette holders.

"How is it, Joe?" Mrs. Blotz asks on the morning of the second day.

"Good," says Joe. "But don't let anyone kid you that these sea stories are easy."

In the lawn fête scene, Joe slips into high, and Cornwallis Titherington, a society leader, decides to shoot a visiting nobleman for running away with Mrs. Titherington. He removes his six-chambered revolver from his evening clothes pants pocket, where practically all the society pistols are now carried, and is about to pop the nobleman when the ark arrives and a human life is saved. The society leader replaces his revolver and says in a subtitle, "Well, if it isn't the ark, back after forty days upon the water!"

He pretends to be pleased, but he knows full well that the entire estate, consisting of a marble cottage of ninety-four rooms and six hundred acres of oil-bearing land, really belongs to little Alixe, who is coming down with the ark. This annoys him, for it will be shown presently that he defrauded simple old Noah and robbed him of the property in a crooked dice game, thus striking at Alixe, who, unknown to everybody, is none other than Noah's only daughter, stolen from him when a mere babe.

The treatment is now rapidly coming down the home stretch, and the keen observer, the ordinary movie fan who walks around the corner every evening to see what's at the Gem, will already discern its manifest superiority to the sad and colorless tale offered by the original sea voyage. The villain on board the ark has been trying desperately to prevent Noah from landing at Newport, but fails, and Noah debarks at the head of his animal entourage and is received by the mayor, board of aldermen, chamber of commerce and Hose Company 4 in helmets. It is clearly shown that the society man's wife is a flawless lady and meant to run off with nobody at all, but was simply trying to demonstrate her affection for her husband. The shady girl on the ark, Phœbe, is immediately taken over by the local authorities and held for extradition to Pittsburgh, where she is wanted as a shoplifter. The villains shoot each other and die simultaneously with their faces to the camera, and the treatment winds up with a magnificent banquet in the marble cottage under colored lights, with Noah in full evening clothes and a red band across his bosom, and Mrs. Noah wearing all the diamonds in the studio.

The final fade-out is, of course, the fond lovers, happily clinched on a roof, a veranda, a marble bench, or leaning against a fountain, and a last spoken title in which Alixe says to Ronald, "Dearest, we shall never forget the good old ark, shall we?" To which he replies, "Nor that sturdy old sea dog, Henry J. Noah."

"How is it, Joe?" Mrs. Blotz again inquires, and Joe smiles feebly and replies that as it now looks to him, it ought to go in Tuesday, with the check coming Thursday.

After the treatment is turned over to a given studio and half a dozen thoughtful persons have had their way with it—after it has been turned upside down and inside out, rearranged, revamped, reassembled, altered, edited, modified, modulated, shuffled, patched up and made over into something entirely different and not always better than it was when the treatment person handed it in, then comes the honest-to-heaven actual hard work, which is the writing of the scenario, or script. This is an entirely new art, an art which did not exist in any form as recently as thirty years ago, and it is so important that the studios pay twenty thousand dollars for a motion picture script from a high-class scenarist. To be sure, the studios likewise pay two hundred dollars for a script.

This mysterious thing, a movie script, or continuity, is a fabrication of master and minor scenes, and a master scene would begin: Scene 1. Drawing-room of a rich home. Mr. Jones, the owner, enters in his nightshirt, revolver in hand and wearing a general air of inquiry. A burglar is quietly at work beside the escritoire, engaged in stealing the plans of the new government submarine, worth thirty million dollars. Jones shoots at the burglar, who escapes with the documents, and the motion picture zooms along from that beginning for three-hundred and seventy-five scenes, all more or less interesting; and in the end the government plans are in the hands of honest men.

The ordinary ragtag motion-picture script writer, drawing his two hundred a week, will merely state the various facts, admitting that there is a rich drawing-room owned by Mr. Jones and that Mr. Jones comes in and takes a pot shot at the burglar, who escapes with the papers, and that is why he draws a beggarly two hundred a week. The high-priced expert will attack the problem in a high-priced way, having signed a contract to do this continuity in two weeks for twenty thousand dollars, or ten thousand a week.

His first move is to glance over the drawing-room and describe it generously. His first secretary, also an expert, hurries out and procures books on drawing-rooms, past, present and future, with pictures in colors.

His second secretary comes in with the leading authorities on music, painting, sculpture, furniture, period rugs, four-branch candlesticks, Icelandic poetry, tapestries, andirons, piano lamps and stuffed sofas, and the morning's work begins in a leisurely and dignified fashion. The drawing-room is described right. Nothing is left to anyone's imagination, and when Scene 1 is reached, the drawing-room secretary delivers a thousand-word picture of the interior, down to and including the fuzz on the door knobs.

Mr. Jones enters in this twenty-thousand-dollar job and pauses upon a genuine Gymkaana rug, and the rug book is here stripped of twelve pages in its middle. The Jones bullet splinters into the fireplace and the script goes into the romantic story of fireplaces, andirons, polished bricks and pink tiles. When the burglar turns in surprise from the escritoire, the history of escritoires is set forth, and so on, foot by foot, yard by yard, with nothing skimped. The result of this secretarial detail is a handsome twenty-thousand-dollar script, bound in stiff blue paper, weighing the same as a newborn babe, and correspondingly impressive when it is carried into the studio, where it is incomprehensible to everybody except in its simpler phases.

The producer-purchaser looks at it and knows that he is getting his money's worth, while the director of the coming picture shrugs a blasé shoulder and hands the whole thing to the chap who reads for him. Meantime the scenarist cheerfully collects and moves along to the next chore.

This was the sort of job, as Mr. Thune now assured Sunlight Films, they could expect if they transacted business with Señor Deszo Kiadas of Madrid.

"All right," said Sam Diller, toward the end of the luncheon. "It's a deal. We want a story for Neva and we want it quick."

"O. K.," He Said With a Grin. "You Get it, Neva. This is Certainly a Big Day in Your Life"

"Good!" replied Thune. "Make a note of this now and draw the contracts later."

As he strolled buoyantly down the shady walk toward the outer gate, he encountered the fair creature and removed his hat with a gesture of triumph.

"O. K.," he said with a grin. "You get it, Neva. This is certainly a big day in your life."

"Isn't that lovely?" she demanded.

"There's a big day in my life coming later."

"And don't you think I know it?" she laughed. "When do we get this story?"

"Soon as the señor can turn it out, and he's a speed demon. I'll get after him today. You can depend on me, Neva."

"Oh, thank you, Julian," she said gently. "You are, indeed, a splendid friend."

Meanwhile Mr. Kiadas of Winthrop Castle had been leading a blameless life, touched with boredom, sleeping in a large mahogany bed, eating in solitary state from a shiny table and attended by a dumb and suspicious Japanese servant, who had his orders. It slowly crept into the consciousness of the señor that he was a bird in a gilded cage. Far down the hill the sight-seeing busses still paused and the tribune announced: "Home of Deszo Kiadas, the Spanish dramatist." But Deszo could not hear.

There is nothing much for a cake cooker to do in a thirty-room mansion, and the señor soon grew weary of sitting in the solarium and fiddling with a green pen and a few papers while tourists stared at him and tried for snapshots. True, he had his limousine and his chauffeur—the Jap gentleman—but even these were strictly under the direction of Mr. Thune, and Deszo could go for an airing only when his employer permitted.

These motor rides were spectacular and made the people gape, for the large limousine was especially equipped for the needs of genius, containing a silvered typewriter swung neatly upon shining brass chains and visible from the sidewalk. As the señor rode quietly down the boulevard in his high hat, he posed behind his glistening typewriter, ready to jot down the fleeting fancy, and the Hollywood peasantry stared at him and told one another there was that foreign fellow who wrote all the plays. The traveling typewriter was Britt's bright contribution. Thune remarked that it was hardly necessary, for the newspapers were doing nicely, and it costs money to silver a typewriter.

Up at Winthrop Castle, Mr. Kiadas began to scowl at the visitors. A lady interviewer obtained his views on American women, through Thune, and printed a notable piece in which the señor stated that American women were O. K., but were very foolish to go without their stockings, considering the bony and repellent state of the human limb. His boredom increasing, Mr. Kiadas began to prowl uneasily through the big brick mansion, seeking diversion and glaring at the Jap servant. There was no place in the kitchen for Deszo to cook hot cakes and he grew unhappy thinking about it. The more he looked back to the old days in the restaurant window, the farther he sank into melancholy. It dawned upon him that he was a lonely and neglected fellow, deprived of his natural occupations, and eventually Señor Kiadas was as miserable as a woodpecker with a rubber beak. He sent for Thune and the promoter arrived in a state of alarm.

"I'm gettin' sick of this job," Deszo said.

"What?" shouted Thune incredulously.

"Yeah, that's it. I'm gettin' the willies, hangin' around this hothouse with nothin' to do at all."

Continued on Page 96

YOU TAKE A CHANCE with an *Oil-Pumping Motor*

SOME CARS take everything on the filling station menu—especially those gluttons for oil. They *never* get enough. It's expensive—it's annoying—and it's dangerous—for some day you may run low and burn out some bearings before you know it. There's no need to bear this expense or take such chances.

A complete set of PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* and *Compression* rings, which any good repairman can install in your motor, will end this hazard

PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* rings stop oil-pumping and make possible one thousand or more miles to the gallon of oil. By their exclusive groove-and-slot principle they actually *regulate* the oil—spreading just the right amount of oil on the cylinder walls for perfect lubrication, and returning the surplus to the crankcase They are used as standard equipment by 140 car, bus and truck manufacturers—and by all the leading race drivers.

PERFECT CIRCLE *Compression* rings—precision-built—perform an equally important function in holding compression and preventing Blow-by.*

You can depend upon PERFECT CIRCLES to give you the finest piston ring performance. But make sure the rings you have installed *are* PERFECT CIRCLES. They *must* be to give the results you anticipate.

**Blow-by* is caused by inferior or worn-out piston rings which permit explosion gases to blow past pistons and into the crankcase. From there [illegible] the body of the car. [illegible] Cases where 3,000 or more cubic inches of gas blow by the pistons [illegible]

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANY
HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA

America's Oldest Volume Producer of Piston Rings

"You're almost out of oil. Shall I fill it up for you?"

"What, already? There must be something wrong there, someplace."

Oil-Regulating Type, 60c
Pat. March 29, 1910; May 2, 1922

Compression Type, 30c

For each cylinder of your motor, you should have one PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* ring and two or more PERFECT CIRCLE *Compression* rings. This PERFECT CIRCLE combination constitutes the finest in piston ring equipment; stops Oil-Pumping and Blow-by; gives increased oil-mileage, thorough lubrication and maximum compression.

PERFECT CIRCLE
PISTON RINGS

Christopher Columbus discovering
America in 1492.

The one trait above all others possessed by Christopher Columbus—the real, fundamental cause of the discovery of this great continent—was the indomitable spirit of Pioneering.

Columbus, with the courage of his convictions, departed from the channels and ruts of common practice and tradition and proved to the world the correctness of his theories.

Medallion portrait of Columbus from de Brv,
"Grand Voyages" *Part V.—Frankfort 1595.*

PIONEERING

In the year 1901 the gasoline motor was a mere speck on the transportation horizon. At that time, Continental, with no motor building precepts to guide it but with the vision of the pioneer, pressed forward, hewing wide paths through unmarked regions.

Each successful experiment paved the way for others, until there has been welded a chain of distinctive accomplishments which constitutes the foundation for Continental's supremacy today. Consistent developments, measured by hundreds of models, have given Continental an unequalled breadth of experience—an experience crystallized in the production of Red Seal Continental Motors.

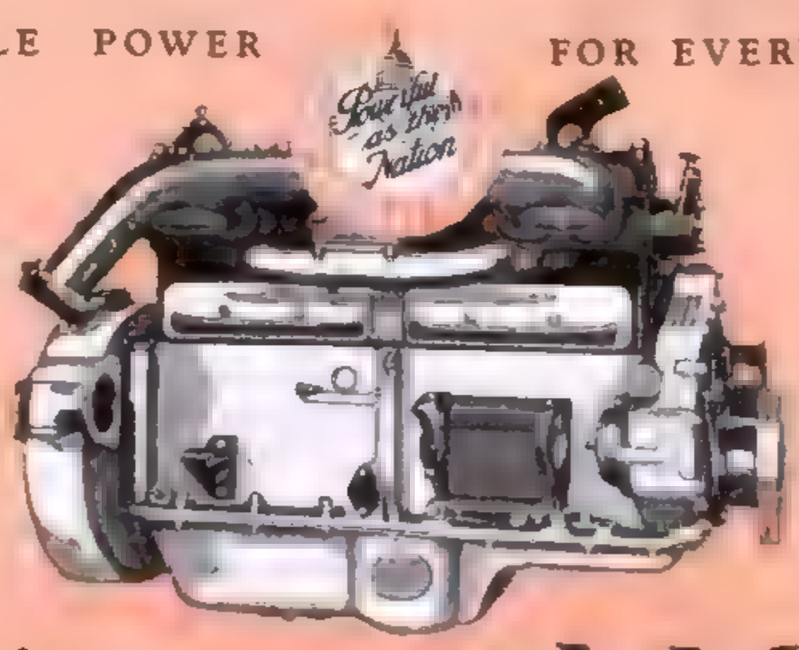
As a result of Continental's trail blazing, this era of gasoline power is marked by notable achievements on land, water and in the air—achievements of untold advantage to users of internal combustion engines and clearly expressed in the performance of all Red Seal Continental Motors.

CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Offices: Detroit, Mich., U. S. A. *Factories:* Detroit and Muskegon

DEPENDABLE POWER FOR EVERY PURPOSE

Passenger
Commercial
Bus



Industrial
Marine
Airplane

Continental Motors

THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE GASOLINE MOTOR MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD

SEND · YOUTH · AND · LEISURE WITH · YOUR · GIFT

And for the kiddies a toy electric Premier Duplex. It really works. 24 inches high with a bag just like Mother's. So useful—and they love it.

Will your gift to her this Christmas make her feel younger...look fresher through the year? Will it bring her more of those leisure hours she talks about so wistfully? If it is to bring her what she most values, it will bring her both leisure and youth!

Then give them to her, with a Premier Duplex. It can lighten the heaviest of all her household tasks. And shorten the longest of them. With double action, it rushes through the work...yet does it thoroughly. Together, its motor-driven brush and strong suction free the grit, sweep up the threads, and bag *all* the dirt. Quickly and easily!

And the Premier Duplex will never need a moment of her care. Ball-bearing, it will clean for her, without oiling, for a lifetime.

And as each day ends, you will look across the dinner table at her youthful, untired face...listen to her tell of an afternoon's happy leisure...and remind yourself gratefully of your Christmas wisdom.

Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto.

Premier Duplex

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., INC.
Dept. 512 Cleveland, Ohio

Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada, by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York.

(Continued from Page 20)

"Why, you poor simpleton," cried his employer, "you've got the finest job in America today! You're a man of leisure. You have no bills to pay. You can sleep till noon."

"That's where you're wrong," asserted the señor. "I can't sleep at all. I wake up at four o'clock, and then, begeez, there's nothin' to do till bedtime."

"Well, what is it you want?" faltered Thune, with visions of his main cog slipping from the machine.

"I want more dough," stated Mr. Kiadas firmly. "I won't work for twenty-five a week, because this is driving me goofy, and if I'm goin' goofy, I gotta have thirty a week."

Thune breathed freely again. He had already demanded and received from Sam Diller certain cash advances and had immediately paid out the money. Expenses were heavy and seemed to be increasing, and there were moments when the faint-hearted Britt shivered over the outlook. However, this was a modest tap for more pay and could be granted.

"Very well," Thune replied, "thirty a week from now on."

"And not only that," persisted the señor, "but I want a gas plate."

"What's a gas plate?"

"What I cook cakes on. I'd like to mix up a little batter now and then, Mr. Thune, and amuse myself. It gets pretty tough sittin' around here all day doin' nothin'."

The promoter gratified this fair request, and thereafter Mr. Kiadas fortified himself with an occasional bowl of batter and happily flapped hot cakes when time bore heavily. Newspapers carried the information that the señor had become so fascinated with the glories of the Southland that he had purchased a twenty-thousand-acre estate and would at once erect a Spanish home of magnitude, fashioned after the style of the Palazzo Venetzia in Barcelona. He likewise extended through the public prints an invitation to the King of Spain to come over and share with him the wonders of Hollywood.

Thune and Britt went to work, actual toil at their regular business, happy in the thought that they were getting man-size money for the first time. Typewriters sang in the office on the boulevard and there came forth again the three-year-old opus, scorned once, but now a solid job. They polished it a bit, brushed off the mildew and it became a nice little movie story about a girl. As it grew, it was submitted piecemeal to Sunlight Films, where the officials studied it and proclaimed that the Spanish may be languid, but that this particular Spaniard was a working fool. This, his first shot on American soil, was a genuine zipper, with the foreign flavor that our native geniuses cannot achieve. It was strong meat, they said, and that is what our wishy-washy native drama lacks.

When it was finished, the team of Thune and Britt rattled out a voluminous treatment, giving little Neva all the juicy bits, and after the usual studio fussing and correcting, the coworkers attacked the continuity in their shiny office, dashed through it rapidly, turned it over to Sam Diller on a summer's day and drew down the balance of the fifteen thousand. Thune bought a necktie and Britt made payment on a radio set. There was very little left of the fifteen thousand on account of the heavy expense of starting the business.

In his castle on the hill, Señor Kiadas toyed with the hot cakes and made faces in the solarium at occasional visitors. The newspapers announced that Sunlight Films was the fortunate corporation and that Miss Neva Golding was to be envied by all ladies, for she was to appear in the first Deszo Kiadas production, written by that great man for her especial needs.

The Kiadas master job, when delivered to the Sunlight people, was called Broken China, and of course the first thing Sunlight did was to change the name to The Whispering Bride. This is an automatic process in movie studios the world over. There are experts in each film organization known as box-office title men, whose business it is to know what sort of title on a billboard will lure the populace into a theater. These fellows can tell you to the fraction of a dollar the difference in the drawing power of two titles, and if a story comes in as The Blue Fish, they instantly change it to The Green Fish. If they did not, it would be obvious to their employers that they were not working.

A director and a notable cast, headed by the bounding Neva, plunged into the new photoplay and clicked it off at high speed; for, as everyone saw, it was elegant material for a motion picture. Miss Golding acted beautifully and with unexpected spirit. The daily rushes showed her coming strong, and Sam Diller announced, long before the picture was finished, that the studio had a natural. A natural makes money.

Cutters leaped upon the film and whipped it into a roaring drama. It smoothed out into six entertaining reels and the name was changed to Wandering Sweethearts, this second title change being known in studio circles as the release title. Sunlight tossed a brisk campaign into the trade papers and general press, announced the advent of Golding, the brilliant young star, in a photo drama that would make history, and in due time Señor Deszo Kiadas crashed into the American movie theaters and began standing the customers up. Lines formed in large cities. The dollars rolled. Miss Golding was acclaimed a jewel of the first water, a sure-enough star in her own right, and the leading critics in New York City came right out in print and said that much as it might wound loyalty and patriotism in America, what this country needed was more people like Deszo Kiadas writing his strong things for the screen.

The picture, now a large feature production and known superfinally as Anna of Annapolis, began breaking records, and people said they always knew Neva Golding was a great actress. Sam Diller shook hands with nine hundred new friends and walked into restaurants with the quiet dignity of a successful man who knows his business. Out in Hollywood, Neva instantly demanded two thousand dollars a week and a fresh five-year contract. She had been receiving two hundred, but volunteers told her she was silly to stand for such outrageous treatment. This business difficulty amounted to nothing and was compromised. Neva was raised to five hundred a week, this being five hundred more than her whole family had earned since the oncoming of the white race.

With business humming nicely, Thune and Britt conferred. Executives visited them in their office and the two listened gravely to offers of large money. The señor was admittedly hot stuff, so tentative contracts were placed upon Mr. Britt's desk by competing producers, and the boys grinned at each other and thought of the swell things a man can buy if he has money. Thune wrote letters to men who had once ignored him, commencing, "We will take up your offer with Señor Kiadas," and Mr. Britt ordered a pale-blue roadster with red wire wheels.

In the cool of a moon-kissed evening, Mr. Thune put on his tan gloves and sallied forth a-wooing. He paused at the new and large home of Neva, the rising star, and found the lady in a seven-hundred-dollar hammock with silver trimming. She greeted him cordially, hoping for another business chat.

"Well, Neva," he said confidently, "when do we?"

"What?" she asked.

"Get married."

Neva extinguished the butt of her cigarette with a grave gesture.

"Married?"

"That's the idea. You and me—when do we?"

"Don't be foolish, Julian."

"Foolish! It isn't foolish, Neva. You agreed to marry me if I made a star of you, and you will certainly admit that I have made a star of you."

"Now listen, Julian," Neva said in a bored tone, "there's no use acting romantic."

"Didn't you say you'd marry me?"

"I may have said that very thing, but what of it? I say it often—probably once a month. But my good heavens, don't act like a sulky child about it!"

Mr. Thune, who had been holding his hat, replaced it upon his head with the manner of a man who will soon be moving.

"The trouble with you, Julian, is that you take things too seriously. Marriage is for ordinary people doing ordinary things. Wouldn't I be a ninny to marry you or anybody else just now, with a brilliant career spreading before me?"

"Who made that career possible?"

"I did," Neva replied sharply. "Little me, by working hard and for small wages. And don't kid yourself about that either."

"You won't marry me then?"

"Certainly not—it's ridiculous."

"Is it?" asked Thune. "Very well. And let me tell you this—I made you and I can unmake you."

"Oh, no, you can't, Mr. Thune. I'm in the electric lights now, and there's where I stay."

"I got you the Kiadas story," Thune went on stubbornly, "and that's what put you over, because, heaven knows, you're no wonder as an actress."

"Maybe you're right," she agreed icily, "and the next Kiadas story will put me over further still."

Thune laughed mirthlessly.

"You think you're going to have another?"

"I know I am. That old gentleman is my private author from now on. I need him."

Thune choked slightly.

"You haven't any more chance," he said scornfully—"any more chance of getting another story from Deszo Kiadas than you have of being a good actress. And that's that. You're just a lady welsher."

"My goodness," cried Neva plaintively. "And all because I promised to marry you! If that isn't like a man!"

"I bid you good evening," returned the gentleman who mixed love and business.

"Oh, now, Julian!" protested the heartless one.

But he was gone into the night, licking his wounds, another open-eyed male who had found out that the more you trust them, the farther they throw you. Neva answered the telephone and informed a friend that if you even talk to a man these days, they get mad at a girl.

The following morning Mr. Samuel Diller telephoned the agency of Thune & Company.

"When are we going to have that next one?" he asked.

"What next one?" Thune retorted in a chill voice.

"The new Kiadas story for Golding."

"Don't make me laugh," said Thune.

"I thought we had it all arranged."

"We had nothing arranged. The next Kiadas special is being sold to the Pink Star Corporation."

Mr. Diller offered a five thousand increase, but Mr. Thune grew more insulting.

"If you do business that way ——" the producer shouted.

"There isn't enough money in Hollywood," said Thune, "to buy a Kiadas story for Neva Golding, so forget it."

Mr. Diller hung up in a perplexed flurry of disappointment, and when the ebullient Golding reached the studio, she was informed of Mr. Thune's odd actions.

"I know," she said. "Julian's mad at me personally, the big silly, but that won't interfere with our plans. My next is by Mr. Kiadas—it simply has to be."

"So I thought," Diller said bitterly, "until I talked with this agent. He says no—not at any price. What did you do to that guy?"

"Nothing. He wanted to marry me and I wouldn't."

"Oh!"

"Yes, oh!" cried the newly made star. "And if that half-dead softy thinks he can hold up my pictures, he's mistaken. Who is Julian Thune, a seedy scenarist, to be interfering with Neva Golding?"

Mr. Diller glanced admiringly at his spirited star.

"What's to be done?" he asked.

Neva walked briskly to the door.

"I won't let any man bilk me," she said, "and especially a codfish like Thune."

With these valorous words, she trotted down the asphalt lane and entered her new Royal Red roadster, a slight scowl upon her youthful brow.

Fifteen minutes later a sloe-eyed Jap guarding the gates of Winthrop Castle leaped agilely over a rosebush and saved his life by a mere hair. The roadster went on through the chain which indicates the grounds are private, and with the Jap chasing and howling in his native tongue, Miss Golding guided her car down the driveway, leaped out, her tresses flowing, tried a couple of mahogany doors and eventually broke into the Winthrop solarium, knocking over potted palms and a small bowl of fish.

To her surprise, she encountered a decayed-looking individual who seemed to be cooking himself a breakfast of hot cakes, surrounded by writing tables and beautiful flowers. The cake eater set down his batter, looked at the strange intruder hopefully and wiped off his hands.

"Where is he?" Neva demanded, breathing hard and pushing bangs out of her eyes.

"Where is who?" the little man asked politely.

"Señor Kiadas."

"Right here."

"Don't kid me," Neva cried. "I'm in a hurry—and where is he?"

"I'm not in a hurry and here he is. I know my name."

Miss Golding glared.

"You the Spanish playwright?"

"I'm Deszo Kiadas and I'm glad to meet you. If you want a hot cake ——"

"I want another story," Neva said excitedly, "and it's frightfully necessary that I have one. Mr. Thune says I can't have it, and so I thought if I appealed to you personally and told you just how important it is, maybe you, if you were a kind man ——"

Neva faltered and began to weep, which was one of the things they said she could do.

"Sit down, kid," invited Deszo, who had only a remote idea. "Sit down and tell us what's on your mind."

Neva studied the little man carefully, her eyes bright with tears, and decided that here was Spanish material that could be molded.

"Oh, señor!" she cried, sinking into a plush chair, a pitiful bit of broken girlhood.

"Yeah," said the señor, puzzled. "What can I do for you? And quit that cryin'."

"You must do my next story," Neva whimpered.

"Sure," replied Deszo, still in the fog. "Lady, I don't get you at all. Let's talk this over quietly."

It was the first time in his life Deszo Kiadas had ever faced polite social dealings with a beautiful young siren in sport clothes, and the prospect pleased him.

Neva dried her tears, left her chair and sat close to the señor so that she could talk freely. Rapidly she sketched the desperate situation at the studio, the repellent attitude of Julian Thune merely because she wouldn't marry him, the eagerness of Sunlight Films to do the right thing by Señor Kiadas in a money way, and all the thrilling details.

Deszo listened. Here were problems, puzzling to a simple-minded cooker of cakes, but still interesting. Thune and Britt had been up to something. His main thought of the moment was that this piquant red-headed female had taken him by the hand and was pleading for something. It was Deszo's intent to let her have anything she craved, up to and including a cerise elephant with three trunks.

(Continued on Page 98)

Higher Compression with *any*

Plus Willys-Knight Silence, Velvet Smoothness, Graceful Lines, Rich Colors

Willys-Knight offers you all the advantages of high compression—greater speed, flashier activity—with none of the disadvantages. Only the patented Knight sleeve-valve engine, because of the fundamental principle of its design—spherical head and sliding sleeves, which have always provided the most efficient compression chamber—gives highest *uniform* compression at all times, at all speeds—and with *any* gas!

For high, sustained efficiency, mile after mile, year after year, the Knight-powered car has set high standards all its own. The patented, exclusive Knight sleeve-valve engine is the *only* type of automobile power plant that actually grows smoother and quieter with use.

Unlike most of the i
improvements, which
common to practically
Knight sleeve-valve en
property of a single orga

See and drive this finer
earliest opportunity. Yo
added to that of its mor
Once a Knight owner, a

Willys-Knight Great Six 5-passenger Sedan at Lake Placid, in the Adirondacks

Gas!

mportant motor car have rapidly become all cars, the patented gine has remained the nization.

Willys-Knight, at your ur enthusiasm will be e than 300,000 owners. lways a Knight owner.

BEAUTIFUL NEW COLORS

Your choice of many exquisitely distinctive new color combinations, both in lacquer and upholstery. Colors that are rich, harmoniously blended, lastingly attractive—outstanding ensembles of rare taste and artistry.

WILLYS-KNIGHT

$1295 *f.o.b. factory* is all you pay for a 5-passenger, 6-cylinder Willys-Knight closed car. "70" Six, $1295 to $1495. Great Six, $1850 to $2695. Prices f.o.b. factory and specifications subject to change without notice. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

Office Easy Chairs

SIKES CHAIRS

See Your Office Furniture Dealer

Let him *tell you* how big corporations and small organizations save space, reduce overhead and promote clerical efficiency. Let him *show you* the chair which gives these three invaluable advantages—the SIKES X69½ Perfect Posture Chair that requires a minimum of space and slides unobtrusively under the desk when not in use.

But the problem of saving space is not the only problem he can help you solve. The progressive office furniture dealer has studied the dollar value of "appearance" in the business office. He knows the influence of comfort upon the productive output of the business executive—and he can point out how that comfort is obtained. He will show you chairs equipped with self-lubricating mechanisms—and demonstrate the advantages of their smooth and silent operation.

Your office furniture dealer is more than a salesman—more than a merchant. He is the biggest factor in the better office movement—a man whose interest lies not merely in selling you a desk or a chair, but in proving to your profit that better offices mean better business.

Sikes

The SIKES X69½ Perfect Posture Chair.

Takes little room in use When not in use takes less—sliding unobtrusively under the desk.

Look for the Sikes Self-Lubricating Chair Iron on all revolving chairs.

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

BETTER OFFICES

Mail This Coupon

Send us a copy of "Better Offices"

NAME

ADDRESS

(Continued from Page 95)

"If it's a matter of money," persisted Neva, looking up into Deszo's blank countenance, "Sunlight will pay you twenty-five thousand dollars, señor, and gladly—maybe thirty thousand."

The señor remained motionless, silent and slightly stunned.

"And you could have got more than you did get for the first one if you had told Thune to ask for it."

"Could I now?" asked Mr. Kiadas, trying to think clearly. "What did I get for that first one?"

"Only fifteen thousand. Mr. Diller will be glad to add a bonus, now that it's such a success."

"What's a success?"

"Don't joke, Señor Kiadas. You must know that Anna of Annapolis is the biggest knock-out of the season. Goodness, haven't you seen it?"

"Me?" said Deszo fervently. "I haven't been out of this ——"

He paused abruptly and decided to find out further facts.

"Who got all this dough?" he demanded.

"Mr. Thune, of course—your manager and agent."

The cake cooker from North Alamos gently released Neva's grip upon his right hand and rose up so that he could walk about and ask questions. Neva talked brightly and informingly, and little by little, Deszo perceived the true state of affairs. He assured his charming visitor that her worries were over and that if she wanted a second one she could have it on her own terms. The depravity of Mr. Thune also impressed the señor—fifteen thousand for a job of work and thirty a week for Deszo! This would have to be changed.

Miss Golding spent a pleasant half hour in Winthrop Castle and steadily the conversation moved toward the personal and the intimate, which always seemed to Neva the best way to get things done with a man. This Spaniard, she reflected, was no prize winner for looks; but as she told him frankly, she regarded him as one of the world's great artists, a figure who would go crashing down the corridors of time, and, generally speaking, a very swell guy. He learned from her red lips that he was Spain's gift to the cinema, that everybody in America was shouting his praise and that anything he did was worth thirty thousand dollars in currency. The tête-à-tête was pleasant, cozy and confidential, and Neva begged Deszo to be her personal author.

"Sure," replied Deszo, moving nearer.

"And not only that," said Neva shyly, "but I am a great believer in first impressions, and I was instantly taken with you, señor."

"Kid," said the señor heartily, "I'm for you. That's the cutest red hair I ever saw."

"We shall see a good deal of each other," she murmured gently. "I'm afraid I'm going to be very fond of you."

Mr. Kiadas rose up eventually with the announcement that he was going to call Thune on the telephone, and Neva declared that she would hurry back to the studio and get the contracts for the new story.

"And we'll sign them today," she said brightly.

"O. K.," returned the señor. "I'll be waiting."

"Isn't it wonderful that I came to see you?"

"I'll say it is," he grinned. "You didn't do me no harm at all."

"And we are friends?"—archly.

"Listen, kid," asked the señor directly, "are you married?"

"Not yet," replied Neva gayly, and she blew a light kiss at the distinguished foreigner, ran out to her Royal Red and steered down the Winthrop drive with the bright countenance of a smart young lady who has had a good morning.

The señor did not succeed in having Mr. Thune on the telephone for the reason that the promoter was out. Messrs. Thune and Britt were in alarmed action, the faithful Jap gate tender having brought them word that a wild young woman with red hair and a red roadster had attacked the household, broken flowerpots and had climbed through a window for the purpose probably of killing the inmate.

"Holy Mackinaw!" said Thune, seizing his hat. "Come on!"

"Why?" asked the nimble Britt.

"This is no time to be asking questions!" Thune shouted. "Get in that automobile."

Mr. Kiadas paced the floor and put the past together with an effort. Presently his employers burst in upon him and Thune asked in a savage voice if Neva Golding had called.

"Keep your shirt on," returned the señor calmly. "Sure, she was here. What about it?"

"Did she talk to you?"

"I'll hope to say she did. And now I'm gonna talk to you two burglars. I said all along there was something funny about this, and there was. Where's that fifteen thousand bucks?"

"What fifteen thousand?"

"You know—don't try to act dumb."

"Listen, fellow," Britt said haughtily, "you are working for us on a salary basis. When you take your weekly pay, you are through."

"That's what you think, but you're wrong. Where's the fifteen thousand?"

"It's gone," Thune roared in anger. "What of it? It's no concern of yours."

"No? Well, I just found out what's goin' on around here, and especially how you've been annoyin' this beautiful young girl. Because she wouldn't marry you, and I don't blame her, you're tryin' to ruin her career."

At this point Mr. Britt turned to stare at his associate.

"You guys are a couple of hogs," continued the señor deliberately.

"I have a good notion," said Thune, "to sock you in the jaw."

"That's been tried, too," replied the little man, "and no good come of it. I find I'm a Spanish story guy and people are hollerin' about me in large cities. Likewise this film company is knockin' 'em over with Annapolis Annie, which seems to be my first one. Why'n't you boys tell me all this?"

"It's none of your business," Thune snorted. "We hired you to loaf and you're going to do it."

"Am I? Where's that fifteen thousand?"

"Who's paying all these bills?" Britt demanded. "Do you think this house costs nothing, and the car, and your servants?"

The señor considered.

"That dough is probably gone," he said regretfully, "but there's more comin', so it's all right. We're starting new today; only from now on I am the big cheese around here and you two are workin' for me. Get that?"

Mr. Britt looked helplessly at his partner, who avoided the glance.

"The first thing is to hand over to Neva, right away, whatever it is she wants, because she's boss. I just arranged to give her this second Spanish story for twenty thousand dollars."

Mr. Thune, the color of aged ashes, explained in a hoarse voice that this was impossible.

"We have already signed a contract with the Pink Star Corporation," he said.

"Who has?"

"We have."

"Yeh, but who are you? You can't sign nothin'—not in my name. And I'm the fella they want."

Mr. Britt, always a pessimist, perceived that the good ship was sinking, the enterprise was wrecked, wealth was slipping from their fingers; and furthermore that the heart affairs of Mr. Thune had laid them low just when riches beckoned.

"You poor ninny," he said to Deszo, "don't you know that if you begin anything, we shall expose you as an ignorant fraud, a fellow unable to read or write?"

"Maybe," said the señor amiably. "Only my name is Deszo Kiadas, and nothin' else counts now. The public wants me, don't they? The studios want me, don't they? I am the popular rage, so Neva says, and who's gonna listen to the squawks of a couple of cheap nobodies like you and this fellow? I can get writers to write my stuff, can't I?—seein' this town is mangy with them, and all hungry."

Thune turned a timid eye upon Mr. Britt and that worthy looked at the floor with the hopeless air of a worm at a chickens' convention.

Together they had raised up a man and a name, both now in keen demand, riding the tide of popular acclaim. What if they did try to expose him? What good would it accomplish if they revealed him as the former cake tosser of North Alamos? He had but to issue a statement saying that the great are always assailed by the small; and meanwhile, his fame would be mounting, and the movie people would pay him large and larger sums for jobs like Anna of Annapolis, making plenty of profit therefrom and caring not a whoop in Hades who Señor Kiadas was or was not.

"Well," said the señor impatiently, "speak up, boys. I got to have quick action here, because she's coming back with the contracts and I need money. You gonna get me this second story for Neva, or must I hire somebody else?"

"That's it, is it?" Thune asked sadly.

"Yeah, and you got one minute to decide. You're workin' for me, or you ain't."

"How much pay?"

"Better than you did by me. A hundred a week for each of you."

Thune made a sardonic gesture and Britt threw away his cigar and thought of his prospective roadster. They were back again on Poverty Row at the same old pay, a couple of bright young men, not fitted for big business.

"How about it?" he asked Thune.

"Why not?" returned that gentleman. "It's a job. We have to have a job and we might as well work for this—this fellow as anybody else."

"And remember," warned the señor, putting on his silk hat for the first time in several days and reaching for his gloves, "I handle all the dough from now on. I tell everybody what to do and where to get off. Me and Neva will explain what we want you to write and you write it quick, or I'll get somebody that will."

There was the sound of a horn on the driveway and Mr. Kiadas picked up his cane.

"That," he said, "is Neva with the contracts and maybe a check. I get twenty thousand for this one, which is all right, seein' I'm gonna marry the girl."

He strode swiftly to the door, waggling his goatee, a man the master of his fate, and as he disappeared, Mr. Britt looked up at his companion.

"Birds on the bushes," he said in a low voice.

"What?" Thune asked, thinking misfortune had deranged his pal.

"Birds on the bushes," Britt repeated, rising to his feet. "It's poetry—birds on the bushes and fishes in the sea; and a red-headed woman made a sucker out of me. Cute, isn't it?"

Outside, there was the faint noise of a red roadster going somewhere.

EVEN STRONGER EVEN STURDIER

this Great New

MASON BALLOON

With its cord structure made stronger through a new double-mill process used in spinning the famous Hylastic cord, and with its tread increased in size and improved in design—this great new Mason Hylastic Balloon gives *even greater riding comfort* and *even longer wear* than the Mason tires which have built the Mason reputation.

MASON TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, KENT, OHIO

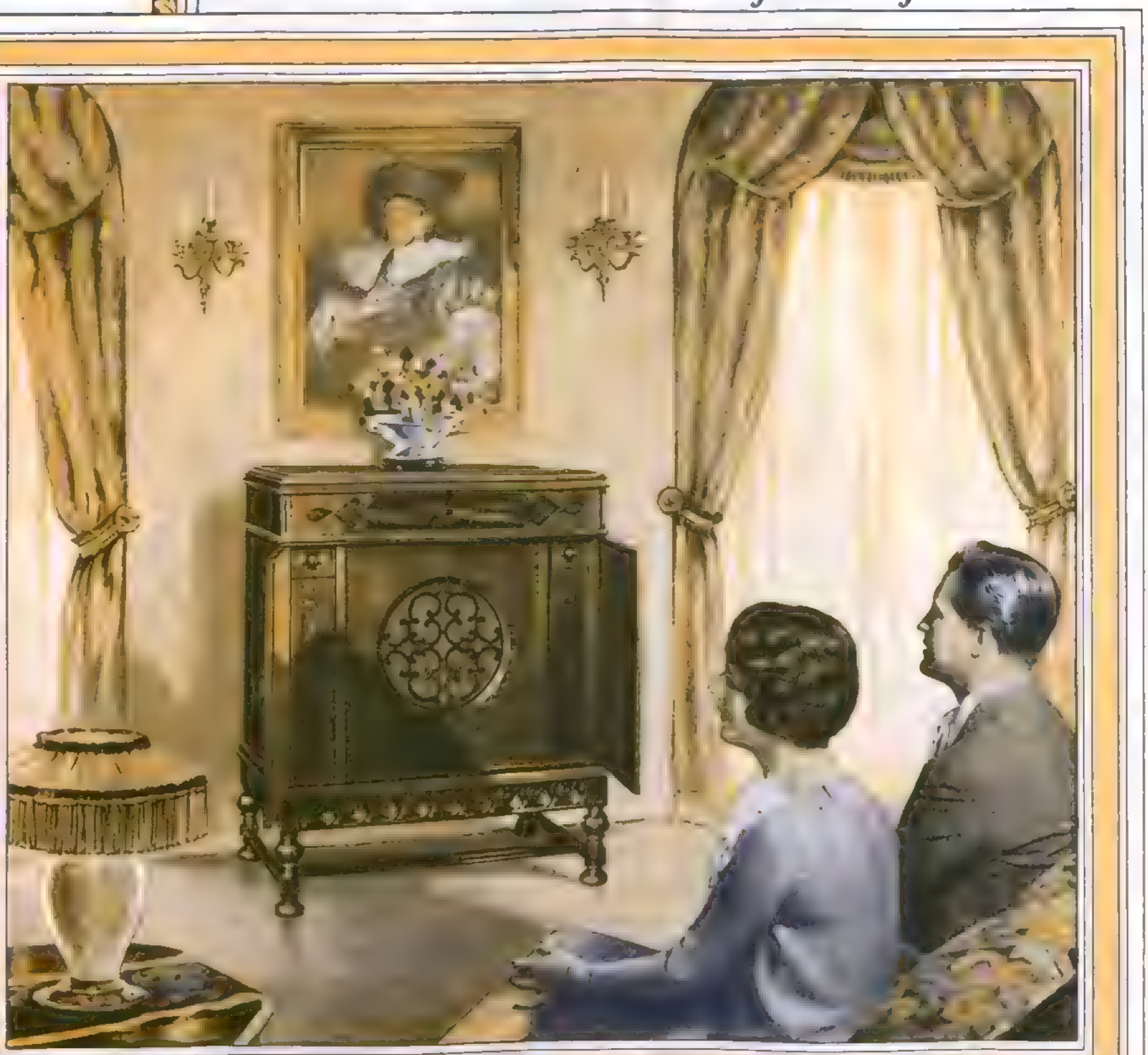
MASON

MADE WITH Hylastic CORD

Columbia

Viva-tonal Electric Repro

"like life itself"



Columbia-Kolster (shown here)—$475. Viva-tonal Columbias in both mahogany and walnut, ranging in price from $90 to $300. Viva-tonal Columbia Portables, $50.

-Kolster
ducing Phonograph

Two great companies have contributed to the producing of an entirely new musical instrument—the Columbia Phonograph Company, makers of the Viva-tonal Columbia and Columbia Records, and Federal-Brandes, Inc., makers of the Kolster Radio Set.

The result is the Columbia-Kolster Viva-tonal Electric Reproducing Phonograph.

It plays any standard record. Elusive tonal shadings, actually in the records, but impossible of reproduction on the ordinary phonograph, are brought out in all their beauty. The volume of sound can be increased or decreased at will, from a whisper to a fortissimo. Changes in volume have absolutely no effect upon the quality of reproduction. The definition and balance of the original are retained in their entirety.

The Columbia-Kolster gets its power from the house current. Batteries are eliminated. It requires no winding. An exquisite jewel-like topaz pilot light, set on the line of vision, indicates when the current is on. Every detail is designed to delight the eye and offer the utmost in service.

Before buying a new reproducing instrument, hear the Columbia-Kolster Viva-tonal Electric Reproducing Phonograph.

The Columbia-Kolster is now being shown by leading dealers everywhere. If you are uncertain as to the location of one of these, write us and the name and address of one near you will be sent you.

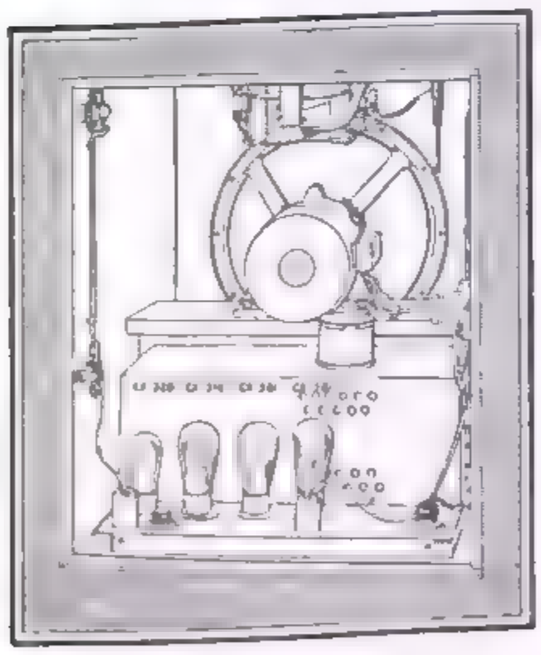


Diagram showing installation of Kolster Power Cone Speaker in the Viva-tonal Columbia.

The Columbia-Kolster (Model 900) has an "electric pickup" of new design, with unique and exclusive features. The Kolster Power Cone Speaker, inside the beautiful, high lighted walnut cabinet with its mahogany overlay, is of the electro dynamic type, and introduces a new feed-back principle. The instrument is equipped with five Cunningham tubes. It is 40¼ inches high, 31⅞ inches wide, and 21¼ inches deep. Two drop record-bins hold twenty records each. Important exposed metal parts are gold plated, satin finish. The 12-inch turntable is overlaid with green velvet. *List price,* $475.00

Columbia Phonograph Company

1819 Broadway, New York City

Canada: Columbia Phonograph Co., Ltd., Toronto

Columbia New Process Records

Celebrity Series

Sophie Braslau

The Sweetest Story Ever Told (Stults) *and* Love's Old Sweet Song (Molloy)—Contralto Solos *No. 2052-M 10 in. $1.00*

Instrumental Music

Columbia Symphony Orchestra
(*Dir. Robert Hood Bowers*)

Wedding March (Mendelssohn) "Midsummer Night's Dream" *and* Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin (Wagner)
No. 50051-D 12 in. $1.25

Vocal Numbers

Lee Morse

My Idea of Heaven (Is to Be in Love with You) *and* Side By Side *No. 974-D 10 in. 75¢*

Little Jack Little

Who's Wonderful, Who's Marvelous? Miss Annabelle Lee *and* Who Is Your Who? *No. 1122-D 10 in. 75¢*

Columbia Mixed Chorus

Medley of Christmas Hymns—Parts 1 and 2 (Arr. by Bowers)
No. 50050-D 12 in. $1.25

Dance Music

Ted Lewis and His Band

Alexander's Ragtime Band *and* The Darktown Strutters' Ball—Fox Trots with Vocal Choruses by Ted Lewis
No. 1084-D 10 in. 75¢

Ben Selvin and His Orchestra

Play-Ground in the Sky *and* Wherever You Are (from "Sidewalks of New York")—Fox Trots with Vocal Choruses
No. 1133-D 10 in. 75¢

Fred Rich and His Hotel Astor Orchestra

Good News *and* Lucky in Love (from "Good News!")—Fox Trots with Vocal Choruses
No. 1108-D 10 in. 75¢

Cass Hagan and His Park Central Hotel Orchestra and The Radiolites

The Varsity Drag (from "Good News!") (Vocal Chorus by Baur, James and Shaw) *and* Dancing Tambourine—Fox Trots
No. 1114-D 10 in. 75¢

Columbia Musical Masterworks

Set No. 72 **Mozart: Symphony No. 41, in C Major ("Jupiter"), Op. 551**

Complete in Eight Parts (Four Records) with Album—$6.00

Set No. 73 **Tschaikowsky: Trio in A Minor, Op. 50 "To the Memory of a Great Artist"**

Complete in Twelve Parts (Six Records) with Album—$9.00

Ask your Dealer for Complete List of Recent Records

Columbia

Photograph of a Fort Fairfield (Maine) home painted with 40-40-20.

40-40-20 Paint

to *Keep* Your Home the Color You Choose

You know the charm of New England's typical homes. Pride of ownership and intelligent thrift have made them most attractive and livable.

Is it strange that **40-40-20 paint** with its superior color, lasting brightness and long life was used on this Maine homestead? Throughout the United States and Canada these characteristics of **40-40-20 paint** are causing pardonable pride in home ownership. Yet 40-40-20 costs no more than other quality paints.

Any tint you may select for the outside of your house is markedly clearer and brighter when made on the 40-40-20 base —it never becomes "muddy." A white 40-40-20 finish stays brilliantly white. You can know that permanence of the color you choose is insured by the chemical composition of **40-40-20 paint.** Color determines the attractiveness of your home.

40-40-20 paint is not made by The New Jersey Zinc Company. It is made by the 135 paint manufacturers listed on this page. You can buy **40-40-20 paint** in white and in clear, pure, enduring tints.

Write for our free booklet "When White is White."

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY

160 Front Street, New York City

40-40-20 The Permanently White OUTSIDE PAINT

THE GROWING LIST OF AUTHORIZED MANUFACTURERS OF 40-40-20

Aetna Varnish Co., Inc.
The Allentown Mfg. Co.
The W. A. Alpers Co.
Amalgamated Paint Co.
American Paint & Paper Co.
The Anglo-American Varnish Co., Inc.
Atlantic Paint & Varnish Works, Inc.
The Benson Paint & Varnish Co., Inc.
Berg Varnish Co., Inc.
Blue Ribbon Paint Co.
E. R. Bohan & Co., Inc.
Bradley & Vrooman Co.
John C. Butler Company
Caldow Paint Co.
California Paint Co.
Campbell & Wetzel, Inc.
Carpenter Morton Co.
Carroll Shade & Varnish Co., Inc.
Central Paint & Varnish Mfg. Co.
Chilton Paint Co.
Coating Products Corp.
Columbia Varnish Co.
Comstock, Bray, Green & Paint Co.
Cook Paint & Varnish Co.
G. P. Darrow & Co.
Dobeckmun Paint Manufacturing Co.
The Dean & Barry Co.
The Detroit Paint Co.
Deany, Hilbert & Rosenbusch
The Detroit Paint Mfg. Co.
Henry A. Dreyer Co., Inc.
The Dolphin Paint & Varnish Co.
Dunbar Paint Mfg. Co., Inc.
Egan & Hausman Co., Inc.
Engo Paint Company
Farrell-Calhoun Co., Inc.
Forbes Smith & Co., Inc.
Fuller Paint & Varnish Corp.
The Florman Mfg. Co.
The Foy Paint Co.
Frazer Paint Co.
Samuel H. French & Co.
Gill-Oakley & Allen, Inc.
Garrett M. Goldberg & Co.
Great Lakes Varnish Wks., Inc.
Great Western Paint Mfg. Co., Inc.
Hanlane Bros.
Hardeeth Varnish Co.
Heck Paint & Chemical Works
A. C. Horn & Co.
Hughes Paint Co.
Imperial Paint Co.
Impervious Paint & Varnish Co.
Integrity Paint Co.
Interstate Chemical Co.
Jenson M. Kain Johnson Co.
Oliver Johnson & Co., Inc.
Frank M. Kennedy Paint & Color Co.
Keystone Albumen & Paint Co.
King Paint Mfg. Co.
Knox Varnish Co.
J. F. Kutters Paint Co., Inc.
The Lancaster Paint & Glass Co.
Longman & Martinez
The Longview Paint & Varnish Co.
The Lorain Lead & Paint Co.
MacMillan Paint Co.
The Mahoning Paint & Oil Co.
The Marietta Paint & Color Co.
John W. Masury & Son
Master Paint & Glass Co.
M. Daniel Paint & Varnish Co.
M. J. Merton Paint Co., Inc.
The Miami Paint Company
Michigan Paint Mfg. Co.
Monmouth Paint & Varnish Works
National Varnish Company
The Narroco Paint & Varnish Works
Eugene L. Nice Company
Negley & Co.
T. H. Nevin Company
Norfolk Paint & Varnish Co.
Oakley Paint Mfg. Co.
The Parker Paint Works
The Parr Paint & Color Co.
The Passaic Hutcheon Co.
Peerless Gaulbert Co., Inc.
The Perry & Derrick Co., Inc.
H. Peterman, Inc.
Petro Paint Mfg. Co.
Phelan-Faust Paint Mfg. Co.
Phoenix Paint & Varnish Co.
Porter Paint Co., Inc.
W. R. Putnam & Son
Rasmussen & Co.
Red Spot Paint & Varnish Co., Inc.
Rockcoat Paint Corporation
T. J. Ronan Co., Inc.
Sampson Paint & Color Co., Inc.
The Sargent Gerke Co.
Schutz Specialty Company
Sawyer & Quinn, Inc.
Seattle Paint Co.
Albert K. Sheldon Company
The Southern Paint Products Co.
Sovereign Paint Mfg. Co., Inc.
The Gilbert Spruance Co.
St. Paul White Lead & Oil Co., Inc.
Standard Chemical Works, Inc.
Standard Pigment Co., Inc.
Standard Plate Glass Co.
Sterling Paint Co.
The Stewart Bros. Paint Co.
Thomson Wood Finishing Co.
Toledo Westernoid Paint Co., Inc.
The Tripod Paint Company
Tropical Paint & Oil Co.
U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co.
Utley Paint Co., Inc.
Warren Paint & Color Co.
William Waterall & Co., Inc.
Chas. E. Watson Paint Co.
West Paint & Varnish Co.
Western Paint & Varnish Co.
The White Company
J. C. Whitlam Mfg. Co.
Williams Paint Company
John H. Witte & Sons
D. Zelinsky & Sons, Inc.

IN CANADA

Brandram-Henderson, Ltd.
The Imperial Varnish & Color Co., Ltd.
International Laboratories, Ltd.
Ottawa Paint Works, Ltd.
A. Ramsay & Son Co.
Sanderson Pearcy & Co., Ltd.

These paint manufacturers make genuine 40-40-20 from The New Jersey Zinc Company's specified products according to its specially developed formula and are authorized to use its registered trade mark on their labels for paint so made.

New Jersey Zinc

THE STRANGER AT THE FEAST

(Continued from Page 7)

"How did you get ashore?" demanded Tappen sharply.

"Come down rope."

"Well, you go back and climb up the rope again."

"No," said Abdul, his eyes taking on a glaze Tappen knew only too well. It denoted an irrevocable decision.

"What did you do with your things?" he asked, changing the angle of his attack.

"What you do with your things?" countered Abdul.

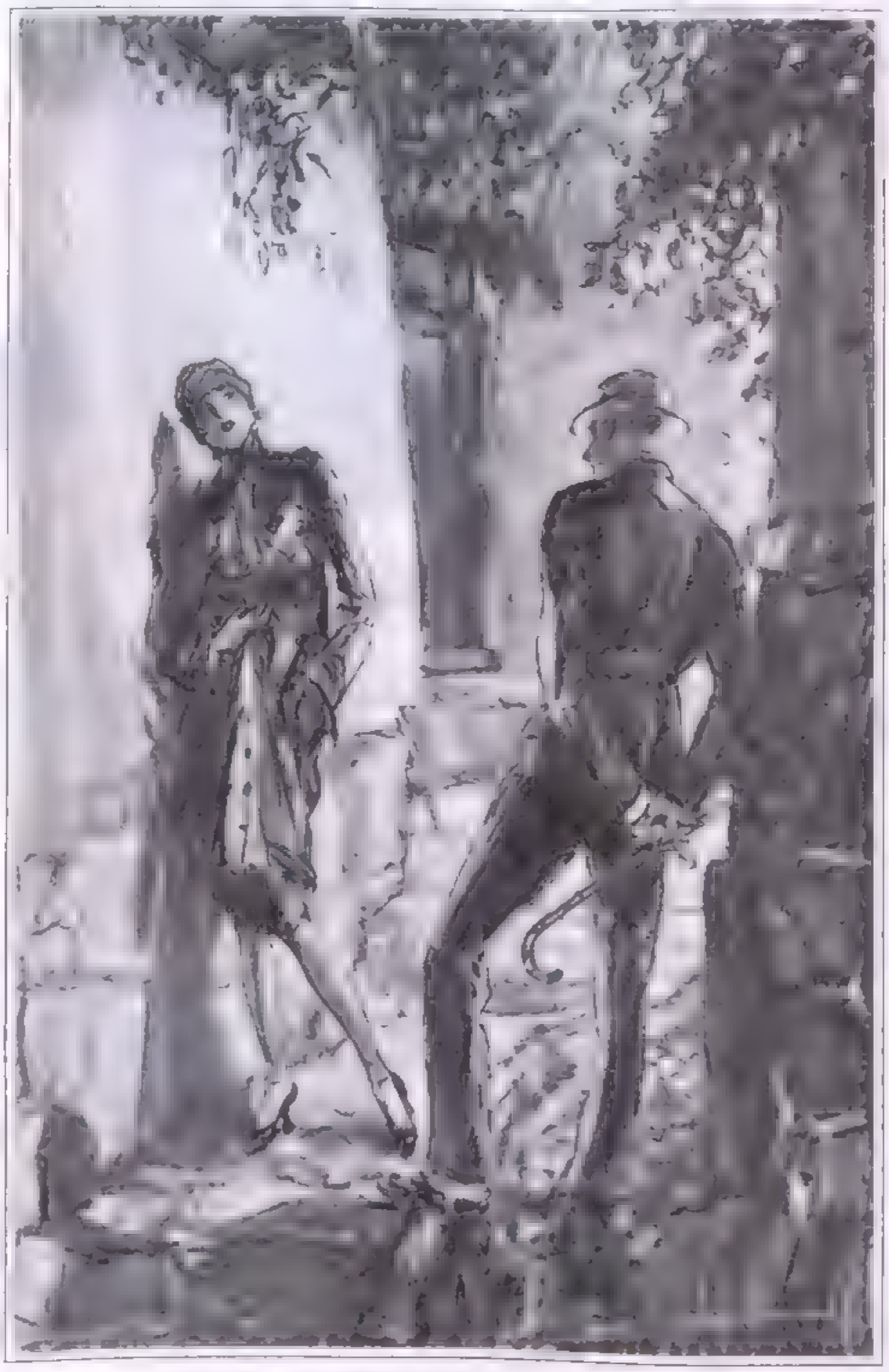
"I left them behind, because I don't want them any more."

"Me too," murmured Abdul apathetically. "Blanket all wet. I don't want him." He glanced down at his grimy clothes and then looked around wistfully at the stacks of fine fabrics, more coveted than ivory by the Swahili heart.

Tappen surrendered. The ensuing interview with the tailor as to how Abdul should be clothed consumed more time than had been devoted to the ordering of his master's entire outfit. Tappen was for having Abdul Europeanized at once, but the tailor was all against it. Inspired by the garb the boy was wearing, he proposed washable knee-length suits in dark gray linen, the retention of the red fez and the addition of shoes and stockings. His contention was that it would be both futile and foolish to attempt to Europeanize Abdul, and in the end Tappen had to admit the man was right.

In due course the boy emerged as a sensationally smart servant. His tunic, fitted stiffly around the neck and belted at the waist, gave him a quasi-military air and at the same time permitted the most drastic economy in shirts. With trousers belled above his bare knees and stockings clinging tightly to just over the calves of his fine legs, his status as a menial was reestablished without lessening his pride. His own sense of the fitness of things led him to buy fine lawn and through signs instruct a seamstress in the making of a garment for indoor use. It was like a nightgown, except for a tight-fitting high collar, and hung to his ankles. When he wore it he went barefoot.

By the end of the first week at the hotel he was thoroughly reinstated as Tappen's personal attendant. What won him the victory above all else was the extraordinary calm with which he shed curious looks and absorbed admiring glances. Strange sights did not bother him, so why should he as an unusual spectacle bother others? He possessed a deduced philosophy. Each man, though abroad, is at home in his own business. His smooth performance of duty soon became a standing reproach to the master who had thought he could do without him, and incidentally reflected glory on the possessor of such a treasure. The proprietor of the hostelry tried to suborn Abdul to desertion with gold, and Zubenbüler offered him a lifelong home, but when Tappen settled down luxuriously in a *wagon-lit* bound for Paris, Abdul was wrapping his head in a new blanket preparatory to enduring the cold comfort of a third-class carriage at the rear of the same train.



"So Sorry. I'm Afraid I Made You Wet Your Foot"

By one of those tricks with which fate levels the fortunes of the unequal, Abdul went to sleep at once, while Tappen lay wide awake, listening to the maddening rhythm of the trucks beneath him. He counted sheep, repeated the multiplication table backward and stared mentally at the sharp point of a pencil directed between his eyes, all to no avail. Then he resigned himself to a white night and sought to employ it profitably in striking the balance of the two weeks which had elapsed since he had set foot on a long-lost shore. What had he accomplished? Killed time and spent money. But that was only the clever way to put it, and like most clever things, it was not quite true. It was nearer the mark to say he had invested both time and money.

His complete new kit, and Abdul's, remained, but together they formed merely an insignificant item. What really mattered was the hours he had put in having himself hurled along in a motor car, or holding himself in leash with watering mouth over the delicacies of the Maison des Romans et Étrangers, or dawdling on the beach at Anse des Catalans, or even laughing his head off with Zubenbüler in the company of Germaine, Madelon Petite, Marianne, and one whom he himself had named Noisette. Merry hours, too crammed with the elementary joy of life to give way for a moment to specializing in heart throbs Noisette, Marianne, Madelon Petite and Germaine were enjoined from remembering him for casual embraces and yet they could never forget him. They would remember him forever as a tidal wave of laughter.

As for himself, he was already a new man—tired but new. His cheeks were almost smoothed of their tiny wrinkles and shot with healthy color through the bronze. He had been like an empty and unused bottle. The hours had filled his veins with blood, his eyes with light and his lungs with air, so that each day he could feel himself catching up with youth, wiping out his nine lost years He sighed with relief. He had been no spendthrift but an investor. The rhythm of the trucks began to say something vague and then distinct. It was pronouncing his name in the French manner, with the accent strongly on the last syllable—"Cornell Tappan, Cornell Tappan, Cornell ——"

II

IT SO happened that he was alone in his compartment for the night and could be as restless as he pleased without disturbing anyone. Though he had fallen asleep late, he awoke early enough to greet the rising sun. He welcomed it heartily, dressed at once and ordered the startled attendant to put his bed in order while he snatched a

(Continued on Page 105)

Will Santa thrill your youngster with a **FOX PLAY GUN** *this year?*

This "honest-to-goodness" gun is the only one of its kind. Has glistening steel double barrels, double triggers, hardwood stock, and loads and works just like a big Fox Shot Gun. But it's

Absolutely harmless, even indoors

Safe for any child, because it will not injure anyone or do any damage. Shoots small light wooden balls from realistic spring-powered shells. No powder—no danger. That's why parents are enthusiastic about it, too.

Talk about fun! You can play dozens of games with the Fox Play Gun. It's fine for target practice, too.

Santa's going to carry a big load of Fox Play Guns this Christmas. Seems as if every youngster from five to twelve wants one.

Go to your dealer today and examine this new plaything—you'll quickly see why every youngster takes to it, why it never grows tiresome. Look at the way it's made—built to last for years. If your dealer can't supply you, write to us.

Price, complete with ammunition and target, $3.75

A. H. FOX GUN CO.

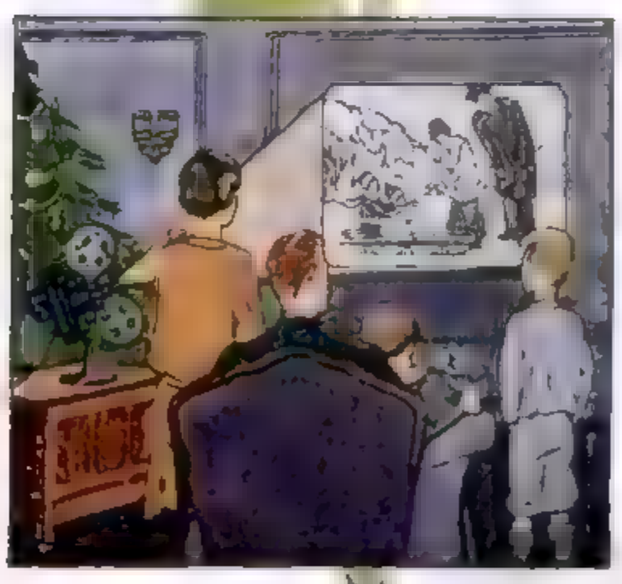
4750-60 No. 18th Street, Philadelphia

Makers of the famous Fox Shot Gun

FOX PLAY GUN

This folder tells all about the Fox Play Gun. Send for your free copy.

Giving back the joys of yesterday



No gift thought more lovely than this

YOUR little child . . . now budding into her teens . . . but on the living-room wall, reproduced in action, in motion pictures, just as she was in those days when her mother wanted her to stay that way always . . . dainty . . . smiling . . . in the garden, picking the flowers so like her little self.

The silver-haired grandmother . . . maybe gone now . . . but again trudging into view . . . hearty . . . hopeful . . . as she would prefer ever to be remembered.

The sweetheart of yesterday, now the wife and mother . . . but again before you as in those days of romance . . . in action . . . brightening your eyes with memories . . . tugging at your heartstrings.

And the scene around the Christmas tree. The football game. The winter sports. Yes, you yourself as others saw you . . . landing that famous musky or engaged in your special hobby.

The perpetuation, in moving pictures, of the most cherished experiences, events and individuals, the rekindling of joys of the past—such is the capacity of Filmo. A possession princes are proud of. As a gift, inspiring instant and lasting delight.

"Made by the movie people." Thus is all that need be said to explain Filmo's movie taking and showing superiority. For over twenty years Bell & Howell have made the cameras and equipment used in producing practically all the feature movies shown at best theatres Famous Players-Lasky, Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, First National, DeMille—all the other great movie producers—use Bell & Howell cameras.

So, in Filmo equipment you are choosing the result of specialized moving picture experience. Should other movie cameras and projectors, lower in price, be offered you on the lone premise that they are *simple in operation*, carry with you this assurance: *Filmo* simplicity more than matches any other. Merely look through Filmo's spy-glass viewfinder and press the button to take movies of theatre quality on the first try. Just think—two operations only—much easier than taking snapshots with an ordinary camera! In addition, Filmo is the only amateur movie equipment *adaptable to all conditions of light, speed, distance,* and the various requirements of showing movies in the home.

See your Filmo dealer for first-hand information on this matchless Christmas gift. **Write us for the NEW descriptive booklet "Filmo—Home Movies of the Better Kind" just off the press.**

Filmo Projector shows your movies without flicker and with theatre clarity and brilliance. Runs forward, backward (for novelty effects), or stops on any single picture for prolonged showing. A simple attachment gives color tone to your movies. This projector is also used by many leading industrial firms.

Eastman Safety Film (16 mm.) in the yellow box, used in Filmo camera, is obtained at practically all stores handling cameras and supplies. First cost covers developing and return postage to your door. Then your movies are ready for showing with Filmo Projector.

"What you see, you get," by virtue of the spy-glass viewfinder, found only on Filmo camera. It gives aim for getting exactly the scene you want when using any of the 14 special lenses which may be interchanged in Filmo camera. Optional mechanism is offered for taking slo-mo motion pictures. Filmo is the original automatic movie camera for personal use

THERE IS ALSO EYEMO, USING PROFESSIONAL STANDARD [35 mm.] FILM, IF YOU DESIRE TO COMMERCIALIZE YOUR MOVIES

BELL & HOWELL

MOTION PICTURE CAMERA AND PROJECTOR

BELL & HOWELL CO. • 1811 Larchmont Avenue, Chicago, Illinois • *New York, Hollywood, London (B & H Co., Ltd.)* • *Established 1907*

(Continued from Page 103)

roll and a cup of coffee at a five-minute halt. After that he settled in a window corner and permitted the countryside to amuse him. The diversion was beginning to pall when the train came to an unscheduled stop in the village of Nuits-St.-Georges, and there, all in a moment, the early watcher was rewarded for his vigil. He saw a young woman beyond the station embrace a little girl, thrust her into the arms of a stalwart nurse and hurry toward the train

Such scenes are enacted every day at railway stops all over the world, and yet, in some intangible fashion, Tappen was more lastingly impressed than if he had witnessed assault and robbery. It was all a question of perspective, of course. On an empty stomach one might expect to see an early morning murder against that setting, but never this kind of woman and child taking swift, almost furtive, farewell of each other in the presence of that kind of nurse. The nurse was undoubtedly of the soil, planted like a tree. The child, not more than eight years old, was a bit of thistledown blown in from far away. You didn't have to be told; you knew it. The woman, coming rapidly toward the train, was of the type that owns the earth—quietly; the sort of woman to whom a situation is always a situation and never an entanglement, who looks and is frail—until you see her put a hunter at a five-barred gate.

Tappen watched her approach the guard of the train and murmur a few words. He tried to guess her age and decided it must be under or just over thirty. It was hard to tell with a well-bred female of the big world, especially when you had grown used to seeing black women turn old at twenty-five. The official shrugged his shoulders, with a lift of the hands denoting helplessness. She spoke again and produced what looked like a sheaf of tickets. The guard became suddenly obsequious and swept the curtained carriages with a troubled look. His glance fell on Tappen and immediately his brow cleared. He helped her aboard, gave the starting signal, and scarcely a minute later an attendant entered Tappen's compartment and reached for his bag.

"Leave that bag alone," said Tappen sharply.

"Monsieur is being moved," explained the attendant.

"Don't touch that bag!" warned Tappen in a tone that needed no translating.

The guard appeared with the lady standing at his elbow. "Monsieur shall have every explanation. Madame has bought all the places. Monsieur is required only to move into another compartment where a gentleman still sleeps."

Tappen felt an anger out of proportion to the occasion. Later, the request might seem reasonable enough, but at the moment it appeared imposition piled on injustice. What harm was he doing? Why should he be thrust into a stuffy hole where a gentleman still slept? The guard in his turn reached for the bag.

"*Arrêtez!*" snapped Tappen. "Madame may have bought five of these seats, but she can't possibly have bought the one I paid for. I don't care which it is, but I shall keep it."

"Monsieur refuses to move?" asked the guard with all the astonishment he could command.

"I do."

The guard and the attendant turned on him with a movement that suggested contemplated violence, but they were arrested by a single word from the woman. "*Assez,*" she said, without raising her voice, but it was as if a knife had cut a knot. The two men raised their hands and left the compartment, muttering excitedly and gesticulating with loose-jointed fingers. The lady sat down tensely on the edge of the seat nearest the door, one foot slightly extended, the other doubled back as though she awaited the moment to rise. She drew off her gloves and held them strained between her hands. Tappen noticed that she wore no ring, no jewel of any sort; then a breath of fear struck him. Was she going to sit like that—look like that all the way to Paris? Instinct moved him to speak in English.

"Please take these window seats," he murmured, half rising.

Her fixed eyes turned and blazed on him for a single second. "I wouldn't accept a glass of water from you."

It was over. There was no use questioning the absolute finality of that remark or the profound scorn of its implication. As the minutes passed he felt smaller and smaller. He had been more than rude in refusing to put himself to a trifling inconvenience; he had been wrong—so wrong as to make even apology an affront. Here was a woman who had asked no favor, who had paid for privacy and been robbed of it, first by the stupidity of some ticket seller and then by his unreasonable boorishness. There was only one thing to do—get out, sneak out with colors lowered, and stay out for four hours!

His eyes glanced at the door longingly and then fell on a well-shod foot. He would have to step over it to escape. Nervousness, a sudden lurch of the train, pure funk, might make him trip on it or merely graze it. The bare thought made him cringe even before it was followed by another.

Trained in the hard school of observation of the low veldt, where a broken twig was a chapter in a book, he had become highly intuitive. Game which can easily leap over a man's head will not willingly cross a fence two feet high, for to the apparent efficacy of any barrier must be added the subconscious force of the intention behind it. So it was with this extended foot. There was something subtly inimical in its firm immobility, and he conceived the idea that it was backed by a definite purpose on the part of its owner to keep him a prisoner and to punish him.

However fantastic his deduction, there was no doubt whatever about the punishment. For more than an hour he suffered as he had never suffered before. He had often kept absolutely still for long periods of time, sometimes in an awkward position, watching the gradual approach of some grazing quarry. That had been painful enough, but this reversal of the equation was infinitely worse. To see a woman sitting as if fixed in stone as a rebuke to his unwarranted presence, and yet to feel that she meant him to stay there, was to know the nadir of deliberate humiliation.

Why had fate dealt him this sort of woman for a chance foe? She had all the points he most admired—poise without a shade of insolence, an unquestioned and unquestioning consciousness of superiority in manner, breeding and clothes. Add to that a vibrant body and the rarest of all human attributes—the cumulative power of self-contained anger. Beautiful? How could he know without seeing more than one of her moods? At least she possessed the foundation of beauty, the stalk on which any flower might suddenly bloom, the warp and woof upon which any picture might grow, and chords that might sound to all the emotions as deeply as they held the single note of indignation. For two hours he writhed and then he succumbed.

"I'm a dog," he said aloud, as one who speaks without hope of answer, "a yellow dog. It's no excuse that it's nine years since I've been in a white man's country. I'm beaten and I know it. Please let me go."

Without looking at him or changing the expression of her face, she drew in her foot. He caught up his hat and passed out of the compartment, leaving his bag behind, and even his stick. At Les Laumes he had a chance to join Abdul, and he was absurdly relieved to find a vacant seat beside him in the third-class carriage. He took it and presently began to talk in Swahili, trying to cheer himself up with the extraction of Abdul's views on the sights and people around him. But Abdul was exceptionally noncommunicative. "All right," was the extent of his observations on any and all subjects.

Tappen sank into silence and then into reverie. The more he pondered the more he realized that he could not let things stand as they were between himself and the unknown woman. Either he must reëstablish himself as a man of her own world or admit once and for all that he was something less. As he saw it, self-respect is handed out to all like a talent; you can keep it intact, surrender it piecemeal or abandon it altogether. He rebelled against losing any of his rightful share by negligence or through robbery. Quite aside from these high-minded considerations, though he was loath to admit it, he was aware that he had collided with an unforgettable personality.

When the train was pulling into Paris, having ordered Abdul to retrieve his bag and stick and stay with them until he returned, he was one of the first to disembark, and he took up a position where he could watch all the exits. The lady passed him, walking swiftly, and went out through the main archway. Though he followed her almost at once, he reached the sidewalk only in time to see her step into a private car. He dashed in front of an incoming taxi at the peril of his life, leaped into an empty one and pointed a rigid finger over the driver's shoulder at the disappearing motor. "*Suivez. Vingt francs si vous le rattrapez.*"

The cabman nodded understandingly, threw in his gears and shot after the private car. Taking all chances, he gained steadily, but at the Boulevard de Sébastopol the luck turned against him. The traffic signal sounded and when he tried to beat it, the gendarme's baton was flourished furiously under his very nose. But Tappen was not altogether dissatisfied; he had taken the car's license number and at a turn had caught a glimpse of its gray-haired chauffeur. He ordered the taxi back to the Gare de Lyon to pick up Abdul and the baggage. Half an hour later they were installed at a modest hotel just off the Rond-Point des Champs-Élysées. If she ever walked, thought Tappen, it might well be here, under the trees and in the gardens that border the Avenue Gabriel.

Such was not the descent he had planned upon Paris. His anticipation had been fixed on luxurious quarters in the center of things, with the boulevards to the right and left of him. He had visioned a tour of all the best places to dine and the gayest places to sup, perhaps in the company of more and better Germaines, Madelons, Mariannes, and a Noisette or two. But his desire for that sort of thing was nipped in the bud. He had acquired a quest, and until it was over only the most innocent joys interested him, such as sitting beneath the trees beside the runway where solemn children rode donkeys and goats, or standing outside the inclosure of the *guignolet* to watch the same children shriek ecstatic commands at the obliging puppets of the murderous Punch-and-Judy show.

Urged on by increasing tips, the porter at the hotel had surmounted a series of obstacles, only to learn that the license number Tappen had given him belonged to a car rented by the year from a firm whose patrons' private affairs were safeguarded even from bribery. He regretted his failure and tried to make up for it by laying a newspaper clipping before his troublesome patron. "Beringo," read Tappen, "operates personally. Inquiry before marriage, search, shadowing, divorce, delicate missions. Prices moderate. Discreet." He frowned as he studied out the abbreviations, but once he had absorbed the translation, he crumpled up the paper and dropped it in the wastebasket. If she rented a car by the year she was either in Paris or near by and would return, and that was enough. Patience could do the rest without dragging in the soiling services of a professional scavenger.

The sole immediate effect of the negative report was to make him decide on taking an

(Continued on Page 107)

Put a touch of originality to your Christmas gift list-

If you are tired of giving ties and socks, shirts and handkerchiefs—add Varsity Pajamas to your gift list. Any man will be delighted with them. Stylish, colorful and distinctive, they have an instant appeal to the man who is particular about what he wears.

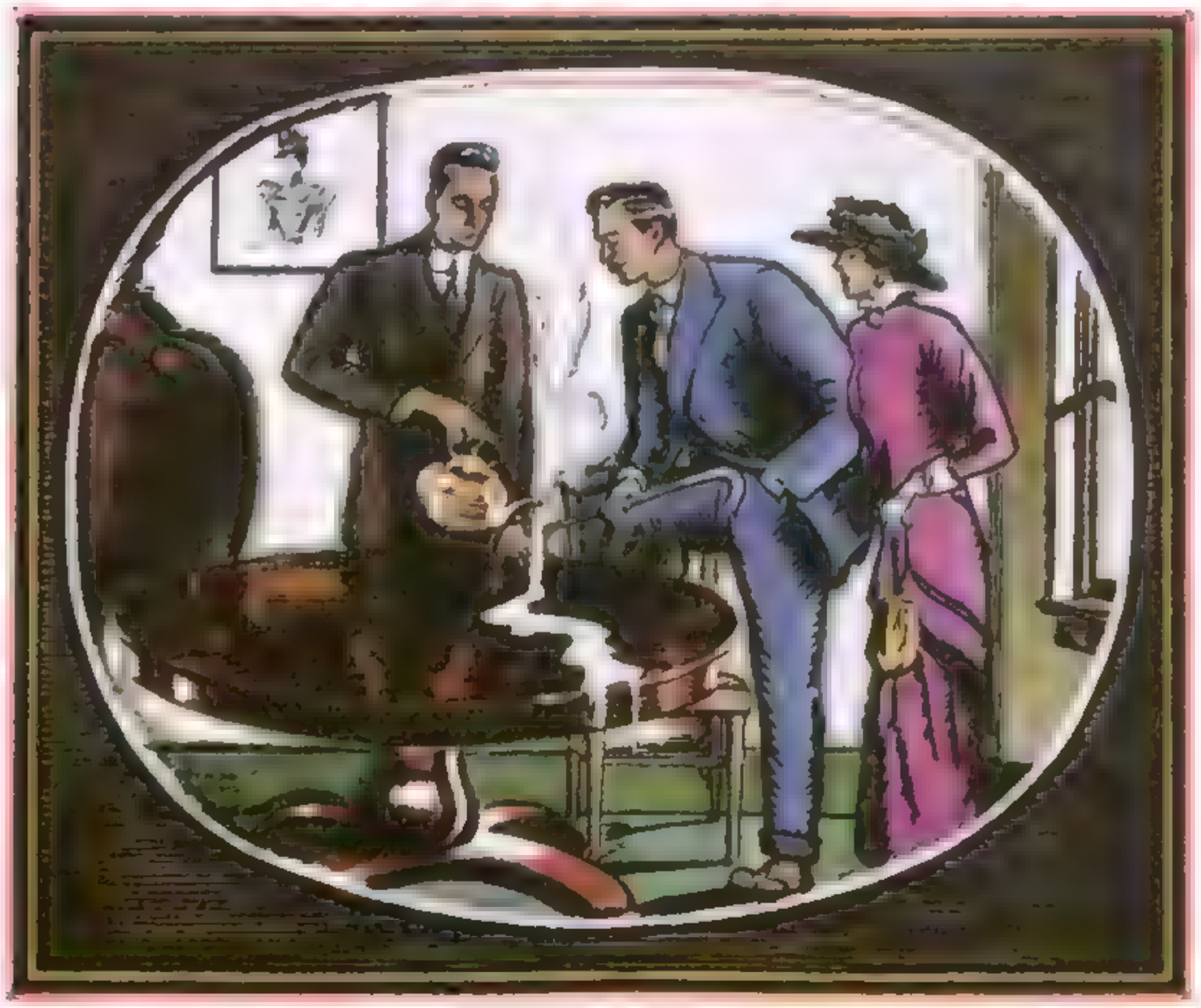
Most good stores can show you a splendid choice of Varsity Pajamas, packed in individual gift boxes at $2.50 to $15.

Varsity
UNDERWEAR CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.

In the days of Plumed Hats

A Philippine Version

As proved in Calcutta, India



The Premier Performance of the now famous drama—*"The Valspar Boiling Water Test"*

The Youngsters try it out

It works on Floors, too

And on Valsparred Cars

VALSPAR

—the Varnish that made Boiling Water Famous

THE scene depicted above was a Furniture Show in Grand Rapids, Michigan. The year, 1908. A drama, destined to become world-famous, was being presented for the first time on any stage.

Its title was, The VALSPAR Boiling Water Test. The properties were a kettle of boiling water and a beautifully finished table. The star actor was Valspar.

Since that interesting occasion the Valspar Boiling Water Test has spread all over the world. It has become a classic. It still plays to crowded houses, although no longer has it the power to startle or to challenge belief—for there's virtually nobody left who doesn't believe that Valspar resists boiling water.

As a monument, however, to uninterrupted achievement and impregnable quality, the Valspar Boiling Water Test is still "news" and big news.

We still point to it with pride as one of the few trade-marks that have *earned* immortality.

Cartoon in "Life"

© Life Pub. Co.

VALENTINE'S

VALSPAR

The Varnish That Won't Turn White

CLEAR AND IN COLORS

The famous Valspar boiling water test

Cartoon in "Judge"

© Leslie Judge Co.

(Continued from Page 106)

apartment. He read the advertisements diligently and climbed many a stair before he found exactly what he wanted, perched on the very edge of Passy and overlooking the Seine. Facing his sitting-room windows, there was a gap in the row of houses opposite, and through it he could look out upon the tops of trees, catch an occasional glimpse of the river boats and gaze for miles across the low mat of the roofs of Grenelle, stretching to the horizon toward Montrouge. The outlook was southeast and promised him warmth and the sight of the rising moon. He took a cook by the day until Abdul should familiarize himself with the region, learn what and where to buy and how much to pay. He might have kept her on indefinitely had she not failed to appear one Sunday morning.

"Where's the cook?" he asked, sensing her absence.

"Cook not come any more," declared Abdul impassively. "Me cook." With the conventional net bag of the *bonne à tout faire* slung over his arm, he proceeded to go to market.

Quiet days ensued, broken by no new development and yet not altogether unhappy. For a young man of an inquiring disposition and hungry for the thousand and one little sensations of an Old World revisited, there were a dozen things to do at any hour of the day or night. Having arisen at eight on the first morning in the apartment, he was doomed, according to Swahili tradition, to get up at that hour until he should die, or, by moving, establish a new régime. He breakfasted at his leisure, read two papers, one in French, and one in English, and soon thereafter started out on his wanderings.

By day, it was his custom to walk eastward through the gardens of the Trocadéro and across to the Champs-Élysées. He haunted the vicinity of the Marigny for hours, held by his first premonition that sooner or later his unknown lady would sit to read under the trees away from the crowded promenade, or walk up the great avenue, or stop like himself to watch the children taking a gay life seriously. He lunched where chance found him and later would go to the Bois to keep an eye on the afternoon's equestriennes, or occasionally to the races, where all Paris must sometime pass. In the evenings there were the theaters, not the denationalized music halls, but the serious theater, where his rusty understanding of French hung fire for many a performance and then suddenly began to progress by leaps and bounds. But toward the small hours of the morning he was not above taking a smart chance acquaintance to those interiors of wit and laughter where a woman for company is as necessary as a dress coat.

All this without a glimpse of the unknown, and yet his composure held firm, for aggressive patience has a peculiar quality. It acquires weight through long endurance and sometimes reaches the point where the contest itself overshadows in importance the prize. He had not attained to this stage of perverted pride, but he was at least taking considerable credit to himself for his stoic calm, when it was shattered by a single phrase from Abdul: "Missis from train live near by."

Tappen's heart missed a beat or two and he frowned in concentration. "What did you say?" he asked quietly. "Be careful now."

"Missis from train live not far away," recited Abdul, unimpressed.

Five minutes later he had led the way around the corner into the Rue Singer and down that quiet thoroughfare to where it goes off at a slant from the little Place Chopin. He designated a small house smothered to the roof in vines and flanked by a luxurious garden which was dominated by the dome of a single fine tree. The house was flush with the street and so was the high ivy-covered iron fence which forced the passer-by to guess at rather than see the garden. Tappen crossed to examine a bright brass plate beside the door in the hope it might bear a name, but it was merely the foil of the bell. Abdul protruded a stubby finger and was about to press the button, when Tappen, horrified, struck down his hand.

"What are you doing?" he whispered. "Come away."

"I ring bell, show you missis perhaps," muttered Abdul, aggrieved. It was beyond the comprehension of his Mohammedan mind that any woman, high or low, rich or poor, should question the action of any male.

Tappen returned to his apartment in a thoughtful mood; the first stage of the search having taken care of itself at last, it was time to consider the next. He must know her name, of course, and then reach some of her friends. That afternoon as he was leaning from his balcony, watching a noisy tribal quarrel among the sparrows across the way, his eyes were abruptly drawn at a tangent to the trim figure of a woman who emerged from the Rue Singer, crossed the Rue Raynouard, cut through the wall on the south side and immediately sank from view.

He rushed downstairs and out to the point of her eclipse. A vertiginous flight of stone steps descended to the ancient Rue Berton. He was forced to go down carefully, and then followed the jogs of the steep, curving way, amazed in spite of his abstraction that such a spot still existed on earth, much less within a stone's throw of the quarters he had occupied for many days.

Scarcely a hundred yards of overhanging houses on the left and the street widened before a large entrance gate into a bay where a venturesome motor car could just turn, where carriages, coaches, cabriolets and sedan chairs had turned in retrogressive generations, and where, all unknown to Tappen, police-ridden Balzac had been wont to emerge through a secret tunnel from his bungalow a hundred feet up the cliff.

From that point the Rue Berton narrowed to a mere gully, cobbled to form a central gutter. High stone walls, festooned with verdure, pressed in to within five feet of each other. The road became a tunnel that apparently ended point-blank face to face with a mossy-green postern door. A wrought-iron lantern which appeared to hang by a thread of rust and a chain bell pull proclaimed their age beyond the shadow of a doubt. But in reality the Rue Berton only changed its mind with surprising suddenness, dashing off to the right and ever widening, until it was an oblong square by the time it merged with the Quai de Passy.

Though he had been delayed by the strangeness of the journey, he was in time to catch a glimpse of the figure he pursued before it disappeared into the Chaussée, only to reappear presently on the Pont de Grenelle. Silhouetted against the sky, even at that distance, there was no mistaking—his eyes at least had caught up with his unknown. She reached the center of the bridge and descended to the Allée des Cygnes, least known and most unusual of all the promenades of Paris. Leaning on the parapet of the Quai, he could watch her progress for half a mile beneath the double alley of trees of the causeway that splits the Seine in two.

III

HE KNEW her name, nationality and civil status. "News of Americans," read the paragraph. "Miss Paula Newcombe entertained for Sir Ralston and Lady Barbour at her charming little house in the Rue Singer off the Place Chopin." After the list of those present, among whom he recognized no acquaintance, came the illuminating sentence: "The fine weather permitted full use of the famous tree which shades the entire garden." He had also learned through Abdul and his own observation that when she took the walk down the Rue Berton she made a complete circle—Pont de Grenelle, Allée des Cygnes, Pont de Passy and back up the Rue Berton.

On the afternoon after reading the paragraph he set out for the fourth time to try to intercept her at the exact turn of the narrow tunnel. Two of his attempts had drawn blank days without even a sight of her, and at the third she had met him where there was plenty of room to pass and had given him never a glance. On the present occasion he took no chances, and felt guilty as he dawdled in the passage, waiting deliberately for the sound of a light, ascending footstep. In the end it came upon him so suddenly that he had no need to pretend surprise, for she rounded the sharp angle of the wall with the abruptness of a sprung jack-in-the-box. Confused, she stepped to the left as he stepped to the right, and then to the right just as he reversed his own position, placing one foot full in the running gutter in his hurry to get out of her way.

She looked up with a quick smile and took in his nationality at once, but not his identity. "So sorry. I'm afraid I made you wet your foot."

"That doesn't matter in the least," said Tappen, still standing ankle deep. All the phrases he had prepared tumbled out of his mind at the shock of realizing that she did not recognize him.

"Please move," she begged with exasperation, staring not at him but at the soapy water flowing over his shoe.

"That's the trouble with me, Miss Newcombe. I never have the sense to move when I should."

She looked up again, this time with a puzzled frown. "I beg your pardon, but ought I to know you?"

"Only the worst part of me," said Tappen, coloring like a boy, "the—the yellow dog."

"Oh!" Her eyes hardened with sudden recollection and her face took on the mask-like expression it had worn in the train.

"Please! I'm Cornell Tappen. I'll get anyone you like to introduce me. Please don't look like that."

"Why do you think I would care to meet you, Mr. Tappen?"

"I wasn't thinking of you; I was thinking of myself," he blurted out frankly. "Don't you see I can't quit Paris—I couldn't go away—and leave behind that cad you think I am?"

"If that's all," she said quickly, her brow clearing, "I can soon put your mind at rest. What happened on the train has gone down the river long ago. You see, I scarcely looked at you; I wouldn't even have remembered if you hadn't made me. So you can leave Paris tonight if you hurry."

"You won't let me have myself brought to you properly?"

"Why should I? What for?"

"You don't understand. I haven't talked—I haven't seen a woman like you for nine years. Believe I'm mad if you like, but remember I'm mad with thirst. Let me talk to you. Give me one cup of water—just one!"

She studied his face deliberately, her own expression betraying neither anger nor particular interest. "You are amazingly young," she said after a pause. "How old are you?"

"Thirty-four."

"It's almost unbelievable. Stand out of the water." He obeyed. "What do you wish to talk to me about?"

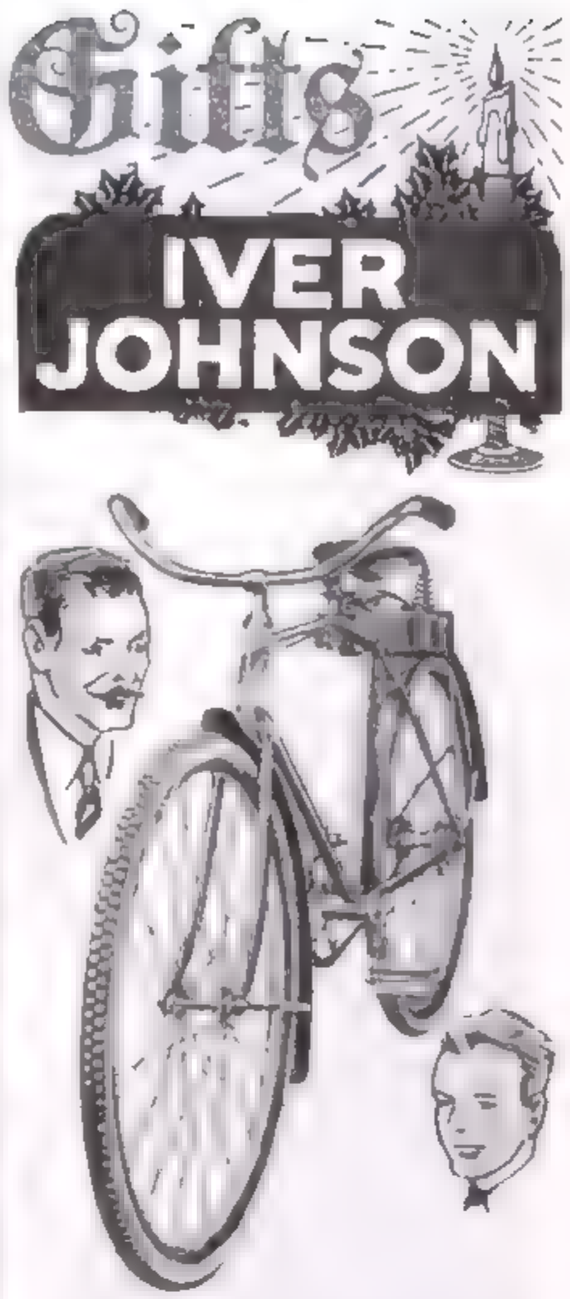
Tappen gave her a startled look, then his eyes fell and he frowned. "I could have told you yesterday, or even ten minutes ago. For five weeks I've been going over the things I'd like to talk to you about—hundreds of them—and now I can't name one. I feel like a man facing a firing squad—after the volley."

"I know," she said, half smiling at last. "I wasn't quite fair. It was like calling on someone to be funny."

"That's it," said Tappen quickly, giving her a grateful glance. "I'm not really stupid; I'm just bottled."

"And you can't be expected to draw your own cork. Where have you been for nine years?"

"Africa. Two years with Porter's Column, fighting in German East, and then

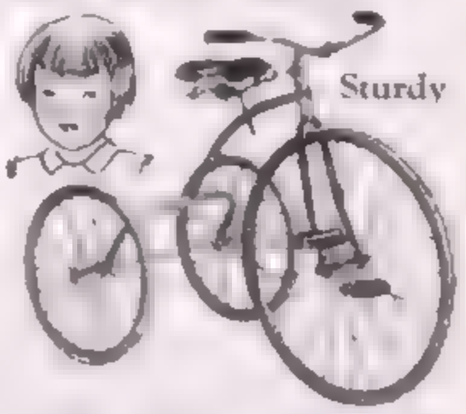


For Boys and Girls (and for their Fathers): See the beautiful, shining new Iver Johnson Bicycles that dealers everywhere are showing. What a handsome gift! Bright nickel-plated parts, rich color combinations. Comfortable, easy-pedaling, and built to last for years

Models with all latest improvements and equipment, for boys and girls as well as adults. Color choice of Iver Johnson Blue, Maroon, Green or Black, with "Duco" white head Write for Free Color Catalog "B."

For Younger Children: The Iver Johnson Juniorcycle—the absolutely safe sidewalk bicycle. Rugged construction. All vital parts drop-forged.

Equipment includes New Departure Endee coaster brake, full one inch non skid cushion tires, stand and mudguards. Colors Blue Red or Gold with "Duco" white head Write for Free Color Catalog "B."



For Tiny Children The rugged Iver Johnson Velocipede Safe for your child because extremely sturdy Thrives on rough treatment Made by skilled Iver Johnson bicycle mechanics Comes in three sizes Has full one inch non skid cushion rubber tires

Colors: Red, Blue or Gold, with "Duco" white head Write for Free Color Catalog "B."

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
7 RIVER STREET, FITCHBURG, MASS
New York, 151 Chambers Street
Chicago, 108 W. Lake Street
San Francisco, 717 Market Street

Cut and shaped solely of beautiful silk. Plain tones and neat figures. Knots softly and with much elegance.

NO LINING TO TWIST

$2.50

and more

NOW BEING FEATURED BY DEALERS IN YOUR OWN CITY

And John David of New York

SUPERBA CRAVATS

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

seven years running a company on the Mozambique coast." His eyes awoke to a glint of battle. "Seven years of blacks, Goanese and banyans, of tinned food and boiled water, of staring into a shaving glass and talking aloud to myself because I was the only white thing in sight. Does that mean anything to you?"

"Yes, it means a lot. . . . I'm sorry I've been so hard on you, but I couldn't help it."

"So I can go to work and find someone to bring me around?" he asked eagerly.

"No—never. If you ever allow anybody to introduce you I shall refuse to meet you."

His face fell as only the faces of the very young can fall. "That's a bit rough, isn't it?" he managed to say.

"Yes; but if you'll remember and stick to it you can talk to me quite often—whenever you find me in the Allée des Cygnes."

Before he could swim up out of his pool of despondency she was gone, but her last words stayed with him, lifting him more and more swiftly. He stood quite still, half dazed by the downward rush of everything about him, but presently confusion ceased and he could feel—almost hear—the blood pounding through his veins. He wanted to shout, but refrained. Shouting being impracticable, he had to do something else, and started walking at such a furious pace that people began to turn to look at him and laugh. He slowed down, but did not stop. All the rough road to St.-Cloud he walked on air, and then halfway up the mountain. There he turned into a garden restaurant and sat down to watch the dusk creep over Paris.

He did not find her in the Allée des Cygnes on the next afternoon only because he had been there for two hours before she arrived. She came to stand beside him for a moment and then she, too, sat down in the grass, let her feet hang over the sharp declivity of the stone ramp and joined him in watching the scattered fishermen, patient, hoping against hope.

"Do they ever catch anything?" asked Tappen.

"Oh, yes. In spite of the jokes in the papers, I've seen one or two of them with quite a string." She laughed.

"Why do you laugh?" he asked. "I liked it, but why did you?"

"Look at them, the three in the boat, the two down yonder at the foot of the wall, and this one just under us. Did you ever see quieter, more humble, long-suffering samples of men?"

"No," said Tappen.

"Well, they are all like that—until they catch a fish. Then, all in a moment, they become vulgar, blustering bullies. That's why I laughed. I've seen it happen quite often."

"Then you must spend a lot of time here. It's two hours since I came and I haven't seen a bite, much less a fish." He paused. "Do you come every day?"

"No."

"Every other day?"

"No."

Tappen sighed. "Well, I hope we have a long summer."

She laughed again—scarcely a laugh, though more than a chuckle—a sound all her own. "Nobody I know seems ever to have heard of this walk, and I've never shown it, never spoken of it. I come here to get away."

"From the people you know?"

"Yes."

"But you don't know me, do you?"

"No. That's why I don't mind seeing you here, and it's partly why I told you to be careful never to meet me."

"No fear—I'll be careful! Why, it's a thousand times nicer not knowing you like this than to have to fight through a crowd to say good afternoon and good-by. You're right, I'm young—I'm so young I'm happy."

"Have you been in France before?"

He glanced at her, puzzled, and perceived she had merely changed the subject. "Yes, two or three times. When I was a boy I was put in a school at Senlis for a year, then I came back during my junior vacation at college, and after that there were just a few days in the fall of 1915 on my way to London. That makes three."

"So you were here during the first year of the war."

"That's why I was here—that's how I got my job."

"What job?"

"Field manager of the Bennington Reserve, Limited. As fast as the head office in London picked on a man he was called to the colors. That's why they applied to my father's best friend for an American. I was his ward and secretary, so I elected myself half an hour after I opened the morning mail."

"And after that?"

"When I got out to Mozambique I found the Portuguese had drafted all the labor off our concession. I stuck it out for a year, working women and children and old men who could scarcely toddle. Then I decided it was no use, as we couldn't ship anyway. I locked everything up and cut across to join Colonel Porter's Column." He smiled at her with a gleam in his eye. "I was gone till the end of the war, footing it up and down in German East after Lettow, and the company's home office doesn't know it yet!"

"You went to war simply because you were half grown and bored?"

"Well, when I got there the colonel told me America had gone in several months before, so it was all right officially."

"German East?" began Miss Newcombe. "But I thought General Smuts ——"

"Oh, you're thinking of German West," interrupted Tappen. "Try to find out if German East ever fell! Ask the great authorities! That's a story that never will be written by either side—not the way it happened."

"Tell it to me."

He gave her an odd look. "I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't be honest."

"Why?"

"Because I don't know enough. I don't know, for instance, if it's true that a British admiral refused to bombard an unfortified position even to save his own men. I only know that because he didn't, it is said, a little war that would have been over in three hours lasted for three years."

"And then you went back to your job?"

"Yes. When the mails came through there were only four letters, one of them telling me to send along copies of my last two annual reports, as the originals had evidently been lost."

"Only four? Aren't your mother and father living?"

"I'm not sure," said Tappen after a brief pause. His lips straightened, for a moment making him look his age and more. "The last I knew about my parents, one of them was married to a man I've never met and the other to a woman I don't want to meet again. What about yours? . . . But never mind."

"Oh, no; it's a fair question. Mine are alive and apparently happy. I hear from them every week or two."

"Don't they mind?"

"Mind what?"

"Your being an expatriate."

She caught her breath and flashed a hurt look at him. "That's the first tactless thing you've said."

He touched her hand lightly as if to keep her from rising. "I'm sorry. Just forget I said it, and from now on I'll never think it."

"You will, because you can't help it. But take care you never say it again." She clasped her hands around one knee, strained against them, stared across the river and continued with a peculiar intensity: "Be careful of what you think of me, of how you touch me, and even of what you feel when you're near me. Don't lose your head because I'm here, sitting beside you, talking to you. It's amazing—so much more amazing to me than it is to you. But in my heart I know why I'm here, and it has nothing to do with the kind of man you are."

"Keep all your secrets," said Tappen. "Give what you want to give, and no more. Make your own terms, if only I can be with you sometimes. I wasn't joking when I begged for a glass of water. I was starving—dying of thirst in the desert."

"Paris need never be a desert to a young man."

"Perhaps. I wasn't thinking of Paris particularly, but of the whole world and of the strange matter of taste. Not taste of the palate, of course, but taste of sound, sight, and touch. Anybody can take a *cocotte* when he's lonely—and stay lonely. Or fill his ears with bought music, and remember a laugh, a sigh, a spoken word. Or drink a harsh wine, and still thirst for the Côte d'Or. He can open his eyes any day on ugliness, but he has to wait a long time for beauty to cure them."

She gave him a curious, half-startled glance, as though she were perceiving him as an individual for the first time. "You're too young to be able to talk like that," she said, trying to speak lightly.

"Not if you're old enough to understand me," he answered, without turning his head. "I've been alone a lot, and so have you. It leaves a mark. Anybody who sits still for an hour a day can confer a degree on himself and get away with it."

"What road of wisdom led you to my name?"

He laughed. "That was easy. My servant had spotted your house, and the paper did the rest. I recognized the big tree that sheltered your tea party."

"Then you must live quite near me."

"If you'll walk less than a hundred yards I'll show you," he said, scrambling to his feet and giving her his hands to help her rise.

Before they had gone fifty paces back toward the Grenelle bridge he stopped, made her face due north and sighted along his arm, extended over her shoulder, at the ridge of houses across the river. "Do you see the gap?" he asked. "No, not that one. Count the chimney pots. There's a big bunch of five, then two, then three. After that there's a break, a gap."

"Oh, yes, I see it—just over the tops of the trees."

"Can you make out two windows facing this way?"

"Yes; there's a curtain blowing back, and now it's down again."

"That's my sitting room."

"How lucky to find a place like that, so high and with the gap just in the right place."

"And how lucky it was near you."

They turned and sauntered past the spot where they had been sitting toward the Pont de Passy. "By the way," she asked presently, "your servant isn't a sort of Arab, is he, who goes around in a fez?"

"Yes; that's Abdul. Why?"

"He holds court in the market every morning, surrounded by all the *bonnes* of the quarter, mine included. He never speaks; he only points."

"Points?" repeated Tappen, puzzled.

"Yes. I'm told that the first time he came he made the round of the stalls, pointing out what he wanted, but ever since he merely commandeers the same stool near the entrance and waits till things are brought to him. Then he points."

"The cheeky devil! That's why he was gone so long the first two or three days—breaking them in."

"It's become a sort of a ceremony. You ought to see it."

"I shall," said Tappen. "I'll be present at the last performance. I'll pull him off his stool by the ear."

"But you can't."

"Why not?" he asked, turning toward her.

"Because you'd be making me into a talebearer. Besides, he has a right to his own life—the hardest right in the world to defend. Please let him alone."

"Let him alone and lose him," said Tappen. "You can't let anything alone without losing it—tobacco, drink, faith or a

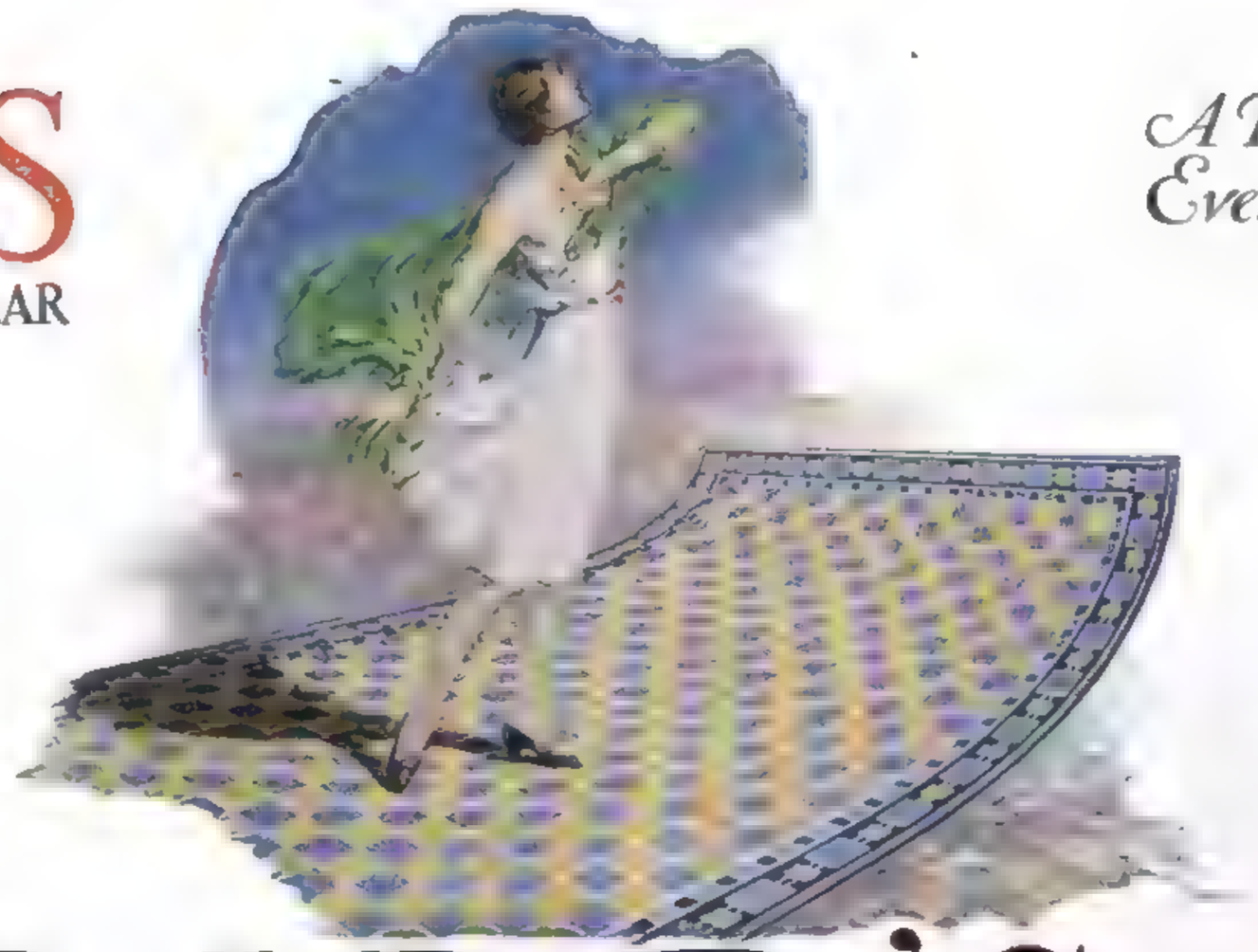
(Continued on Page 110)

BIRD'S

RUGS

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

The Magic Rug of the Twentieth Century



A Rug for Every Room

BIRD'S

MAGIC – because they take the drudgery out of housework—they are cleaned with a few whisks of a damp mop.

MAGIC – because their enamel-like surface, built on a waterproof felt base, makes them wear, and wear, and wear.

MAGIC – because they lie flat without fastening.

MAGIC – because enormous production makes it possible to buy them in a variety of patterns and colors in room sizes from $6 to $18.

If every woman knew what every present owner knows, every house would have a Bird's Neponset Rug.

If any salesman says, "It's Bird's"—that's really all you need to know. Look for the patented red wax back.

For cleanliness, beauty, and economy, you owe it to yourself to use Bird's Neponset Rugs or Floor Covering in every room of your home.

Beneath the Magic Rug extends a landscape dotted with Bird's Roofs.

Pleasant homes are roofed with Bird's Asphalt Shingles in all their delightful color variations of Art-Blende, Green, Blue-Black, or Red.

Farm buildings, warehouses and industrial plants are roofed with "Good Old Paroid."

There is a Bird Roof within the reach of everyone who is going to build or repair.

These roofs meet the modern demand for:

WATERPROOF ROOFS—made with time-defying asphalt.

SAFE ROOFS—they do not catch fire from falling sparks.

HANDSOME ROOFS—surfaced with colorful crushed slate.

DEPENDABLE ROOFS—132 years of manufacturing experience are back of them. There is a Bird Dealer near you who will help you select a suitable roof, or our advice is at your service.

BIRD NEPONSET

BIRD & SON, inc.

EAST WALPOLE—*Established 1795*—MASSACHUSETTS

CHICAGO NEW YORK

In Canada: BIRD & SON DIVISION, Hamilton, Ontario

A Roof for Every Building

BIRD'S

ROOFS

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

LINCOLN LOGS

Toys with a Meaning

Playthings which tell the story of Our Country in the making and which typify the very "Spirit of America."

Children who already have LINCOLN LOGS want MORE LOGS, so that they can build all the different things shown in our Design Book.

Every red-blooded child is thrilled with the deeds of Rogers and Clark, Daniel Boone and other heroes of the old Pioneer Days.

Lucky, indeed, is the one who has sufficient LINCOLN LOGS to plan and build an entire settlement with its Stockade and Blockhouse—its Cabins, Schools — Churches and other buildings.

LINCOLN LOGS "fit in" with the other toys—Doll Houses and Furniture add interest for the Girls. Bird Houses, Feeding Stations, Flower Boxes, etc. can be made for permanent use. Stations, Bridges, Railroad Track Construction, Grain Elevators and Coal Tipples are easily built.

LINCOLN LOGS provide amusement which never gets "stale."

ORDER EARLY FROM YOUR DEALER

If you have any difficulty Mail us the Coupon

LINCOLN LOGS
Room 62, 232 E. Erie St., Chicago, Ill.
Please mail at once, postage prepaid,
Big Combination Sets, 234 logs, etc., $4
☐ Triple Sets of 166 Logs $3 ☐ Double Sets $2 ☐ Single Sets $1
Enclosed $ for Logs specified. Money to be refunded if not satisfactory. Send to
Name
Street or R. F. D.
City State

(Continued from Page 108)

woman. Where would I be if I'd let you alone?"

"But you're going to. That's a condition—the condition on which I'll keep on coming here. I have a life of my own that will have nothing to do with you. I live inside a wall, but I'll come out to see you as long as you don't try to climb it. Those are the terms. Do you accept them?"

"You needn't have asked. I don't think you realize that a man can be drugged by a woman without being in love. A week ago I could recognize you a quarter of a mile away, but I couldn't have said whether you were beautiful or not, whether your voice was high or low, or whether you had blue eyes or brown. But now I know they are the color of slate fresh from the quarry. If I didn't see you for ten years I would know your hand through a screen or your laugh through a wall. What do I care about the woman you may be when I'm not around?"

"You talk too well," she said. "I would like you better if you didn't."

They walked on slowly down the avenue of trees to its end at the Pont de Passy. Tappen's steps dragged so that more than once she had to wait for him. "It was only the froth," he said after a long silence. "You've uncorked me and the bubbles have to escape. But some day we'll sit together for an hour without speaking and you'll be frightened. You'll find out something you evidently don't know."

She stopped on the esplanade of the bridge and faced him. "You dare to threaten me—just as I'm leaving you?"

"It wasn't a threat," he said, smiling whimsically; "it was an observation. . . . Look at the Eiffel Tower."

She hesitated and then obeyed, turning her head to gaze at the looming construction. "Well, what about it? It hasn't changed."

"Have you ever noticed before that it is afflicted with fallen arches?"

A smile flashed across her face and her lips parted to the chuckling laugh he had heard thrice. "Oh, it's true!" she exclaimed.

"That's another observation," said Tappen as he turned and left her.

IV

AN *APACHE* and his wench spoiled the Allée des Cygnes. The youth sat on the grass, erect from his hips up and with his legs widely straddled. A blank expression persisted in his vacant face and staring eyes, while the girl wrapped her arms around him and with her mouth went over his neck, ears, eyes and half-parted lips like a slimy snail. At first their monumental indifference to onlookers and passers-by was amusing, but it soon passed the limits of diversion.

Miss Newcombe fixed her gaze across the river, but it was no use trying to ignore incoherent exclamations and sounds more significantly intelligible. She arose with a slight shuddering of her shoulders and started to walk away rapidly. The *apache* spoke for the first time. Enraged at having been so much as noticed, a flood of obscene epithets poured in an increasing stream from his half-open mouth.

Tappen stood listening only for a moment, then he slipped his toe under the young man's thigh and with a sudden lift forced him over the edge of the precipitous ramp. The girl caught at her companion's jacket, but it was rotten and tore into strips as he rolled spinning down the escarpment into the river. Without an instant's hesitation she stripped off her skirt, ran along the causeway to an iron mooring ladder and began to climb down it backward, holding the skirt in her teeth. Tappen joined Miss Newcombe, who had turned around and was standing transfixed.

"Perhaps you'd better go," he said quietly. "I'd move rather quickly if I were you."

"Come with me," she whispered, but it was a command and not a request.

"Oh, no," he laughed. "I'll hang around for a bit."

She took hold of his arm with a grip of surprising strength. "Don't stop to argue. Come with me at once."

From the bridge he looked back and caught the flash of the girl's naked legs braced at the edge of the water. With one hand she held to the bottom rung of the ladder and with the other she was dragging in the man, who had managed to seize her outflung skirt. Miss Newcombe did not stop to look around. She hailed the first taxi to come along.

"I'm waiting for you," she called impatiently.

As Tappen reached the cab he heard a hoarse shout from the *apache* and a scream from his girl. Fortunately the sounds were not quite clear enough to be distinguishable as words, but even so, the driver turned his head toward them curiously.

"Where shall I tell him to drive?" asked Tappen.

"Anywhere," said Miss Newcombe. She was still standing and could see two heads bobbing toward the bridge as their owners raced along the causeway. She leaned out as he stepped into the cab and spoke to the driver herself: "*Vite au bout de la Rue des Eaux.*"

The man obeyed so promptly that both she and her companion were thrown violently back into the seat. Tappen laughed. "Why all the excitement?" he asked. "You don't think I'm afraid of that poisonous little water rat, do you?"

Her face was so white that it did not surprise him when she failed to answer. Within three minutes they had come to the end of the Rue des Eaux and he was puzzled to see that it was apparently a cul-de-sac. She stepped down and ordered him to pay the fare quickly, but then stood waiting until the cab swung around and was well on its way out.

"Come on."

He followed her, and abruptly an opening appeared behind an angle between a large entrance and a high building. Before them a quaint irregular stone stairway stretched steeply upward for a hundred yards. They began to climb between oddly jogged and buttressed walls, dotted here and there with solid moss-grown doors leading to hidden gardens. When they got to the top he was panting, but a cold calm seemed to have come over Miss Newcombe. She stopped and stood deliberately, while he turned to look down the weird thoroughfare. From above, its squalor was imperceptible and it became a charming well-like bower of overhanging vines and branches.

"It's lovely, isn't it?" he said. "To think that I've passed this doorway a hundred times and never stepped in to look down!"

"Take me somewhere," she said sharply. "I must talk to you." He looked at her questioningly and motioned toward the big café on the corner near by. "Oh, no," she said, with a shrinking of her shoulders, "that wouldn't do—that would be the last place!"

"Then where do you want to go?" he asked rather helplessly. "Shall I take you to your house?"

"No." She paused. "Take me to yours."

"That's easy," he said slowly. "It's in this street—only a couple of blocks away."

As they reached the top of the stairs, and before Tappen had time to ring or use his key, Abdul opened for them. He was in house attire, barefoot and wearing the long gown of sheer lawn which would have looked like a nightshirt if it had not been so smartly fitted around his throat and over his shoulders. His face was an impassive blank as he ushered them into the front room. He disappeared, but returned presently, bearing a tray with an assortment of drinks and cigarettes. Then he went out, closing the door behind him.

Tappen stood in one of the balconies. "Come here and see if you can pick out the spot from where we saw this window."

"No. Please stand back."

"But you'll at least sit where you can look out, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll do that."

He placed two chairs facing the view, but well back in the room. "Is that all right?"

"Quite," she said as she took one of them. "Sit down. Now—will you promise to pay attention to what I say?"

"Always."

"Do you think that man would recognize you if he saw you again?"

"Who? The gutter snipe?"

"Yes—or his girl?"

"I don't think they would," Tappen answered, after a pause, "because I don't remember their looking at me once. But what does it matter if they do?"

"It matters so much," said Miss Newcombe gravely, "that I've come to your apartment."

"So you have," he said quickly; "but you need never regret it."

"That remains to be seen," she continued. "I've laid myself open to misconstruction. At this moment, even if you don't admit it to yourself, you're floundering a bit in your mind, making a readjustment of values as far as I'm concerned. But I was willing to risk that—I had to risk it—because you are being either blind or stupid."

"That's enough," he said, sobering. "I'll listen carefully to whatever you have to say."

"I suppose you think I ought to appreciate your stopping the man's mouth by throwing him into the river. If it ended there, I might possibly admire your action, but what you've really done is to wipe out the Allée des Cygnes as a refuge. I can never walk there again and I doubt whether you should stay in Paris overnight."

"Aren't you exaggerating?" asked Tappen, his heart, nevertheless, beginning to grow heavy.

"I resent your suggesting that I'm more of a coward than you," she replied. "You're as silly as Don Quixote with your childish notions of single combat. If that *apache* ever goes for you it will be in the dark, with ten or fifteen companions at his back."

"Even so ——" began Tappen, but she interrupted him.

"I don't want to argue. It wouldn't be a fight at all. I suppose it's no use asking you to leave Paris."

"Absolutely useless, unless ——"

"Unless what?"

"I was going to say unless you should go too. I don't mean it impertinently, but as a mere matter of truth."

She dismissed the remark as irrelevant. "When I go home," she continued, "I'm going to take off these clothes and never wear them again. If you don't promise to do the same with the suit you have on, our acquaintance is over."

"Then it's not over," he said promptly. "Of course I'll promise, and I want to tell you that I'm beginning to see what a fool I've been. I wouldn't regret it for myself, but I can't tell you how sorry I am that I've spoiled the Allée des Cygnes for you."

"It wasn't you who spoiled it," she said half absently. "It was spoiled anyway. I shall miss it terribly."

"I've robbed you and I've robbed myself," he continued. "You accused me a minute ago. You said I was busy making a readjustment of your values. It was quite true—I was doing just that—but I've done it every day since I first saw you. I've been the happiest kind of man there is—an explorer in an unknown country. There's no feeling in the world quite like the mystery on an untraveled river. That's what you've been to me—a river with readjustment at every turn."

"You needn't talk as if it were over forever," she said a little impatiently. "I've enjoyed seeing you in a way you can't realize, and I intend to keep on doing it for as long as you don't make it impossible."

"Where?"

"Here—if it isn't unfair to you."

"You're talking in riddles," said Tappen, rising and pushing back his chair; "but I understand you. I'll go further and say I've been walking on eggs ever since you

(Continued on Page 113)

Let Them Dance On Your Floors— It is Easy to Re-polish Them to Gleaming Beauty

Beautiful old floors, toned and preserved through the centuries by wax-polishing, are not least among the glories of Versailles.

The Palace of Versailles

ROLL back the rugs and tune in on station WJZ. Dancing feet cannot mar floors that are wax-polished the easy Johnson way. In just a few minutes you can restore their flawless lustre.

It's as easy as it looks to wax-polish your floors. And after this is done it is much less work to keep them immaculate and bright.

There is no stooping or kneeling. No soiling of hands with messy rags and pails. Simply spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax. Then guide the Johnson Electric Polisher quickly over your floors. You'll find it requires no pushing—no effort whatever.

But see the gleaming trail that is left behind on the dull floor! Soon the whole surface glows with a cheerful lustre, reflecting lights and shadows and bringing to your home a new, indescribable charm.

There's an actual money saving, too, when Johnson's Polishing Wax protects your floors. Costly and inconvenient refinishing is a thing of the past, because a hard, dry, glass-like film guards the surface against wear and mars.

Use Johnson's Polishing Wax over varnish, shellac or paint—on wood, linoleum, tile or composition floors—with the perfect assurance that they will be more beautiful than ever before. Unsightly traffic spots are banished, heel-prints disappear and the gleaming surface does not attract dust or germs.

Wax-polished floors save you much work, worry and expense. And once you have had waxed floors you will never be content with any other kind.

Not far away from you is a grocery, hardware, drug, furniture, paint or department store that will RENT you a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher by the day or half-day at a surprisingly low rate. Unless your home is very large you can wax-polish the floor of every room in just a few hours. Be sure to include the kitchen linoleum, where wax-polishing proves a real labor saver.

Why not take this forward step in the art of home-keeping now? Telephone your nearest grocery store or neighborhood dealer today and reserve a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher for any day you wish. You will always be glad you did, for wax-polished floors are a source of great comfort and joy.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, *"The Floor Finishing Authorities"* RACINE, WISCONSIN
(Canadian Factory: Brantford)

JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

PASTE *or* LIQUID ~ CLEANS-POLISHES-PRESERVES-PROTECTS

ORLA — 14K platinum top case and bracelet, 8 diamonds, 10 sapphires, 17 jewel ... $200.00

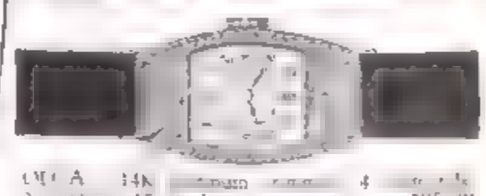
ORTA — 18K platinum trimmed, 4 ... models, 6 sapphires, 15 jewels ... $100.00

ORMONDE— 14K solid gold, 15 jewel, $50.00
INTAGLIO — 14K gold-filled, 15 jewel, $40.00

OLDORF — 14K solid gold, 15 jewel, $50.00
ISDORE — 14K gold filled, 15 jewel, $28.50

IVAN — 14K ... case, ... back, 17 jewel, radium dial ... $50.00

ORSAY — ... platinum, 17 ... 4 sapphires ... $575.00



ORLA — 14K ... platinum ... 4 ... models, 2 sapphires, 15 jewel ... $85.00

OSTIA — 14K ... 15 ... $50.00
LA ... 14K ... 15 ... $37.50

ODIN — 14K ... 7 ... $85.00
INDIA — 14K ... 3 ... $50.00

OSTEND — 14K ... 17 ... $85.00
INWOOD — 14K ... 15 ... $50.00

ORIANA
14K ... case,
7 ... jewel
... $125.00

When Christmas is over

THERE is one gift that will never let us forget the giver. It travels along the joyous road of Time with us. It is associated with the lastingness of good will.

That someone near and dear to you can say, "I received an 'Ollendorff' for Christmas," shall be tribute enough to the worthiness of this beautiful watch. For the Ollendorff represents the finest of craftsmanship. It is a watch purposely designed to express the scientific spirit of the age. In beauty, accuracy and dependability it is distinctively American. The Ollendorff watch is made by an old and honored institution, the name "Ollendorff" representing sixty years of watch experience. Every Ollendorff, therefore, as a gift or a possession, carries with it an intrinsic service. When Christmas is over—an Ollendorff watch will be a bond of remembrance between the giver and the recipient that shall never be forgotten.

Ollendorff watches are adjusted to heat, cold and different positions, to insure accuracy under any climatic condition and regardless of the position in which they are worn. The movements are fitted in a variety of cases of superb designs, platinum-carved or jewel-encrusted; also in solid gold and gold-filled. The prices range from $28.50 to $3500. So give a beautiful Ollendorff watch this Christmas. Your jeweler will supply you with just the design that you can afford.

Ollendorff Watches

I. Ollendorff Co. Inc

... 219 6th St. — 20 West 47th Street, New York City — ... Chaux de Fond

Fine Watches Since 1868

(Continued from Page 110)

came to my rooms. I've been ten times more frightened than I had any cause to be over that nasty *apache* business."

"There's no reason for you to be frightened," she said with a smile, "as long as you are. There's another riddle."

"More of the same one, you mean. All I ask you to remember is that though it may be outrageous to take liberties when you're alone with a woman, it's rather rude not to try to take them. Besides which, it's apt to look cowardly." She laughed, but he kept on without smiling: "I stick by what I said the other day—give what you want to give, and no more. Rap my knuckles once in a while, if you have to, but never chop off my head without a trial. If you had courage enough to come here simply because you had the wit to see it was the only way to bring me to my senses, then you've got enough to keep me in my place without ever quite killing me."

"I wonder," she said, her eyes deep in the haze over the roofs of Grenelle. "Up to half an hour ago there wasn't a doubt of it in my mind, but now I wonder." He turned about with a quick movement. "No," she continued. "Please sit down and be peaceable. Let me talk."

"As long as you like," said Tappen, sitting so that he looked at her and not at the view.

She took off her hat and dropped it on the floor beside her chair, disclosing one more phase of the woman he had only begun to know. In a sense, this was the first time he had seen her. Thanks to the prevailing mode in hats, he had not even been sure her hair was long. But that was a mere straw on the wind. What really mattered was the shape of her head and the way she carried it; the even texture of her skin, which seemed to contain light rather than reflect it; the generous lines of her mouth in repose. But in the end his eyes came back to her hands. Whatever his regard for the rest of her, he frankly loved her hands.

"It was selfishness just as much as courage that made me come here," she was saying. "I realized that the Allée des Cygnes was gone forever, and in the next moment I thought of this window. I told you I live behind a wall. I just have to get out sometimes. I didn't think of you at all not really, not as you are, or what you are. Of course, I knew I had to wake you up, get you out of the reach of that *voyou*, but aside from that I thought only of myself."

"What's happened in the last half hour to raise your doubts? What have I done to make you change?"

"Nothing except be yourself. I'm the guilty one—because, whether you admit it or not, I saved you from a real danger, and it's stirred my instinct of possession. For an instant I felt I owned a share in you, and that, as it happens, would be fatal."

"I don't see it at all. If I don't mind—if it's just the way I want you to feel ——"

"You can't own anything without being owned—not even a dog. 'Love' and 'liberty' are the two most overworked words in any language, so when I say one thing you'll probably hear another. Love, as I'm thinking of it at this moment, isn't open to defense, but liberty is—you can defend it as your dog defends his bone—as I intend to defend my absolute and unqualified freedom. I'm saying this to be fair to you, and even while I say it I know it's unfair for me to be here."

"I admit I love your hands already," said Tappen, as if he were considering a problem. "Do you believe in them as an index?"

She looked down at her hands, loosely clasped in her lap. "Yes; a rather treacherous index. If there's a hall mark of quality the hands carry it. But they are never a guide to the individual. I mean they may show race, but they never betray motive. One looks at lips and eyes for motive."

"Look at me then," he suggested.

She complied instantly, turning her face fully toward him in the frankest disclosure. Her lips told him nothing, but her limpid gaze set him back in his seat with a mental shock as real as the physical jolt he had suffered only a short time before when the taxi had started too suddenly. He laughed a little nervously and began rubbing his knuckles with a rueful expression which in the end forced a faint smile to her mouth. But it was the sort of smile a woman gives to a child.

"All right," he said, with a transition so abrupt that it startled her. "You're older than I am, but the day will come when I shall be older than you."

"I like you for answering a challenge with a challenge," she said soberly; "but don't carry it too far. I'm three years younger than you by the calendar, but it will pay you to let me stay much older. Let's talk to each other frankly—not openly, but frankly. Are you happy with me as we are?"

"I've never been happier," he answered after a pause. "I hesitated because it seems such a lot more than happiness. Every nerve in my body and brain was set tingling when you first let me talk to you, and they've kept on tingling. It's as if I had some kind of warm wine in my veins. If ——"

"Well, let's call it happiness," she interrupted with a laugh. "I can't say that I've felt the same sort of thing, because I haven't, but I've known a content with you I'm too selfish to give up without a fight"—she turned her head away—"even if it's a losing fight."

"Why should it be?"

"Because every kind of life is an assault on somebody else's liberty. When you meet people, what happens? Either they are alive to you and you're attracted, or dead and you're repulsed. But if you're drawn to them at all you immediately start an attack on the individual citadel. Human contact can live only by the absorption of time, interest and affection, by the piecemeal destruction of another's liberty."

"I detest vivisection," he protested. "I recognize its utility, but I hate it just the same. Stop warning me from now on. It makes me feel small, when I know I'm not small. If you think I'm rushing on destruction, for heaven's sake let me rush gayly. I don't give a damn about the skeleton of life or the copper wires that hold it together. All I care about is the beauty within my reach. I shan't say I won't grab all I can get of your time, interest and affection. Of course I will. But what does it matter? That's a coin that was given us only to spend."

"Yes," she murmured half to herself, her eyes far away; "and there's nothing meaner than a locked purse."

He did not try to bring her back. Tired of verbal fencing, he was content to watch her, and the more abstracted she remained, the greater the liberties he dared permit his eyes. He welcomed the breathing spell for another reason. It gave him a chance to take stock of himself and to measure what was happening to him with a reasonable amount of detachment.

He was not always young; he, too, could be older than his years. Nor as yet was he blinded by the devotion which plants beauty where none exists and distorts faults into virtues. He was still shrewd enough to perceive that the woman before him would have stood out in any imaginable grouping of society, more than holding her own in looks, poise and all the less definable attributes of a vibrant personality. But thrown against the dark back drop of seven years of unadulterated Africa, she became actually resplendent. It was the heaped shadows of his own memories which gave her a power no other could ever steal. By the fluke of that circumstance, quite aside from her intrinsic mystery, she must be a landmark as long as he lived, defining the miraculous transition from a long night to sunrise.

"What are you thinking?" she asked.

"That I'm responsible for a lot of your charm and have the natural rights of a creator."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Monito
MO-KNIT-TOE
SOCKS

Style 6766

Wool with three different embroidered designs.

Colors: Gray, Brown and Blue.

Retails at $1.00

He Will Thank You for Monito's Style!

Men appreciate *style*—all men!

Monito Socks *are* style! Style—with the beauty, a richness of fine patterns and the individuality of unusual color combinations.

Give Monito Socks this Christmas and you give style—attractively packaged, too!

Ask for Monito at the men's wear counter.

MOORHEAD KNITTING CO., Inc.
HARRISBURG, PA.

Makers of Men's Socks Exclusively © M. K. Co. 1927

THE HARVARD SQUARE STUDENT

(Continued from Page 9)

His face was florid with bewilderment. He smoothed his saffron corduroy waistcoat, purchased after Beverley had purchased his, with hesitating fingers.

"Confound it!" he cried. "What is the matter? We were all sitting around here, and then —— Won't somebody tell me what I've done? I never can see what you're driving at, and I know you're driving at something."

With a sigh Beverley reached for his raccoon fur coat.

"All the great," he answered—"the truly great, I mean—are never understood, of course."

"Would you feel better," said Pulsifer, "if I did match you for your old ten dollars?"

He thrust his hand into the pocket of his English lounge suit and produced a quarter, but sadly Beverley waved it away.

"Don't!" he said. "It's too late now."

Then all of a sudden we could see it all—the devilish subtlety of it. No wonder anxious guardians and parents viewed Beverley with alarm. For at last we could see that Beverley was driving at something, playing the wretched and gullible Pulsifer upon a slender line of genius until he gained his end.

"But it's not too late!" cried Pulsifer. "I'm sorry. Isn't that enough? Now come, I'll match you for anything—anything at all"

"What?" said Beverley. "For anything I say?" And then and there his sadness, as they put it, seemed to drop from him like a garment.

"Yes," answered Pulsifer; "that is —— Here, wait a minute! I didn't mean ——"

But it was too late—far too late. At this juncture those of us who had been listening in reclining attitudes, disturbed only by reaching occasionally toward Pulsifer's humidor, bestirred ourselves in haste. Vigorously we reminded Pulsifer of his manhood, of his ethics. In strong firm language we assured him that it was impossible to withdraw with honor. As Pulsifer had said, life was very dull when it was dull, but we had a premonition, stimulating and delightful, that it would not be any more. And better than that, far better, we had a feeling that once again we were about to vindicate our reasons for existing—reasons which had nothing to do with the mere acquisition of knowledge, but which somehow were more important. We knew that until the torch was passed into other hands it devolved upon us to uphold the traditions of the gay and useless element, and we had the satisfactory feeling that we were about to do it. Slowly, solemnly, Beverley removed his coat.

"Well," he said, "since you insist."

"But I don't insist!" cried Pulsifer in a frenzied burst of eagerness. Naturally, he was only wasting words. We contradicted him with good-natured violence. We assured Beverley that Pulsifer really did insist.

"It occurs to me," said Beverley, "that there is a little justice in the world. Do you know what I was thinking a while ago? I was thinking that Pulsifer never gave me my revenge for that coin matching in the shrubbery. . . . Yes, there is poetic justice." Beverley paused to search hastily in his pockets. "Perhaps someone could advance me a small coin momentarily only momentarily."

Taking the time of month into consideration, this shortness of immediate funds was perfectly natural, and equally natural was our reluctance to assist. Pulsifer mechanically handed his coin to Beverley.

"I'm matching you," said Beverley.

"I won't match until I know what we're matching for," objected Pulsifer with his lamentable lack of sportsmanship.

"We're not matching for money," said Beverley. "After all, what is money?"

As though in search of sympathy, Pulsifer looked about him.

"See here," he began, "if you're trying to get me into any jam like that taxicab thing ——"

Beverley blew softly upon his coin.

"Getting you into anything?" he said reproachfully. "Really, you're unjust. You have an equal chance. What I suggest is this: Evening is drawing near—another evening ——"

"Get on with it, can't you?" said Pulsifer with that same lack of sporting spirit. "What are we matching for?"

"Nothing difficult," said Beverley. "The one who loses does what the other wishes until eleven o'clock tonight. Are you ready? I'm matching you."

Pulsifer still looked bewildered, as he had from the beginning. His was the age-old confusion of one mind when it meets its master.

Vaguely, seemingly without his own volition, Pulsifer repeated a gesture which we had always found both welcome and useful. He produced another coin. Vaguely he slapped it upon the back of his left hand. Only when he lost was he galvanized into sudden activity.

"See here," he cried, and scowled—actually scowled at Beverley—"I'll bet ——"

Momentarily this sporting offer of Pulsifer's was lost in the natural outburst of enthusiasm which follows any sporting contest.

"I'll bet," repeated Pulsifer in a louder tone, still scowling at Beverley, "you've had this up your sleeve all the time. Well, what shall we do—now you've arranged it?"

Beverley was pained, of course. We all were pained at such an unsportsmanlike exhibition, though one could not but admire Beverley's gentle resignation.

"And you, too," he said with a slight catch in his voice—"you, too, think the worst of me. Why is it—that's what I want to know—why is it that everyone invariably suspects my motives no matter what I do?"

"All I can say is," said Pulsifer, who each moment seemed more nervous, "if you think you're going to make me steal a taxicab or anything like that "

"It occurs to me that you might be more charitable," said Beverley.

"Won't you shut up," groaned Pulsifer, "and tell me what you want me to do?"

Beverley made a frank, virtuous gesture of assent.

"Something generous, something charitable, something that will take you out of yourself. Who doesn't need to be taken out of oneself? Something that will make you kinder to your fellow man."

"Let me know when you get to the point," snapped Pulsifer.

"In the first place," said Beverley thoughtfully "you'll take everyone here in town to dinner."

"Is that all?" demanded Pulsifer. "Why, I'd have taken you anyway! I was just going ——"

Beverley shook his head. "No," he said—"no, not quite all. We're taking someone else with us someone who'll really appreciate it. He'll be your guest. That's part of it"

"Who?" asked Pulsifer.

Beverley smiled. "For the last week," said Beverley, "I've been aware of a bird hanging about the Subway station in the square."

"A bird?" groaned Pulsifer. "Won't you ever talk sense?"

"Colloquially speaking—a bird," explained Beverley. "I mean a human being. Not exactly our sort, but —— Well, you'll see him."

"But of course you know him," said Pulsifer.

"No," said Beverley. "But what of it? We're all too aloof."

"But someone can introduce you," objected Pulsifer. "You can't just go up to someone—it isn't done."

"The trouble is," said Beverley, "we haven't any friends in common."

Pulsifer fingered nervously at his waistcoat.

"But look here, you can't do that. He might be a mucker. How do you know he isn't a Harvard Square Student?"

As one without doubt recalls, this last epithet signified at that period of one's life a depth of degradation difficult to compass. It referred to a blatant type of youth who masqueraded in a shoddy imitation of our clothes and manners, who tried by lounging in the vicinity of shops and lamp-posts to be taken for a member of the student body. This effort in itself would not have been annoying. When we paused to think of it, we were frequently unpleasantly reminded that large groups of persons with none of the proper instincts partook with ourselves of the benefits of education. The Harvard Square Student was more virulent than that, for he aped—actually aped—the more useless sections of society. His indifferent glance, the way he smoked his cigarette, the very clothes he wore, all were horrid travesties of ourselves.

"You can't go picking people up," repeated Pulsifer. "He might be one of those muckers."

"You're right," said Beverley. "He is."

Now one can understand that this announcement was a shock. For myself and those others of us in Pulsifer's rooms who knew Beverley best, it was difficult to repress surprise at such degradation in one of Beverley's refined tastes, and Pulsifer's own thoughts were evinced by an inarticulate cry. Beverley seemed pleased. You could see that the whole situation was appealing to his sense of the dramatic.

"Come now," he remarked, "there's no need to suffer so. After all, Harun-al-Rashid did things a whole lot worse."

And just then that restraint which one put upon oneself under all circumstances left Pulsifer.

"Damn Harun-al-Rashid!" he shrieked. "I'm no confounded Arabian from Bagdad!"

During several ensuing minutes it was hard not to sympathize with Pulsifer's predicament, though of course we did not, for in those days we had the artistic spirit. Suddenly, in those last few words of Beverley's, his plan had flashed before us in all its romance and poetic beauty. The idea of watching Pulsifer through an entire evening play the bountiful caliph against his wishes and against all his traditions had an undeniable appeal. We gathered about Pulsifer, gently restraining any endeavors to escape, pointing out that his honor was at stake, and at the same time reminding him of the pleasure he was about to give us. Someone seized Pulsifer's raccoon coat, forcing it upon him, which was not a difficult feat, because he was small of stature, and someone else half lifted and half propelled him toward the door.

"But it may get in the papers!" Pulsifer's shriek rose above our pleading voices. "You don't understand! It may be all right for you, but if these damn reporters get anything on me —— Honestly, fellows—don't push—I want to be a sport and all that, but it may get in the papers."

Firmly, gayly, Beverley took Pulsifer by the arm and drew him gently along the sidewalk. A soft snow was falling, deadening our footsteps and making that dusky hour seem solemn with portent. In front of us, like an ill-designed sarcophagus, was that lighted gateway where one sought surcease from toil, the entrance of the underground, connecting the remoter reaches of Cambridge with those happy spots where one might disport oneself according to one's deserts

"There he is!" said Beverley. "He's always there at seven o'clock."

It was not difficult to descry the individual whom Beverley indicated. As one remembers, in those comparatively simple days, our Subway entrance was not unlike a station platform in a country town. A motley group of hoi polloi made a practice of loitering about that particular spot; newsboys, for instance, and other urchins not even clothed in this slender professional capacity, seeking, as doubtless they still seek, what small bits of change might separate themselves from passers-by; and taxi drivers—somehow there were taxi drivers even then—those confidential harbingers of temptation and riotous hours.

And then, in addition to these comparatively essential members of any community there were invariably a number of other individuals seemingly stationed there for no gainful purpose. They belonged, one recalls, to the species of ruminants—pensive, silent males, generally chewing battered toothpicks, gazing bovinely into space, while their mentality chewed also vague and mysterious reflections, shared with no one, known only to themselves.

Upon perceiving them, there was, indeed, small wonder that Pulsifer should express distaste in terms almost shockingly violent.

"Sporting ethics or not," he concluded, "if he's one of those ——"

Beverley gave his arm an adroit pull.

"Of course not! . . . There he is!"

And then we all saw him. He was a being apart from that motley throng, somber and alone, in that crowd and yet apart from it. He was evidently striving to place himself above it; and somehow, despite tawdriness and woeful lack of taste, mysteriously he seemed to have succeeded. He was standing alone, leaning against a fat granite pillar, erected by civic authorities in the belief that a Subway kiosk could be made to resemble a college building. He, too, was staring into space, but not with vacant idleness—rather as a thinker sadly surveying a hopeless world. The arc light from the street was shining clear upon his face, which was somehow pale and wistful, in spite of the irregularity of the features. It was curious, this sense one had that he was different from the rest, when anyone versed in the affairs of the world, with even a rudimentary knowledge of the garments one should wear, could perceive that his extraction was undeniably low.

He had on an overcoat belted in the back in a manner that made the spirit writhe. He had on a brown hat, but not the proper brown felt hat which was universally worn that year. This particular hat was actually covered with a downy fuzz, in execrable bad taste; but even if these garments did not show him for what he was, one had only to look at his necktie. His necktie was a sacrilege.

"Look!" gasped Pulsifer in a hollow awestruck tone. "He's got on a club tie! He can't belong ——"

It was obvious that he could not. And the effrontery of illegally disporting such a sacred piece of neckwear was so serious that we looked at Beverley doubtfully. On the verge of adventure, we actually hung back. But, blandly, as though there were nothing peculiar in the situation, as though one did such things every day, Beverley stepped forward, pulling Pulsifer beside him.

"Good evening, brother," said Beverley.

"Good Lord!" whispered someone. "What's he going to do?" Beverley was holding out his hand—actually holding out his hand!

Perhaps there is no wonder that the uncouth subject of this attention should be astonished. Abruptly he forsook the support of the granite pillar and removed his gaze from space. His eyes were green blue and he stared at Beverley in a hard, suspicious way.

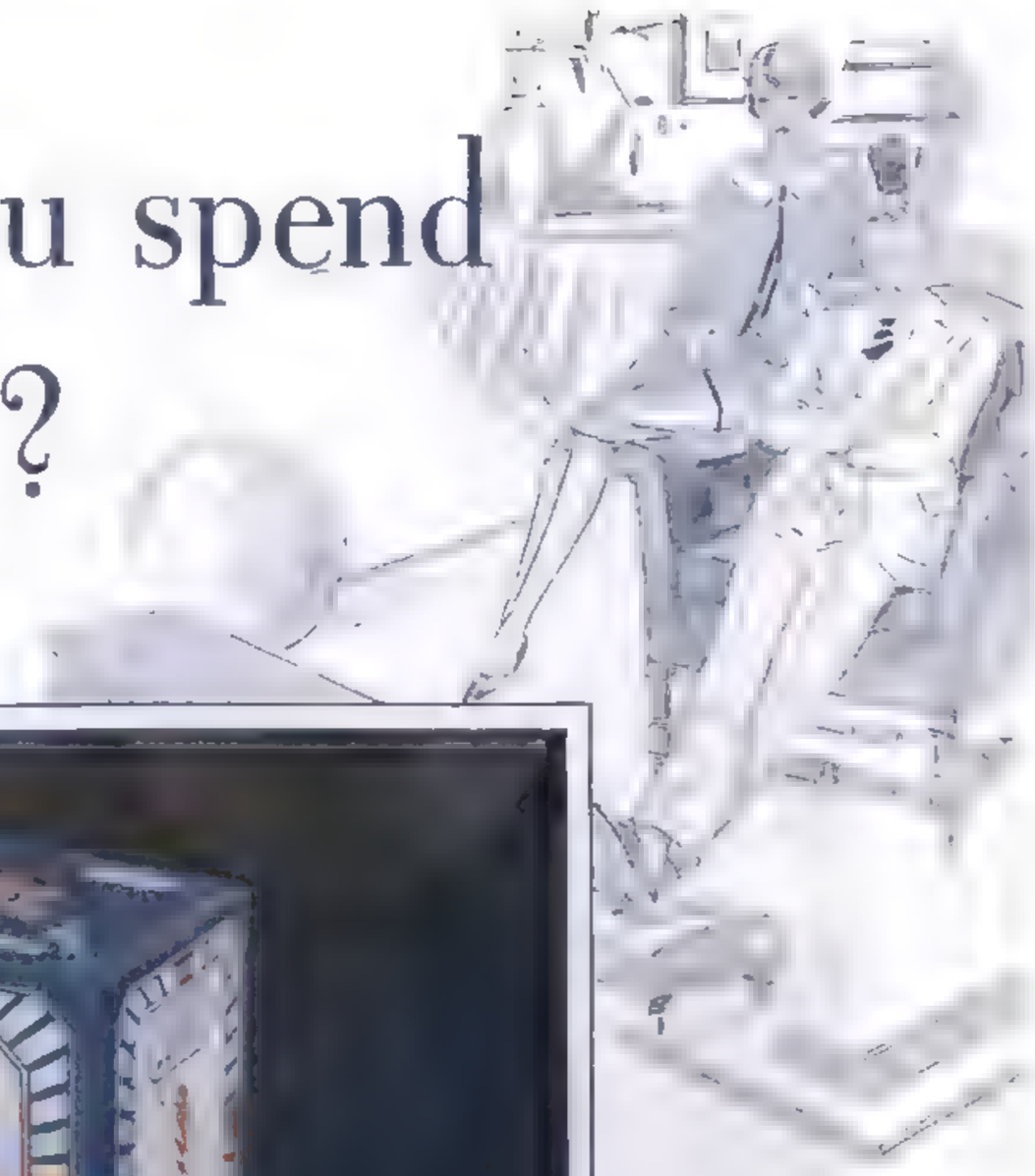
"Huh?" he said. "What's that?"

"Good evening, brother," said Beverley. "I see we belong to the same fraternity."

Naturally the colossal vulgarity of this remark caught us and held us spellbound,

(Continued on Page 120)

How much do you spend on radio power?



THIS is the Master Ray-O-Vac 45-volt heavy duty "B" battery No. 9303, recommended for sets with four or more tubes. Note the pitchless top—the result of a new type of construction that greatly increases its already long life.

This new-type "B" battery will give you better reception at less expense on any loud speaker set

CHECK back over the past year and see how much it has cost you for power to run your radio.

Then, if you would like to save some of that expense during the coming year, try an experiment. Now, when you are putting your radio to hard use, put Ray-O-Vac batteries in your set. At the end of the year you will find that you have spent much less on radio power than you ever spent before . . . for these batteries have remarkably long life.

Ray-O-Vacs have always been famous for their amazing staying power. Now a new type of construction makes them last from 10% to 15% longer! Internal short circuits are almost entirely eliminated and all the current-producing elements are permitted to give their full strength *in service*. You can see the evidence of this new construction in the pitchless tops that are characteristic of Ray-O-Vac batteries.

Get better reception, too

This experience will also reveal another valuable quality in Ray-O-Vac batteries. After two or three weeks you will notice how much better reception you are getting. And you will get it throughout the long life of the batteries!

Ray-O-Vac batteries give better reception because they produce *direct* current, and deliver a remarkably *uniform* voltage throughout their long life.

Radio sets operated by direct current are assured smooth amplification of every radio signal . . . because direct current is non-pulsating. There are no gaps in the flow of the energy.

And when the voltage is uniform, the reception is smooth and even, without distortion or inequalities.

The radio-wise have always known these facts about the longer life of Ray-O-Vac batteries and the better reception that they give. Experience has taught them. All you need to convince you is to try the experiment suggested. It will save you money. You can buy Ray-O-Vac batteries from any leading dealer in radio supplies. Ask for them by name.

RADIO IS BETTER WITH BATTERY POWER

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY
MADISON, WISCONSIN

Also makers of Ray-O-Vac "A" and "C" radio batteries and Ray-O-Vac flashlights

The MARIE ANTOINETTE

Dainty charm and fine dignity—both combine with an eloquent decorative finesse in the "Louis XVI" spirit. Carefully hand-mellowed finish, harmonizing the charm of hand-matched woods. Here and there, the vivacity of high-lighted, hand-carved adornment. In full, the expertness and precision of Berkey & Gay craftsmanship. Interior refinements—smooth gliding, dust-proof drawers; partitioned jewelry trays, and a plate-glass tray for cosmetics. Beauty that creates lasting pride. Staunch construction and perfect convenience—all are combined in rare degree

December 7th

The 713 Dealers listed on special display of charming

ONE does not become a Fairy Godmother, even at Christmas time.

The gifts it would give you the greatest pleasure to give, you cannot give at all.

You cannot, for instance, give Dad the thing he probably desires above everything else—greater business success.

You cannot give Mother that which brings delight to every feminine heart—success in her social affairs.

You cannot give your sons the old-fashioned love of home which would go so far to win them back from this Age of Jazz.

You cannot give your daughters success in their romances and happiness in their choice of life companions.

These gifts are beyond you—but you can contribute greatly toward their realization.

You can give Dad a home that reflects success, where he will be proud to cultivate business friendships. (And he will help, for men favor practical giving.)

The PRISCILLA

A chair whose yielding upholstery and structural lines are designed for ease. Covered in gay chintz, spiritedly French. Small enough for the boudoir. Suitable to drawing-room or library.

FURNITURE'S PROUDEST COAT-OF-ARMS

Look for this Shop Mark inset in every Berkey & Gay creation. It is your protection when buying, and your pride ever after.

Berkey & Gay

FIND YOUR LOCAL DEALER'S

The IVANHOE

Here the sturdy virility and boldness characteristic of medieval English furniture is emphasized by bulbous legs, robust supporting structure, and strong paneling. A decorative plan centered about the china cabinet door—an ancient flower and urn design hand-painted on an old vermilion ground. Typical hardware, masterful hand-carving enrich the gloriously grained, hand-matched woods, harmonious in color and figuration. Dust-proof, easy gliding drawers; deep linen trays—partitioned silverware tray. Hand-rubbed finish, mellow in color and lustre

'til Christmas

the next pages present this gifts for the entire family —

You can give mother an environment in which she is not embarrassed to receive her friends.

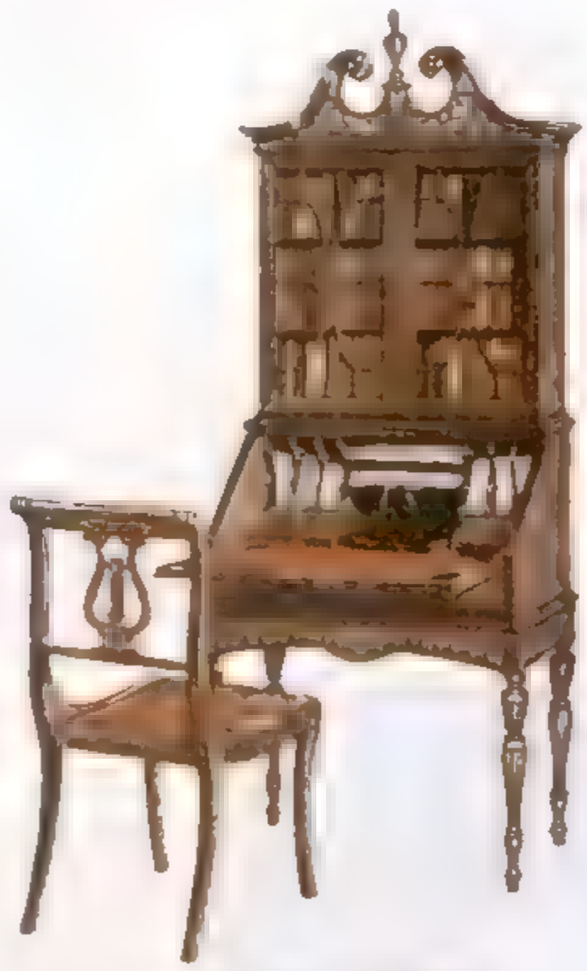
You can give your sons and daughters a background against which they can act out the vital drama of youth with spirit and pride.

Could there be more intelligent giving? A gift of beauty to the home—of pride and enduring pleasure to all who live there.

By announcing *The Marie Antoinette, The Ivanhoe,* and the other charming occasional pieces illustrated here, Berkey & Gay have made such a plan exceptionally feasible for this coming Christmas.

And 713 leading Berkey & Gay dealers have arranged special showings of these smart new styles, beginning December 7th, with prices that are quite as attractive as the pieces themselves.

Locate your nearest dealer on the next two pages and visit his showroom at the earliest opportunity. Each dealer's supply is strictly limited—and the time is short!



The MARTHA CUSTIS

The secretary, the chair—Colonial interpretations of Sheraton classics—each is the perfect complement of the other. One, an example of masterful cabinet work bearing inner excellence, convenient cubby-holes, easy gliding, dust-proof drawers. The other, a specimen of graceful shaping and comfortable construction. Both fashioned in exquisitely figured woods and finished by hand to a warm, live glow

Furniture

NAME ON THE NEXT TWO PAGES

Turn Back One

The Special Showing which these 713 December 7th

ALABAMA

ANNISTON—Geo. Cater Furn. Co
BESSEMER—J. C. Lewis
BIRMINGHAM—R. B. Broyles Furn. Co
Hood Wheeler Furniture Corp.
Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
ENSLEY—Hood-McPherson Furniture Company
MOBILE—Adam Glass & Co., Inc.
National Furniture Stores
MONTGOMERY—Frank Tennille Furniture Company
SELMA—J. C. P. Heinz

ARIZONA

PHOENIX—Barrows Furniture Co., Incorporated
TUCSON—Albert Steinfeld & Co.

ARKANSAS

FORT SMITH—Eads Bros. Furn. Co.
JONESBORO—Johnson Berger & Co.
LITTLE ROCK—[illegible]
[illegible]
Jones Bros. Co.
PINE BLUFF—Knox Walker Furniture Company
TEXARKANA—Rodgers Furn. Co.

CALIFORNIA

BAKERSFIELD—Monroe's
EL CENTRO—Imperial Valley Hardware Company
FRESNO—Large & McKenzie Furn. Co., Inc.
LOS ANGELES—Barker Bros., Inc.
MODESTO—[illegible]
OAKLAND—[illegible]
PASADENA—[illegible]
POMONA—[illegible]
RIVERSIDE—[illegible]
SACRAMENTO—[illegible]
SAN BERNARDINO—[illegible]
SAN DIEGO—[illegible]
SAN FRANCISCO—[illegible]
Stockgrowers Furniture Company
SAN JOSE—[illegible]
SANTA ANA—Chandler's
STOCKTON—John Breuner Co.

COLORADO

COLORADO SPRINGS—Giddings & Kirkwood
DENVER—American Furniture Co.
Denver Dry Goods Co.
GREELEY—Clough's
PUEBLO—The Caldwell-White Bros. Furniture Co.

CONNECTICUT

BRIDGEPORT—Geo. E. Nothnagle & Son
DANBURY—Henry Dick & Son
HARTFORD—G. Fox & Co., Inc.
NEW HAVEN—H. M. Bullard Co.
Chamberlain Co.
NEWINGTON—The Plant-Cadden Co.
NORWICH—The Plant Cadden Co.
SOUTH MANCHESTER—Watkins Brothers, Inc.
STAMFORD—Silberman's
TORRINGTON—The South Tompkins Co.
WATERBURY—Hampson Mansur & Abbott
WILLIMANTIC—The J. C. Lincoln Co.

DELAWARE

WILMINGTON—Wilmington Furn. Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON—Mayer & Co.

FLORIDA

CORAL GABLES—Coral Gables Furn. Co.
DAYTONA BEACH—Chadwick Furniture Co.
DELAND—J. F. Allen Furn. Co., Inc.
FORT MYERS—Robb & Stucky Co.
FORT PIERCE—Jenkins-Spivey Furniture Co., Inc.
JACKSONVILLE—Chadwick Furn. Co.
John A. Cunningham
LAKELAND—McKay Furn. Co.
MIAMI—Hirsch Fauth Furn. Co.
ORLANDO—Yowell Drew Co.
ST. AUGUSTINE—St. Augustine Music & Furniture Co.
ST. PETERSBURG—Harrison-Powell Company
SANFORD—Smith Bros., Inc.
TAMPA—Tarr Furniture Co., Inc.
WEST PALM BEACH—J. J. [illegible] Furniture Co., Inc.

GEORGIA

ATHENS—Bernstein Bros.
ATLANTA—Davis-Freeman Furniture Co.
Stephen Phillipsoian, Inc.
M. Rich & Bros. Co.
AUGUSTA—Maxwell Brothers
J. B. White & Co.
COLUMBUS—H. Rothschild
MACON—Johnson, Durham & Burke, Inc.
SAVANNAH—Lindsay & Morgan Co.

IDAHO

BOISE—Standard Furniture Co.
COEUR D'ALENE—Lakeside Furniture Co.
POCATELLO—Petersen Furniture Co.

ILLINOIS

AURORA—C. J. Jacobs & Co.
AURORA—[illegible]
BELVIDERE—Witbeck & Johnson
BLOOMINGTON—G. A. Ensenberger & Sons
CAIRO—The Fair Furn. Co., Inc.
CHAMPAIGN—[illegible]
CHARLESTON—Miller Furniture & Undertaking Co.
CHICAGO—Alexander H. Revell & Co.
Scholle Furniture Co.
The Tobey Furniture Company
DANVILLE—Penny Furniture Co., Inc.
DECATUR—Scovill Co.
ELGIN—Keyes-Ahrens Furniture Co., Inc.
ELGIN—Daniels & Clark
[illegible]
GALENA—[illegible]
JACKSONVILLE—Andre & Andre
JOLIET—[illegible]
KEWANEE—Charles F. Larson
LA SALLE—[illegible]
MATTOON—[illegible]
MOLINE—The Hadley Furniture Co.
MONMOUTH—John C. Allen Co.
MT. CARMEL—The Cowling Co.
OTTAWA—The Leader Furniture and Rug Company
PAXTON—Newman & Danielson
PEORIA—Loewenstein & Main, Inc.
QUINCY—Roy Bennett, Inc.
ROCKFORD—Rockford Furniture & Und. Co., Inc.
ROCK ISLAND—The Hadley Co.
SAVANNA—R. G. Fuller
SPRINGFIELD—Johnston Hatcher Co.
TAYLORVILLE—L. Chesnut Sons
WAUKEGAN—J. Blumberg, Inc.

INDIANA

ANDERSON—Stout Carnaby Co.
BLOOMFIELD—[illegible]
BURNS—[illegible]
CONNERSVILLE—[illegible]
Housefurnishing Co.
EAST CHICAGO—Seifer's
ELKHART—Curtis
EVANSVILLE—The R. & G. Furniture Co.
FORT WAYNE—Frank Rahe Company
Jacob Tepper Co., Inc.
GARRETT—J. A. Monte & Son
GARY—Rafkin Bros.
HAMMOND—Seifer's
HUNTINGTON—The Hoover-Rowlands Moore Co.
INDIANAPOLIS—Banner Furniture Co.
KOKOMO—Smith & Jacobs
LAFAYETTE—[illegible]
MARION—John [illegible]
MISHAWAKA—Brok [illegible]
MUNCIE—Hanner Furniture Co.
NEW CASTLE—[illegible]
PORTLAND—Knepper Furniture Store
RICHMOND—T. [illegible]
ROCHESTER—[illegible]
SOUTH BEND—[illegible]
SULLIVAN—The Seaford & Gorrell Furn. Co., Inc.
SYRACUSE—Beckman's
WALTON—Scott's
WINAMAC—P. T. Keller

IOWA

BOONE—Anderson Furn. Co., Inc.
CEDAR RAPIDS—The Killian Co.
Sandeloff's
CLINTON—Tucker Furniture & Carpet Co.
COUNCIL BLUFFS—Continental-Keller Co.
DAVENPORT—M. L. Parker Co.
DES MOINES—Ginsberg's
[illegible]
FAIRFIELD—J. C. Bradshaw Furn. Co.
FORT DODGE—A. D. McQuilkin Co.
FORT MADISON—Gulick-McFarland Co., Inc.
KEOKUK—Schell-Demple Furniture Co.
MASON CITY—Mier Woll and Sons Company, Inc.
NEWTON—Iowa Mercantile Company
OSKALOOSA—The McGregor Company
OTTUMWA—W. H. Cooper & Sons
RED OAK—Cooper-West Furniture & Carpet Co.
SIOUX CITY—Anderson Furniture Co.
The Pelletier Company
WATERLOO—Davidson's

KANSAS

ABILENE—Shockey-Landis
ARKANSAS CITY—The Newman Dry Goods Co.
CHANUTE—Koch Bros.
COFFEYVILLE—The Coffeyville Furniture Company
CONCORDIA—McCrary Furniture Co.
EMPORIA—J. C. Dumm Furniture Co.
HOLTON—John Haag
Louis Roehbe Furniture Store
INDEPENDENCE—R. C. Hait [illegible]
LINCOLN—G. Burton Hall
MARYSVILLE—[illegible]
OLATHE—[illegible]
PITTSBURG—Up-To-Date Furniture and Carpet Company
SALINA—Stiefel Brothers Company
TOPEKA—C. A. Kurtz Furniture Co.
WICHITA—Geo. Innes Co.

KENTUCKY

ASHLAND—Jonesboro Bros.
HAZARD—Ideal Furniture Company
HOPKINSVILLE—Keach Furniture Co.
LEXINGTON—C. P. Brower & Co.
LOUISVILLE—Central Furniture Co.
J. Stewart Dry Goods Co.
MADISONVILLE—Utley Furniture Co.
MAYFIELD—Rhodes-Burford Co.
PADUCAH—Rhodes-Burford Co.

LOUISIANA

ALEXANDRIA—Hennenway Furniture Co., Ltd.
BATON ROUGE—Globe Furniture Co.
LAKE CHARLES—Berdon-Campbell Furniture Co., Ltd.
MONROE—Monroe Furniture Co., Ltd.
NEW ORLEANS—Max Barnett Furniture Co.
Mrs. H. B. Bradford
Maison Blanche Co.
Mintz-Hurwitz Co., Inc.
SHREVEPORT—Booth Furniture and Carpet Co.
Johnson Furniture Co.

MAINE

LEWISTON—Atherton's
PORTLAND—[illegible]

MARYLAND

ANNAPOLIS—Globe Furniture Co.
BALTIMORE—[illegible]
Hamburger's
Hutzler Bros.
Stewart & Co.
CAMBRIDGE—Moore Brothers
CUMBERLAND—[illegible]
HAGERSTOWN—[illegible]
SALISBURY—R. E. Powell & Co.

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON—Paine Furniture Company
FALL RIVER—Adaskin Furniture Co.
Modern Furniture Company
FITCHBURG—Kidder & Davis
GARDNER—Goodnow-Pearson Co., Inc.
HOLYOKE—Adaskin-Tilley Furn. Co.
M. Jean Bass, Inc.
NEW BEDFORD—The Charles F. Wing Co.
PITTSFIELD—The Berkshire Furniture Company
England Bros. Furniture Shoppe
SPRINGFIELD—Forbes & Wallace, Inc.
Meekins, Packard & Wheat, Inc.
WEBSTER—R. [illegible] Furniture Co.
WESTFIELD—[illegible]
WORCESTER—Bernard Summer [illegible]
Denholm & McKay Co.
Forbes Furniture Company
Chas. L. Matthews Co.

MICHIGAN

ALBION—Bishop-Porter Co.
ANN ARBOR—Randcraft Furniture Co.
BATTLE CREEK—The Jury-Rowe Co.
BAY CITY—C. E. Rosenbury & Sons
BENTON HARBOR—W. G. Newland & Son
COLDWATER—J. A. Long
DETROIT—The J. L. Hudson Company
Pringle Furniture Company
ESCANABA—Anderson & Berglund
FLINT—[illegible] Furniture Company
Wegeardeu Furniture
EAST JAVAS—W. A. Evans Furniture Company
GRAND HAVEN—John J. Boer & Son
GRAND RAPIDS—Klingman Furniture Company
HASTINGS—Waldorff & Son
IRON MOUNTAIN—Buchanan-Villemur Company
IRONWOOD—McKevitt-Patrick Co.
ISHPEMING—Quasl & Quasl
JACKSON—The Jury-Rowe Co.
JONESVILLE—Ollis M. Beebe
KALAMAZOO—The Home Furnishing [illegible]
Home Bond Co., Inc.
LAKE LINDEN—W. F. Wortley
LANSING—Jarvis-Estes Company
The Jury-Rowe Company
LUDINGTON—The Palm Furniture Co.
MANISTEE—Warren A. [illegible]
MARQUETTE—[illegible]
MOUNT CLEMENS—The Scantt [illegible]
MUSKEGON—Bishop Furniture Co.
NEWAYGO—J. C. Ballard & Co.
OWOSSO—The Arthur Ward Company
POSEN—Swan-Glenn Company
Wilcox Mercantile Co.
PORT HURON—The J. A. Davidson Co.
SAGINAW—Hoyt, Fox & Son
ST. JOSEPH—New and Furniture Co.
SAULT STE. MARIE—Cowan & Hunt, Inc.
SPARTA—J. C. Ballard & Co.
ZEELAND—Wm. De Free Co.

MINNESOTA

BRAINERD—Patek Furn. Co.
CROOKSTON—The Fournet Furniture Co.
DULUTH—French & Bassett Co.
F. S. Kelly Furniture Co.
FERGUS FALLS—Johnson Furniture Company
LITTLE FALLS—Simonet Furniture & Carpet
MANKATO—Landkamer Bros. Co.
MINNEAPOLIS—Boyd-Phillips Bros. Inc.
J. S. Donaldson Company
NEW ULM—Bunger Furn. Co., Inc.
RED WING—A. Swanson & Sons
ROCHESTER—Luger-Buur Furniture Co.
ST. PAUL—St. Paul House Furnishing Co.
Schunemans and Mannheimers
STILLWATER—Simonet Furniture & Carpet Co.
WINONA—The George Hillyer Furniture Company

MISSISSIPPI

GREENWOOD—Jordan & Company
GULFPORT—J. C. Glover Furniture Company
HATTIESBURG—Woodruff Furn. Co.
JACKSON—Rice's
LAUREL—Morrison Brothers Furniture Co.
MERIDIAN—F. A. Hulbert & Son
NATCHEZ—Sharp Furniture Co., Inc.
VICKSBURG—Rice's

MISSOURI

COLUMBIA—Parker Furniture Company
JEFFERSON CITY—Walther-Wymore Furniture Company
JOPLIN—Joplin Furniture Company
Newman's Furniture Division
KANSAS CITY—Duff & Repp Furniture Co.
NEVADA—Walpercott Furniture Co.
ST. JOSEPH—The Townsend Wyatt & Wm. Dry Goods Company
ST. LOUIS—The Lammert Furniture Co.
SPRINGFIELD—Famous Furniture Co.

MONTANA

BILLINGS—Billings Hardware Co.
BUTTE—Baxter Furniture Company
Hennessy Company
Shiner Furniture Co.
GREAT FALLS—Standard Furniture Co.
HELENA—Wright Furniture Co.
LIVINGSTON—Thelen Furniture Co.
MISSOULA—Missoula Mercantile Co.

NEBRASKA

BROKEN BOW—Daily & Stockham
FAIRBURY—W. G. Freeman
FREMONT—J. R. Bader Furniture Co.
GRAND ISLAND—Geddes & Co.
HOLDREGE—Walter J. Moore
KIMBALL—Burwell Mortuary and Furniture
LINCOLN—Hardy's
NORFOLK—Huffman Furniture Co.
OMAHA—Brome Ox Williams Co.
RAVENNA—J. C. Jones Lane
WAHOO—Biggerstaff Brothers

NEVADA

RENO—Donnels & Steinmetz, Inc.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

MANCHESTER—Chas. A. Hoitt Co.

NEW JERSEY

ASBURY PARK—Capitol Furniture Co.
ATLANTIC CITY—M. E. Blatt Co.

to California

Berkey & Gay

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE COMPANY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Page and See ... of Gifts for the Home Stores will display 'til Christmas

BRIDGETON—McPherson Furniture & Carpet Company
CAMDEN—J. B. Van Sciver Co.
CARTERET—Bernard Kahn
ELIZABETH—McMahon's Inc.
ENGLEWOOD—Franklin Parlors
HOBOKEN—Sylvester McKelvey
JERSEY CITY—Cremin's Furniture
KEARNY—West Hudson Co.
LAKEWOOD—Lakewood Furniture Co.
MILLVILLE—R. B. Cotton
NEWARK—L. Bamberger & Company
NEW BRUNSWICK—Fischler Furniture Company
PASSAIC—The Berdan Furniture Co.
M. Stark
Greater New York Furniture Company
PATERSON—Broadway Furniture Co.
The Rafner Furniture Co.
PERTH AMBOY—Albert Leon & Son
PLAINFIELD—Tepper Bros.
SALEM—James E. Hitchner & Son
SUMMIT—Joseph Zeigner, Inc.
TRENTON—A. V. Manning's Sons
WESTWOOD—Westwood Furniture Co.

NEW MEXICO

ALBUQUERQUE—H. Livingston & Co.
ROSWELL—Purdy Furniture Store
SANTA FE—H. Livingston & Company

NEW YORK

ALBANY—Harry Simmons
W. M. Whitney & Co.
AMSTERDAM—Holsheimer & Shaul
ANDOVER—C. F. Brown
ASTORIA, L. I.—Joseph Rose & Sons, Inc.
BINGHAMTON—Sanitary Bedding & Furniture Co.
BOLIVAR—F. A. Loop & Son Company
BROOKLYN—Anderson & Son, Inc.
Simon Bernstein & Sons, Inc.
Brodlieb & Segalowitz
Brooklyn Furniture Co., Inc.
Frederick Loeser & Co., Inc.
The Namm Store
BUFFALO—J. N. Adam & Co.
Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.
The Wm. Hengerer Co.
Scott Furniture Corporation
CORTLAND—The Tuck Furniture House, Inc.
DUNKIRK—Geo. H. Graf & Co., Inc.
EAST AURORA—Andrews House, Inc.
ELMIRA—M. Ingoma & O'Dea
ELTON—J. R. Sullivan
GLEN COVE, L. I.—J. C. Dodge & Son
GLENS FALLS—Wilmarth & Son, Inc.
GLOVERSVILLE—Darling & Denton Co.
JOHNSTOWN—Alfred A. Cole
HEMPSTEAD, L. I.—Nicholas Herrmann
HERKIMER—H. G. Munger & Co.
HORNELL—C. F. Babcock Co., Inc.
JAMESTOWN—Gage Furniture Co., Inc.
KINGSTON—Stock & Cordts, Inc.
LOCKPORT—Prudden-Weaver Co.
MIDDLETOWN—Walter J. Startup, Inc.
MT. VERNON—The Hermode Co.
NEWBURGH—Bailey's
NEW ROCHELLE—The Sterling Furniture Company
NEW YORK—S. Bachmann & Bro.
Bloomingdale Bros., Inc.
G. Cardarelli & Co.
Cowperthwait & Sons
James McCreery & Co.
Piser & Co.
Stern Bros.
NIAGARA FALLS—The Arneson Furniture Co.
H. J. Scott Furniture Co., Inc.
NORWICH—Smith and Dewire
PORT CHESTER—J. Lenck
PORT JERVIS—Hess & Snook
RIDGEWOOD—Shop Three Flats & Co.
RIVERHEAD, L. I.—Reed Meier
ROCHESTER—E. W. Edwards & Son
H. H. Warner, Inc.
Howe & Rogers Company
SPRINGVILLE—Weismantel Bros.
SYRACUSE—E. W. Edwards & Son
J. Fleischmann & Sons
WATKINS—J. L. Millspaugh Furniture House
WATERTOWN—Frank A. Empsall & Co.
WHITEHALL—Scott Furniture Store
WHITE PLAINS—Frost & Lockwood Furniture Co., Inc.
YONKERS—M. Dee & Son

NORTH CAROLINA

CHARLOTTE—Efird's Department Store
W. T. McCoy & Co.
Parker Gardner Company
DURHAM—The Royall & Borden Co.
GASTONIA—Rustin Johnson Furn. Co.
GREENSBORO—Hanley Stockton Bird Co.
Morrison Neese Furniture Company
GREENVILLE—Quinn-Miller Co.
LAURINBURG—Stephens & Barnes Furniture Co., Inc.
LUMBERTON—Stephens & Barnes Furniture Co., Inc.
NEW BERN—Dowdy Furniture Company
WILSON—Thomas, Yelverton Co.
WINSTON SALEM—Huntley-Hill Stockton Co.

NORTH DAKOTA

BISMARCK—Bowman Furniture Co., Inc.
DEVILS LAKE—Goldberg's Furniture Store
FARGO—Luger Furniture Company
W. J. Quinn Furniture Co.
GRAND FORKS—Panovitz Furniture and Carpet Company
JAMESTOWN—The Eddy Furniture Co.
Goldberg's Furniture Store
MANDAN—Kennelly Furniture Co.
MINOT—Minot Furniture Company
VALLEY CITY—Anderson DeCosse Furn. Co.

OHIO

AKRON—The C. H. Yeager Company
ALLIANCE—T. W. Cope & Sons
ARCHBOLD—Rupp's Furniture & Undertaking Co.
ASHLAND—Geo. M. Gilbert
ASHTABULA—The Penny Furniture Company
ATHENS—The Swanson Furniture Co.
BELLEFONTAINE—Armstrong & Allen
BUCYRUS—Wm. Wise & Sons
CAMBRIDGE—Gillespie-McCulley Co.
CANTON—The Betty Furniture Co.
The Sell Company
CHAGRIN FALLS—Brewster & Stroud
CHILLICOTHE—M. N. Billings Co.
Eisenbach & Son
CINCINNATI—The Altus & Doepke Co.
The Kreimer & Brother Co.
The Robert Mitchell Furniture Co.
CIRCLEVILLE—Mason Bros.
CLEVELAND—The Sterling & Welch Co.
COLUMBUS—The F. & R. Lazarus & Co.
The McAllister Mohler Co.
COSHOCTON—The Fountain Co.
DAYTON—The Cappel Furniture Co.
The E. M. Hartman Co.
The Wayne Furniture Company
DEFIANCE—Hoffman Furniture Co.
DELAWARE—The Blair-Kelly Co.
DELPHOS—Jettinghoff, Beckmann & Hughes
DENNISON—Hicks Company, Inc.
DOVER—The Boyd Furniture Co.
EAST LIVERPOOL—The Frank Crook Company
EAST PALESTINE—S. J. Lowry
EATON—The Eikenbery-McFall Co.
ELYRIA—Brown's Furniture House
FINDLAY—The Trout and Jackson Co.
FLORIDA—Carr & Hicks
FREMONT—The Farm and Home Co.
The Gross Bros., Inc.
GALION—Carl Beeler
HAMILTON—George Krebs Sons
IRONTON—Cutler Furniture Co.
KENTON—A. L. Bowers
LIMA—R. T. Crawford Company
The Beaver Bond Co.
LORAIN—Hanan Bros.
LOGAN—Dwyer Brothers
LORAIN—Tar Weldon Co.
MANSFIELD—Gus Schroer Co.
MARIETTA—The Wieser & Cowley Co.
MARION—The H. Schaffner Co.
MARTINS FERRY—R. G. Heslop & Sons
MARYSVILLE—Paul E. Hutchinson
MASSILLON—Miller Furniture Co.
NEWARK—The Carlile Furniture and Rug Co.
NEW PHILADELPHIA—G. M. Earle
NILES—Bellaire Furniture Co.
PAINESVILLE—Gail G. Grant Co.
PIQUA—The Cappel Wayne Furn. Co.
POMEROY—The Jacob Elberfeld Sons Company
PORTSMOUTH—The Sam'l Horchow Company
ST. MARYS—Glass-Block Co., Inc.
SALEM—O. G. Stark
SANDUSKY—The Dilgart Sprau Co.
SEBRING—The Hub
TIFFIN—Joseph N. Ewald
TOLEDO—The Buckeye Furniture Co.
The LaSalle and Koch Company
The Nugent Furniture Company
TROY—The Cappel-Wayne Furniture Co.
UPPER SANDUSKY—H. C. Scherff Furniture Co.
URBANA—Mammoth Furnishing Co.
VAN WERT—Bulyeat Furniture Co.
WARREN—The Cross-Leslie Co.
WHITEHOUSE—Henry Schmid & Son
WILMINGTON—G. M. Rice
WOOSTER—The Danford Company
XENIA—Miller's
YOUNGSTOWN—The H. L. McElroy Company
Strouss-Hirshberg Co.
ZANESVILLE—Hemeberg Furniture Co.

OKLAHOMA

ARDMORE—Sneed Furniture Co.
BARTLESVILLE—The Reliable Furniture Co.
BRISTOW—Grimes & Company
CHICKASHA—Anderson Furniture Co.
DURANT—Mboon & Spring
ENID—Rayburn G. Johnson
HOBART—Stanley Furniture Company
MARLOW—J. F. Callaway & Co.
MIAMI—Milliner & Fribley
MUSKOGEE—T. O. Bass Furniture Co.
Street-Echols Furniture Co., Inc.
OKLAHOMA CITY—Harbour-Longmire Company
OKMULGEE—Okmulgee Furniture Co.
PONCA CITY—Jay's Farm
SAPULPA—People's Furniture Store
SHAWNEE—Pace Furn. & Cpt. Co., Inc.
TULSA—P. H. Bull Furniture Company
Genet's
Mayo Furniture Co.

OREGON

PORTLAND—Meier & Frank Co.

PENNSYLVANIA

ALLENTOWN—C. A. Dorney Furniture Co.
ALTOONA—The William F. Gable Co.
BEAVER—J. T. Anderson
BEAVER FALLS—The Martzolf Furniture Company
BETHLEHEM—Huff Music Store
BRADDOCK—Home Furniture Co.
BRADFORD—J. Kennedy & Brother
CHESTER—Lyon & Co.
CONNELLSVILLE—The Aaron Co.
EASTON—Wm. Laubach & Sons, Inc.
ERIE—Erie Furniture Co.
Erie Dry Goods Company
FRANKLIN—Boyd N. Park, Inc.
GREENSBURG—The Aaron Company
HARRISBURG—Goldsmith & Sons Co.
Pomeroy's, Inc.
HAZLETON—Mrs. H. Reinhart's Sons
JEANNETTE—Euwer & Company, Inc.
JOHNSTOWN—Penn Traffic Company
LANCASTER—Kissinger Furniture Co.
LATROBE—Studer Furniture Co.
LEBANON—Geo. A. Schwartz
LEWISTOWN—Maxwell Furniture Co., Inc.
MONESSEN—Mahen Furniture Co., Inc.
MEADVILLE—J. H. Nunn
NEW CASTLE—Robine Furniture Co.
NEW KENSINGTON—Klein's
NORRISTOWN—B. E. Block & Bro.
OIL CITY—George J. Vrach
PHILADELPHIA—Gimbel Brothers
PITTSBURGH—Boggs & Buhl
Kaufmann's.
POTTSVILLE—L. Hummel's Sons
PUNXSUTAWNEY—Chas. B. Robinson
QUAKERTOWN—Kooker & Smith
READING—Harold Furniture Co.
RENOVO—Maxwell's
SCOTTDALE—Murphy & Son
SCRANTON—Select Furniture Corp.
SHARON—J. M. Willson & Son
SHARPSBURG—Murray Furniture Co.
SHIPPENSBURG—C. Bruce Berry
SUNBURY—W. H. Dunkelberger
TAMAQUA—E. J. Jennings
TITUSVILLE—Ropp-Shreve Decorative Company
TYRONE—The Templeton Company
UNIONTOWN—Peoples Furniture Co.
WASHINGTON—The Daniel Strouse Co.
WAYNESBORO—F. Hayes Harmon
WAYNESBURG—Huffman Furniture & Undertaking Co., Inc.
WEST CHESTER—William J. Kauffman
WILKES-BARRE—Select Furniture Company
WINDBER—Eureka Stores
WOODLAWN—Plodunc Furniture Co.
ZELIENOPLE—The Zehner Company

RHODE ISLAND

NEWPORT—Walsh Brothers
PROVIDENCE—Callender, McAuslan & Troup Co.
Crooker Company
Flint Adaskin Furniture Co.
The Outlet Company
The Shepard Stores
WESTERLY—The Gavitt Furniture Co.
Westerly Furniture Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA

ANDERSON—G. F. Tolley & Son
COLUMBIA—Van Metre's
GREENVILLE—Craig-Raab Furniture Company
LAURENS—S. M. & E. H. Wilkes & Co.
ROCK HILL—W. G. Reid & Son
SPARTANBURG—Vogel & Son

SOUTH DAKOTA

HURON—Axelrad Brothers
MITCHELL—J. W. Broadbent Furniture Co.
SIOUX FALLS—The Home Furniture Co.
WATERTOWN—Home Furniture Co., Inc.

TENNESSEE

CHATTANOOGA—Clemons Bros.
JACKSON—Kuhn Furniture Company
KNOXVILLE—Staub Brothers
Henry G. Trent Furniture Co.
MEMPHIS—Armstrong Furniture Co.
J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.
Lowenstein's
NASHVILLE—The Cain Sloan Company

TEXAS

ABILENE—G. W. Walstrop & Co.
AMARILLO—Palo Duro Furniture Co.
AUSTIN—C. A. Dahlich
Swann Schulle Furniture Co.
BEAUMONT—Phoenix Furniture Co.
BROWNSVILLE—The Borderland Hardware Co.
CORPUS CHRISTI—Allen Furniture Co.
CORSICANA—Walton Furn. Co.
DALLAS—Fakes Furniture and Carpet Company
DENISON—Jno. B. Schmitz
DONNA—The Borderland Hardware Co.
EL PASO—Hoyt Furniture Company
ENNIS—Old Noel & Bro.
FORT WORTH—Ellison Furniture and Carpet Company
Fakes & Compton
GALVESTON—Kaufman Meyers & Co.
Hoffman Furniture & Carpet Co.
Walter's Home Furnishing Co.
LUBBOCK—Bates Furniture Company
MCKINNEY—J. P. Dowell Est.
PARIS—Rodgers-Wade Furniture Co.
PORT ARTHUR—Port Arthur Furniture Co.
QUANAH—Way Hardware Co.
SAN ANGELO—Angelo Furniture Co.
SAN ANTONIO—Household Furniture Co.
C. A. Stowers Furniture Company
SEGUIN—Starcke Furniture Co.
SHERMAN—Hall Furniture Co.
TAYLOR—The Forwood Company
TEMPLE—Best Furniture Co.
TERRELL—Jones-Fuqua Co., Inc.
TYLER—Swann-Fuqua & Lee Co.
WACO—R. T. Dennis & Co., Inc.
WICHITA FALLS—North Texas Furniture Co.

UTAH

OGDEN—Boyle Furniture Co.

VERMONT

BURLINGTON—The W. G. Reynolds Co.

VIRGINIA

ALEXANDRIA—Frank Michelbach
BRISTOL—Bragg-Rose Company
CHARLOTTESVILLE—Gilmore Home Supply Co., Inc.
LYNCHBURG—Schewel Furniture Co., Inc.
NEWPORT NEWS—Newport News Furniture Co.
NORFOLK—H. Crockin-Phillip Levy
RICHMOND—Chas. G. Jurgens' Son
Miller & Rhoads
Sydnor & Hundley, Inc.
ROANOKE—Thurman & Boone Co.
STAUNTON—S. M. Wilkes & Co.
SUFFOLK—R. W. Baker & Co.

WASHINGTON

ABERDEEN—Kaufman Leonard Co.
BELLINGHAM—B. B. Furniture Co., Inc.
PORTAGE—Kaufman Leonard Co.
SEATTLE—Frederick & Nelson
SPOKANE—The Crescent Store
Todd & Gibbs, Inc.
WALLA WALLA—Whitehouse Drug Co.
WENATCHEE—Kaufman-Leonard Co.
YAKIMA—Coffin-Rundstrom Furniture Co.

WEST VIRGINIA

BLUEFIELD—Bluefield Furniture Co.
CHARLESTON—Woodrum Home Furnishing Co., Inc.
FAIRMONT—Ross Furniture Co.
HUNTINGTON—Dick Jones
MORGANTOWN—J. F. Loving Furniture, Inc.
PARKERSBURG—Patton & Neal Company, Inc.
WHEELING—Stone & Thomas

WISCONSIN

APPLETON—Brettschneider Furniture Company
BARABOO—Scheible & Dyrud Co.
BEAVER DAM—McKinstry-Vaughan Co.
DE PERE—The Schumerth Co.
EAU CLAIRE—August Hansen Furniture Co., Inc.
KENOSHA—Mica Furniture Co.
LA CROSSE—Tillman Bros.
MADISON—Frautschi's, Inc.
Nash & Co.
MARSHFIELD—Rembe & Company
MILWAUKEE—Gimbel Brothers
Hartman's
Kaufmann Fraser Co.
Schuster & Sons
NEENAH—Wm. Krueger Company
OSHKOSH—Jones Furniture Co.
PLATTEVILLE—H. W. Gaden
PORTAGE—Geo. Morrison & Sons Co.
PORT WASHINGTON—Boerner Bros. Co., Inc.
PRAIRIE DU CHIEN—Seipp & Otteson
RACINE—Porter Furniture Co.
RHINELANDER—Uebrand Furn. & Und. Co., Inc.
RICHLAND CENTER—Edward L. James
SHEBOYGAN—M. Kroos & Son
H. Prange Co.
STEVENS POINT—Boston Furniture & Undertaking Co.
SUPERIOR—Popkin Furniture Co.
WAUKESHA—J. K. Rand & Son
WAUSAU—B. J. Radandt Furniture Co.

WYOMING

CASPER—Callaway's
CHEYENNE—Percy Smith Mercantile Company

CANADA

WINNIPEG—The T. Eaton Co., Limited

Furniture

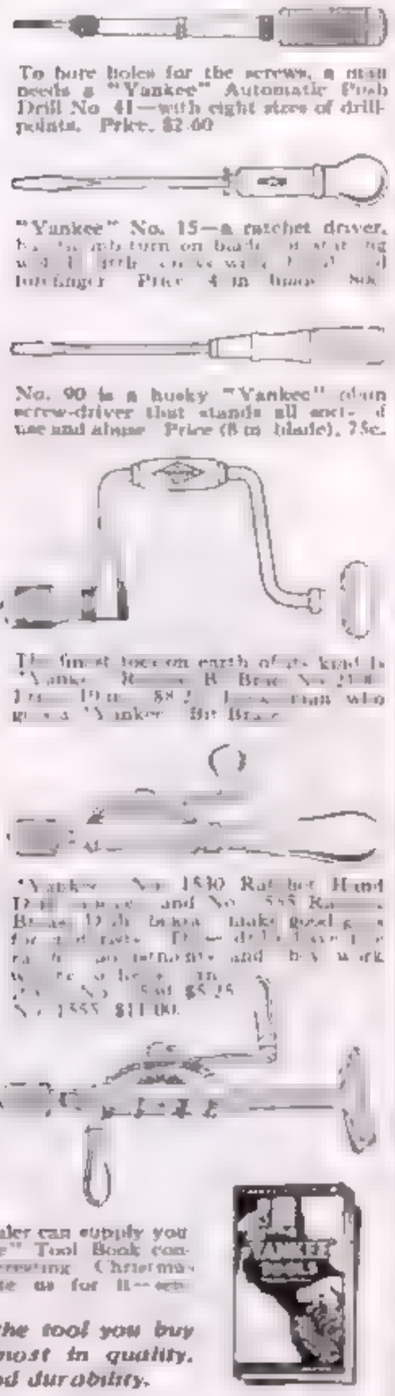
Founded in 1853 • NEW YORK WHOLESALE ROOM: 115 W. 40TH STREET

"YANKEE" TOOLS

"YANKEE" Tools have all the ingenuity the name implies. Make work interesting; save time, labor! Fine tools!—they make fine gifts for any man or boy. A "Yankee" Tool is just the gift to make mechanic or amateur happy on Christmas.

Remember, your hardware store is a real gift shop; the dealer will give you expert help in making selections.

For driving screws quick and easy . . . simply by pushing on the handle . . . every man wants this "Yankee" Spiral Ratchet Screw-driver No. 30-A. Price, $3.00.



To bore holes for the screws, a man needs a "Yankee" Automatic Push Drill No. 41—with eight sizes of drill-points. Price, $2.00

"Yankee" No. 15—a ratchet driver, [illegible] Price [illegible]

No. 90 is a husky "Yankee" plain screw-driver that stands all sorts of use and abuse. Price (8 in. blade), 75c.

The finest tool on earth of its kind is "Yankee" [illegible] Brace No. 2141. [illegible] Price [illegible] 88.2. [illegible] man who gives a "Yankee" Bit Brace

"Yankee" No. 1530 Ratchet Hand Drill [illegible] and No. 535 Ratchet Brace. Drills below make good [illegible] Price [illegible] $5.25 No. 1555 $11.00.

Your hardware dealer can supply you. The new "Yankee" Tool Book contains many interesting Christmas suggestions. Write us for it—sent FREE.

"Yankee" on the tool you buy means the utmost in quality, efficiency and durability.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U.S.A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

(Continued from Page 114)

for of course no one in our sophisticated set could belong to such boyish fresh-water organizations as college fraternities. It was all so grotesque that one had the desire to escape, and surely Pulsifer would have escaped except for Beverley's grasp upon his arm.

"What's that? Are you kidding me?"

But as though everything were as natural as possible, Beverley only smiled.

"I see you've got on the good old tie," he explained. "My name is Witherspoon. What's yours?"

And then it dawned upon us. Reluctant as one might be to pay tribute, the ease and perfect genius of Beverley could not but provoke one's admiration. Like a master psychologist, he had read the rudimentary mind before him and deliberately had lowered himself to a plane which that mind could understand. Genially, with careless confidence, he held out the bait and that grotesque outsider took it. He took it eagerly, with a gulp and a nervous, self-conscious laugh.

"The tie?" he said. "Gee! I'd forgot I had it on." The suspicion had died out of his voice. A wistful note had crept into it, not unlike the wistfulness we had descried upon his face as he stood staring into space. Suddenly his whole manner was diffident, almost timid, as he stared at our fur coats. "Say," he said, "it's nice in you to waltz right up and speak to me. I'm pleased to make your acquaintance. Cahill's my name—Leo Cahill."

It was hard not to laugh out loud. Pulsifer gazed skyward and his finer sensibilities, crushed by the sudden encounter with a name so distant from his sphere, jangled in a discord that caused his raccoon coat to quiver. But Beverley grasped Mr. Cahill's hand with eagerness.

"Haven't been around to the frat house much, have you?" he inquired, his wide eyes innocent, his voice devoid of guile.

And all at once, as Beverley spoke, the whole thing seemed most delightful. It appealed to our jaded taste. It was bound to appeal to one's latent sense of risibility to hear the august brick building to which only the very nicest boys belonged referred to as a frat house. But Mr. Cahill was not amused. He swallowed as though striving to rid his throat of some impediment.

"No, I ain't—haven't been around much," he said.

"But you will after this," said Beverley. "Are you doing anything tonight?"

"I—I guess I'd better not go tonight," said Mr. Cahill hastily, and looked somewhat wildly into the dark.

Beverley laughed negligently. "Oh, of course not there," he said. "I was just thinking when we saw you that we wanted a—a fifth for dinner."

"I—I haven't—that is—I mean, I don't want to butt myself in."

The fuzzy hat and belted coat stood him in no stead. He gulped and halted, but Beverley nodded with quick assurance.

"You mean it's the end of the month," said Beverley. You might have thought that the fellow was one of us from the way he spoke. "Well, that's all arranged for. We've matched who's going to pay for everything, and here—here's the boy who does it?"

Beverley's hand landed on Pulsifer's back with a resounding slap—you might have thought he came from some place where frat houses abounded, the way he did it.

"Ouch!" said Pulsifer.

"Yes," said Beverley, "here's the boy who pays for everything. Perhaps you know each other—being in the same fraternity. May I present Mr. Pulsifer Van Skuy—Mr. Leo Cahill?" Beverley nudged Pulsifer with his elbow. "You'll be glad to have him, won't you?"

"Ouch!" roared Pulsifer. "What the devil are you batting me about for?"

Beverley nodded archly to our guest.

"It's just his way," he said—"crusty on the surface, but underneath—a heart of gold."

"You'll knock it outa him," said Mr. Cahill, "if yer keep slammin' him."

One may readily understand that each minute the occasion was becoming more delightful to the rest of us. Try though we might to appear bored men of the world, we occasionally burst into giggles.

"You mustn't mind us," said Beverley indulgently. "We're all in high spirits because the professors like us so much—all except Pulsifer here. . . . By the way, I hate formality, don't you? Do you mind if I call you Leo? And Pulsifer—he hates formality too. Call him—er—Pulsy, will you? Everybody does."

Pulsifer looked toward us. For a moment we thought the shock of the thing was near to unmanning him.

"Can any of you fellows tell me what time it is?" said Pulsifer in a loud, clear undertone. "I forgot my watch."

Beverley stepped toward a taxicab which had already drawn up beside us.

"Pulsy," he said with diffident, gentle politeness, "listen to the motor, will you—and tell us if you think it will carry us into town. You see," he continued, "Pulsy here is an authority on taxicabs."

At this juncture one regrets to say that Pulsifer once more evinced the most untoward ill nature.

"Won't you shut up," he begged, "and get this thing over with? Where are we going?"

"To the Lorraine," said Beverley, "stopping here and there for refreshment on the way."

"Not the Lorraine!" gasped Pulsifer, smitten with new horror.

"In all my investigations," said Beverley, "I have found it the best place for dinner. Frédéric will fix us in the little room."

Once again Pulsifer turned toward the rest of us. His face was drawn with pain—real pain.

"What time is it?" he asked. "Won't you please tell me what time it is?"

Leo hastily fumbled at his belt and produced a timepiece with a dog's head engraved on the back.

"A quarter to eight," he said.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Pulsifer. "Three hours more!"

"And a quarter," said Beverley. "Remember Napoleon, and don't forget the quarter hours!"

Is it because one had grown older, or is it really true that the world possessed in those days more chances for gentlemanly diversion? Surely there was something left then of the leisure of a vanishing era. Surely there were more comfortable places where a gentleman might disport himself. There was an atmosphere of glass and brass and polished mahogany which seems to have gone forever, buried as surely as Pompeii, but never to be excavated from the ashes of times and manners.

Naturally we stopped several times for refreshment among such genial surroundings, with gratifying results. By the time we had reached the noisier parts of Boston, all of us, with the single exception of Pulsifer, had become imbued with that spirit of brotherly love and increasing tolerance which one associates with that period of one's life. That latent little sense of hesitation or embarrassment which we might otherwise have felt in entering the marble corridors of the Hotel Lorraine in the company of Leo had somehow nearly evaporated. Indeed, one recalls that there was something appealing—disarming—about Leo.

"Fellers," he said, "you're sure you want me—here?"

"Don't give it a thought, old fellow," said Beverley airily.

"I just want you guys—fellows, I mean—to know I'm grateful, you understand. And I want to thank Mr. —— Mr. ——" He glanced toward Pulsifer, who, as one has said, had not caught the spirit of the thing. Pulsifer was walking as far from us as possible, endeavoring not to be identified with our little group. "I want—what's his name—the guy who's paying—to know it."

"Pulsy?" said Beverley. "Why, bless you, Pulsy loves it!"

"What time is it?" asked Pulsifer.

The hands of a clock upon the wall indicated a quarter before the hour of nine.

Naturally, being men of the world, we were known in the grillroom downstairs. As one recalls, everyone in our little group made violent efforts to be known, going even to the extent of doing without in other directions in order to give Frédéric, who presided over the small tables, gratuities commensurate with one's standing. Without ever asking why, one understood that recognition by Frédéric put a final seal upon one's social success, and the privilege of calling to Frédéric in a conspicuous tone, with due stress upon his French accents, was a patent far better worth the seeking than any diploma of scholastic virtue.

It was pleasant to perceive that we caused a distinct stir as our bright tan shoes clattered upon the marble floor of the grill. Other more humdrum patrons were disturbed from their contemplation of after-dinner coffee. Two elderly gentlemen at a table by the wall appeared almost annoyed, and Frédéric himself gave over lecturing a line of waiters and bus boys in order to greet us personally.

"Good evening, Frédéric," we called almost in a chorus.

"The center table, Frédéric," said Beverley, "and the wine list right away."

It was not unpleasant to perceive that we still were the center of attention as Beverley began to order.

"Burgundy first," said Beverley. "Then Pomery Sec and sherry toward the end. How does that suit you, Leo?"

Before all our attention was thus directed upon Leo, Frédéric had been regarding him with a somewhat uncertain stare. Now that Leo's hat was off, we perceived that his hair was clipped upon the sides and back, with the top forming a thick mat, hardly touched by the barber's shears. He was holding the table with heavy red hands and his honest green eyes were wide and apprehensive.

"Mr. Witherspoon," said Frédéric gently.

"Yes?" said Beverley.

"No offense," said Frédéric. "Of course you young gentlemen will have your good times, but I must ask you if this is some prank, as you might call it."

"That will do, Frédéric," said Beverley.

"I wish to goodness it would, if you'll excuse me, Mr. Witherspoon," said Frédéric. "But there's been too much trouble here, and too many complaints. I've had experience with young gentlemen for fifteen years and I know ——"

"Frédéric," said Beverley, "you hurt me—positively you hurt me. Why should you persist in thinking the worst of me after the little kindnesses that have passed between us? Mr. Van Skuy has asked some friends to dinner. Do you call that a prank?"

"It isn't Mr. Van Skuy. Unless he's with you, sir, he's always quiet," said Frédéric.

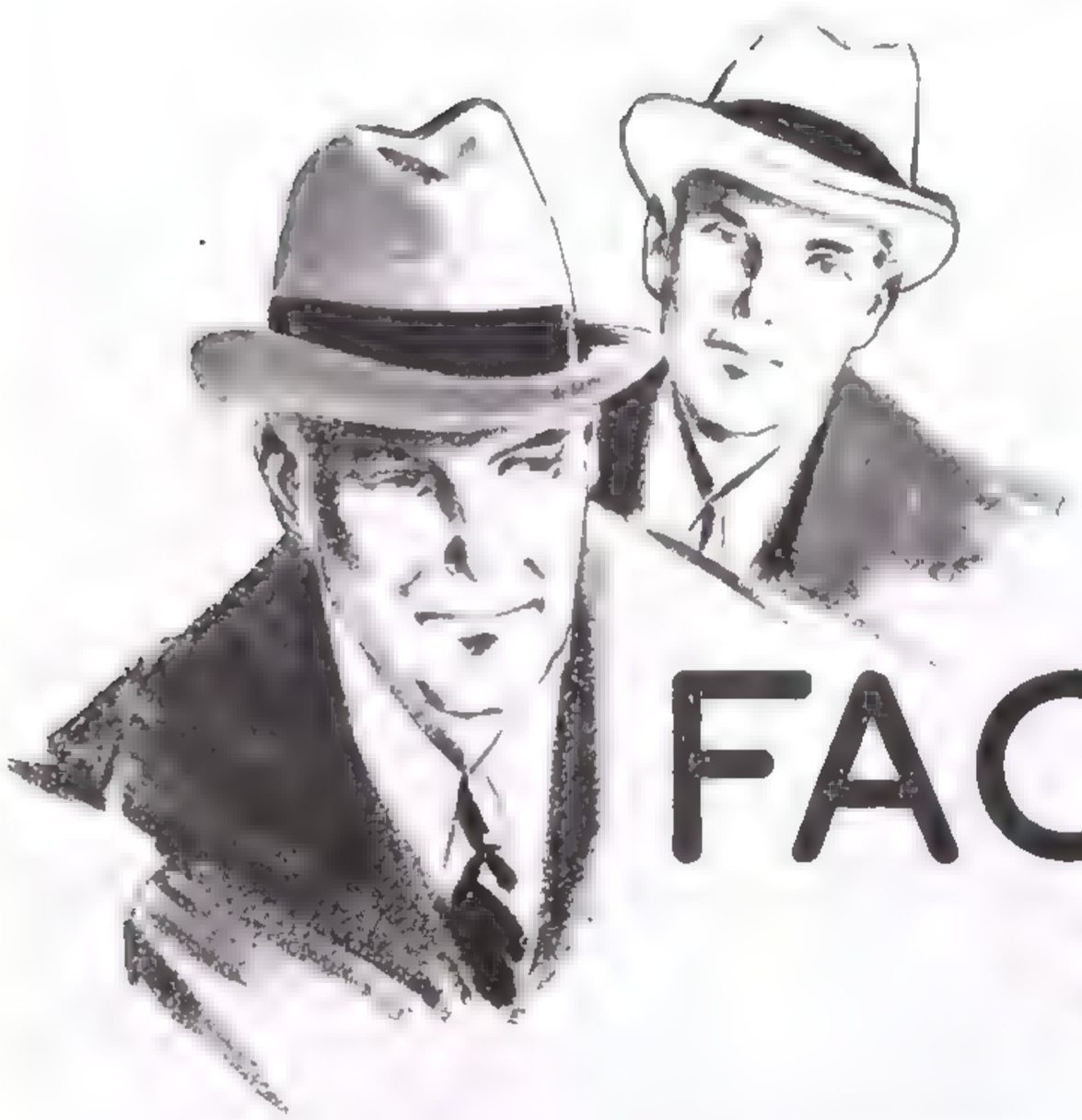
"Right you are," said Pulsifer. "Here, Frédéric." For the first time that evening Pulsifer seemed to enjoy himself.

"It's only —— Thank you, sir," said Frédéric. "It's only that so much has been upset lately, as Mr. Witherspoon knows, and some of the other gentlemen —— There was that trouble with the taxicab last week. Of course I blame no one, but the driver does. He's still waiting to find out who ran off with his cab. And then in the football season —— As I was saying, I've known students for fifteen years, but you young gentlemen ——"

"Oh," said Beverley, "Frédéric!"

"You'll have to excuse me, Mr. Witherspoon," said Frédéric firmly. "You know I'm responsible for the room here, and there's been many times when you haven't helped me. Now, before I serve you, you'll excuse my asking—are you planning to be quiet? You haven't the look, Mr. Witherspoon, and seeing you come in with this strange gentleman ——"

(Continued on Page 122)



FACES *that are* FIT *by* Williams

A dozen times a day we make quick, important appraisals of men.

Bearing . . . clothes . . . handshake. These sway our verdict. But most of all we judge our fellows by their faces.

Turn at shaving time to Williams, if you're wise,—to Williams and 87 years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin,—best to keep Faces Fit!

For a quick comfortable shave . . . . choose the Williams lather,—thick, abundant, supremely mild.

And to protect your newly shaven skin, to condition your face for the day, to carry on where Williams Shaving Cream leaves off, splash on Aqua Velva.

Make this Williams formula your regular morning habit. Your face will look better . . . feel better. Your skin will take on new tone . . . will keep buoyantly, youthfully Fit!

"Just notice the fine skins of the men who use Williams."

Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face.
The J.B.Williams Co.
Williams' Luxury Shaving
THE J.B. WILLIAMS CO.
You can't lose this cap!

Williams

SHAVING CREAM --- AQUA VELVA

Williams Shaving Cream—Absolutely pure. Absolutely uncolored. Super mild. It saturates and softens every hair. Thoroughly prepares the skin. Makes shaving quick and comfortable. Gently cleanses every pore.

"Oh, yes . . . sometimes they change . . . but they all come back to Williams!"

❦ ❦ ❦

Williams Aqua Velva—Made expressly for after-shaving. Its stimulating tingle wakes the skin and livens it. Protects it from dust, germs, wind and weather. Prevents chapping. Helps to heal tiny nicks and cuts. Keeps the skin flexible by conserving its natural moisture. Helps to keep it young.

The J. B. Williams Company,
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.—Montreal, Canada

THE HYDROSTATIC FUEL OIL GAUGE

"Cold Wave Coming!"

"—Telegage says we have plenty of fuel!"

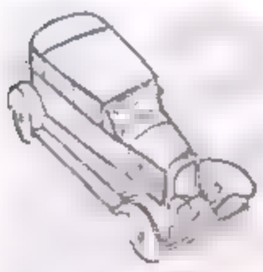
NO need to worry when the newspaper headlines herald the approach of a cold wave—"sudden drop in the mercury"—"blizzard due to-night!" With the Telegage on guard, you never have that sinking sensation of doubt regarding your fuel supply. A glance at the Telegage, and you're certain!

For the Telegage is always before the household's eye. No chance of being caught without heat on icy cold days. There's always plenty of fuel in the tank that's protected by the Telegage.

Install the Fuel Oil Telegage anywhere within your home, upstairs or down. Enjoy the comfort and security of knowing always, at a glance, the amount of fuel in your tank. Based on the same principle as the famous K-S GASOLINE TELEGAGE, built by the world's largest makers of distant-reading gauges, this dependable precision instrument is handsome enough to be placed in any room of your home. The Red Line of Safety guards your furnace—checks your fuel supply inch for inch—warns you when to get more fuel—and how much to order.

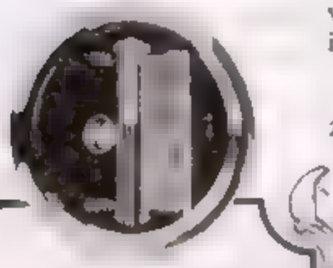
For tanks up to 32" deep
$26.50
Over 32" and up to 66" deep
$32.00
Complete with 30 feet of Red Line for connecting to tank. Longer lines at small added cost

F. O. B. Ann Arbor, Mich.



Your dealer can supply you, or write us, giving the Baumé or Specific Gravity of your fuel, depth of tank, and distance from tank to gauge. We will send you the Fuel Oil Telegage, with complete instructions for installing, on receipt of full information and price. Descriptive circular free on request.

KING-SEELEY CORPORATION
294 SECOND STREET ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
Chicago Branch: 2450 Michigan Boulevard
European Representatives: H. M. Hobson, Ltd., London



The K-S GASOLINE Telegage
NEW PRICE!
$5.75 for Chevrolet and Ford "T"
$6.75 for Other Cars

The K-S FUEL OIL Telegage

BE CERTAIN WITH THE *K-S TELEGAGE*

(Continued from Page 120)

Frédéric indicated Leo with a chillingly impersonal nod, and of course we also looked. That supercilious eye of Frédéric, alight with years of worldly knowledge and sharpened by certain past experiences with our little group, dwelt expertly on Leo's overelaborate coat, from the pocket of which protruded a purple-bordered handkerchief.

"Huh—how's that?" stammered Leo.

For the moment Beverley seemed nonplused by Frédéric's penetration, and was only recalled to himself by a tittering noise from Pulsifer.

"A strange gentleman!" said Beverley with a sudden burst of honest indignation. "I don't know what you mean, Frédéric, but of course you can't intend to criticize."

"I just want to know if you're going to behave yourself," replied Frédéric in a discreet low voice. "You don't always, Mr. Witherspoon."

"And because I appear with someone you have never seen before, why should you leap to such a conclusion?" Beverley's voice was rich with a sad resigned note of disappointment with frail humanity. "You're not going to be tiresome, Fred? You're not going to refuse to serve us on account of little bursts of playfulness in the past? You don't have to know everyone, do you? Why, look at the tie he's wearing!"

Leo moved suddenly, so that the table quivered.

"Say," he demanded, "is this guy trying to get fresh with me, or what is it?"

"There," said Beverley in a gentler tone, "don't feel hurt. It's just Frédéric's way. Superficially he's sometimes crusty, but underneath—once you strip away his shirt front—you'll find a heart of gold. Of course we'll be quiet, Fred, and just to set your mind at rest—I didn't bring him. He's a friend of Mr. Van Skuy's."

Pulsifer's chair squeaked noisily.

"Now look here," he began, "this isn't funny ——"

"There," said Beverley, "there! You don't have to go any further. We all know how you feel. Mr. Van Skuy's known him since school days. Serve the Burgundy, Frédéric."

As Frédéric moved slowly off, we glanced after him in silence. Leo's face was very red.

"Say," he remarked, "for two cents I'd like to give that wop a crack in the ——"

"Don't think of it, old man," said Beverley. "It's just his way; and that reminds me"—clearly Beverley enjoyed it all; his faint smile was enough to show it—"that reminds me—where did you go to school?"

Leo inhaled deeply. There were beads of perspiration upon his forehead.

"You mean before I come—came here? I—I went to St. Swithin's."

That was what he said—just like that—looking Beverley in the eye and holding to the edge of the table with his red and heavy hands, as though at any moment a gust of wind might blow him right away. There were things which shocked us even in those days. The impact of such a daring and palpable falsehood left us staggered, and Leo must have perceived the way we felt. For suddenly that diffident wistful air which we had noticed in him at first, made his eyes wide as he watched us, and he seemed to be looking at us hopelessly, despairingly, from an immeasurable distance. And we felt sorry for him—actually sorry—as he sat before Beverley's inscrutable gaze.

"It only proves," said Beverley, "how small the world is. I come from there myself."

Surely there was something good in Leo. He did not look away. He simply nodded.

"I guess it's time for me to be going now," he said.

"But why?" asked Beverley. "You must have been after my time. I was prematurely severed from St. Swithin's."

"Bounced—you mean?" asked Leo.

And then Beverley made a remark which seemed to have no bearing on the subject.

"Leo," he said, "I don't know why, but actually I begin to like you. We have a good deal in common."

It was sad—the gratitude of Leo, the sudden new rise of hope within him. Though one could not approve, one could understand.

"It's funny," said Leo, "fellers do get to like me when they know me. I guess I'm just that way. Most fellers like me."

"What time is it?" snapped Pulsifer.

"It's not so late," said Leo. "It's only half-past nine."

The voice of one of those elderly gentlemen at a side table came across the room so distinctly that we could not help but hear:

"Look at them! They're worthless little snobs, exactly the element that gives a whole institution a bad name. Look at them! Can you wonder that people all over the country hate the type?"

Naturally we had grown used to such remarks and considered such lack of sympathy merely as one of the difficulties in upholding our traditions, but on Leo the effect was different. He glowed with a radiance which Burgundy could not bring.

"Listen—no kidding—are they talking about us?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Beverley. "It's the penalty one pays for bringing gladness into the world."

It must have been toward the end of dinner that Beverley became vocal. One recalls that he insisted on linking arms with Leo and singing the St. Swithin's song, which lent itself to a succession of howls at the ending of each line.

"Shut up!" begged Pulsifer. "Do you want us all put out?"

"Put out?" sighed Beverley. "How can you imply that I'm not a gentleman through it all?"

With this rebuke Beverley returned again to the chorus, the words of which on certain occasions still possess an eerie beauty:

Always, St. Swithin's, our hearts are true to you—ooh—
Oooh—oooh
St. Swithin's, St. Swithin's—the home of the gold and the blue—ooh—
Oooh oooh.

Upon Leo those simple bits of imagery had a beautiful effect. He sat up straighter. His uncomplicated features took on, seemingly without his own volition, that mask of serene indifference which only a true St. Swithin's graduate invariably assumed, when Frédéric appeared somewhat abruptly and hurried toward us with the check. Reminding us almost brusquely, as he sometimes did, that dinner was over, he placed the check upon the table and retired to a watchful distance.

Naturally at the appearance of the check we all drew politely back and the melody died from Beverley's lips. But there was no need for worry. With that gesture of his which we admired the most, Pulsifer reached for the cardboard, at the same time producing his wallet. In fact, his hand was actually upon the check and his eye upon the total, when, without warning, Leo reached for it clumsily.

"Ain't you going to add it?" he demanded.

The idea of anyone paying such suspicious tribute to such carping details was naturally boring. It smacked of commercialism. It bespoke a lamentable lack of trust. Pulsifer reddened. His head shot up swiftly.

"Add it? What for?"

"Say," said Leo, "you need someone to look after you—that's what you need. Don't you never add?"

"No," said Pulsifer. "Do you take me for a store clerk?"

"You certainly need someone to look after you," replied Leo, "and I'm gonna do it this time."

"Really," said Pulsifer, "I don't know what you're talking about."

Leo scowled at Frédéric. "I'm gonna add that check," he said. "I'm not saying who, but they're some parties I wouldn't trust around the corner."

"Oh, come now ——" began Beverley.

It was humiliating—positively humiliating—for it was impossible not to be thinking what Frédéric must have thought. Of course, to one of Frédéric's standing, this display of bad taste was particularly hard to bear. Yet his dignity was perfect, his patience beautiful despite the provocation.

"You don't doubt me, sir?" he inquired of Pulsifer. "You wouldn't think ——"

"Of course not." Of course Pulsifer was horrified. "Not even for a minute."

At last we were regretting Beverley's impulsive love of fun. At last we were recalling too late those admonitions on mingling outside one's social sphere. For Leo, untutored in the delicacies, was actually insinuating the grossest thought. He actually was insinuating that Frédéric, the most perfect of all head waiters, could be dishonest.

"Oh, come now ——" began Beverley again. But for once his genius failed him. He was another Frankenstein and his monster was out of hand.

"Yeh -you certainly need a keeper, like I said," Leo was remarking to Pulsifer. "You let everybody put one over on you, I bet. Gimme that check a minute."

"Be quiet," said Pulsifer in a shriller tone. He was embarrassed, as we all were, for once again we had become the center of attention for the whole room.

"You'd better pay at once, sir," suggested Frédéric gently. "We don't want any trouble."

"Is that so?" said Leo, with unspeakable vulgarity.

"You remember," continued Frédéric more hastily, "I objected to serving you in the first place."

"And why?" Try as we could, there was no keeping Leo quiet. "You were afraid I wouldn't be a boob like the rest of 'em. Well, you were right. I'm quick at figures—gimme that check." And before we even had time to remonstrate, Leo snatched the check from Pulsifer's limp fingers. "There, you big stiff!" he cried, shaking it beneath Frédéric's nose. "I don't make many mistakes."

"Be quiet!" whispered Beverley desperately, seizing Leo by the shoulder. "No one ever argues about bills."

"Argue?" There was no one in the room who could not hear Leo. "There's no argument. The figures come to twenty-seven dollars, and the crook's made the total forty-two!"

Now one can understand the way we felt. Of course we were ashamed. To be embroiled in such a dispute was the depth of humiliation, and, besides, we knew that Frédéric's addition must be impeccable.

"You're wrong, of course," said Pulsifer. "Here, Frédéric—and keep the change."

"Don't you pay him!" A glass clattered to the floor, for Leo had reached forward and grasped Pulsifer's wrist. "Like blazes I'm wrong! Don't you pay that crook till he corrects the bill!"

Pulsifer struggled, but his wrist was almost flowerlike beneath Leo's firm red hand. "Let go!" panted Pulsifer. "Pull him off, somebody!"

We were just engaged in pulling Leo off, and Frédéric had whistled for two waiters to help us, when we were startled by a harsh and legal voice.

"Here! What's this?"

It was startling, as trouble always was, for we knew that such a voice meant trouble. As we glanced up we saw that a corpulent gentleman with a black mustache and shining hair was speaking to Frédéric, and for once that perfect manner of Frédéric's seemed a trifle shaken.

"The boys have taken too much," explained Frédéric. "There's trouble about the bill. . . . James, call a taxi driver to help. I'll have them out in a minute."

"About the bill, eh?"

"Please!" cried Pulsifer, and his voice was close to tears. "There's no dispute. I'm trying to pay it, if he'll only let me."

"Won't let you, eh? Well, why?"

Leo glanced up, still holding Pulsifer's wrist.

"How's it your business?" he asked.

"It's my business"—the corpulent stranger's voice was loud but clear—"because I'm the house detective, that's why."

A cry escaped Pulsifer—a despairing cry—and it seemed at last as though he had reason for despair.

"Here's the taxi driver." It was James, the waiter, speaking. "Say the word and we'll get 'em out!"

"Beverley," groaned Pulsifer, "you're the one who started this. . . . Wha-what's the matter now?"

Beverley had suddenly burst into a violent fit of coughing and had buried his face in his napkin.

"Don't let him see you!" he whispered. "That driver—he's the one who had the cab we took last week."

That moment was the sort that stays fixed on the memory, as unpleasant moments will. In the center of a curious group of bell boys and waiters gathered about the grillroom door was a pugnacious-looking individual in a greasy overcoat and cap which betrayed his calling. Beverley began to cough more violently. Indeed there seemed no help, when the unexpected happened.

"Here!" The house detective turned majestically toward the door. "I can run this. Who asked you in? Get out of here—get out!"

Beverley stopped coughing and lowered his napkin.

"If you're the house detective," he remarked in that courteous way of his, "all I can say is that every house should have one, Mr. —— I didn't get your name."

"Mr. Quinn. . . . Now what's the trouble?"

"The check's been jacked up fifteen dollars," cried Leo, half rising. "It's a bum steer, that's what, mister, and these guys—fellers—are friends of mine. Here—look for yourself."

"Don't mind what he says, please," begged Pulsifer. "I'm going to pay it. I never objected."

Instead of answering, Mr. Quinn scowled at the check, and then the rest of us began to explain. We pointed out that Leo, of course, was wrong. We assured Mr. Quinn that never for a moment had we intended to protest.

"But the kid isn't wrong. He's right," said Mr. Quinn.

"Right?" said Beverley blankly. "But Frédéric ——"

Mr. Quinn, without listening, turned to Frédéric as a heavy gun moves on its pedestal.

"Fix that bill," he said, "and I'll report you to the office."

It was not surprising that Frédéric should be hurt.

"But we all make mistakes," he began.

"And none of your gab about it," said Mr. Quinn. "Use that when you kid these little boys along. I've watched you sugaring their checks, and they so buffaloed that they never think to add 'em. Pay him twenty-seven dollars, boys, and never mind the tip. And next time watch him—if he's here."

Surely anyone can understand the way we felt. The humiliation of it was the worst. Somehow in that sordid scene the cloak of our greatness had been cast from us. Our poise and utter sophistication were irretrievably lost in that ruck of commercial bickering. Something practical, something inexorable, something that was the world and life, and obtruded itself upon our isolation and made our spirits shiver. Little boys we had been called, loudly and in a public place, and though we still sat at the center table, it was only because we were chilled, despondent. Could it be that we were really little boys, gulled by everyone, laughed at by the world?

The worst of it was that Leo himself appeared to think it, preposterous though that seemed. Yes, Leo himself, that poor inept outsider who had afforded us amusement all the evening, sat and grinned at us gawkishly across the table. There he was,

(Continued on Page 127)

"It's just what I needed"!

Smart ostrich hide inlaid upon sturdy calfskin—to combine beauty and wear. Six 14K gold-plated hooks. Full calf lined. A popular gift model for discriminating people. Price $5.00

WHAT a satisfaction to hear that said about *your* gift. Yet how hard to find a gift that really measures up to it.

Buxton Key-Tainers have proven immensely popular as gifts with thousands of men and women.

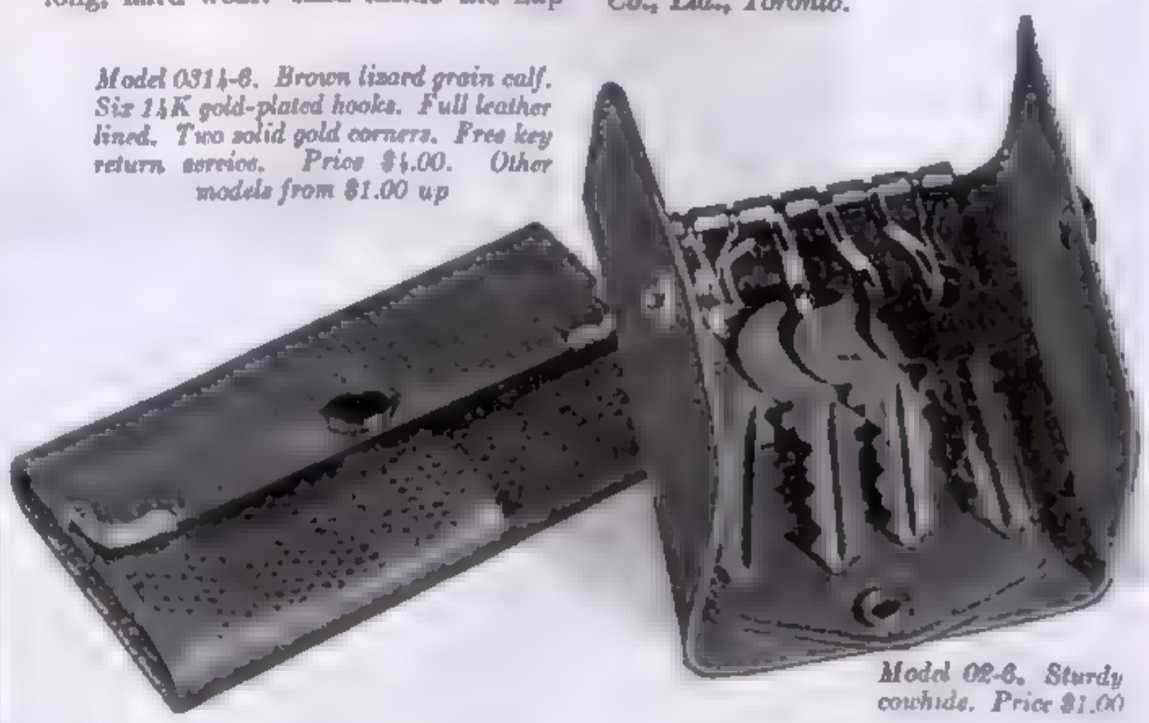
In appearance they are all that a gift should be—handsomely designed in fine leathers—hand wrought throughout. And in use they serve a practical purpose—complete protection for keys.

Only in a Buxton Key-Tainer can you find all these added refinements and conveniences. Each key is firmly held in place by tempered steel one-piece swivel hooks. A patented pocket flap keeps the Key-Tainer in shape after long, hard wear. And inside the flap the Buxton Key Return Card is always there to protect you—bringing back the keys if lost—quickly, safely.

Buxton Key-Tainers come in a wide range of fine leathers—including the new Ostrich-inlay—a particularly smart gift model. No matter what your gift requirements, somewhere among the Buxton models you will find just what you need. At a range of prices to suit any purse.

Leading jewelers, department stores, leather goods and stationery stores carry Buxton Key-Tainers. If you don't find exactly what you want, write us and we will tell you where you can get it. Address BUXTON, Inc., 103 Main Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada, The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd., Toronto.*

Model 0314-6. Brown lizard grain calf. Six 14K gold-plated hooks. Full leather lined. Two solid gold corners. Free key return service. Price $4.00. Other models from $1.00 up



Model 02-6. Sturdy cowhide. Price $1.00

BUXTON *Key-Tainer*

A Perfect Gift

What Gift could be more highly Prized?

From Her to Him—a tribute to *her* good taste—a stroke of fortune for *him*.

He will wear the Belt with pride—for what man could fail to appreciate a handsome Hickok Belt Set?

And how simple to select! Your dealer has the new Belts—striking in their colors and textures—and the Buckles and Beltograms—masterpieces of skilled craftsmanship.

Pick out a set—present it in one of the beautiful Hickok Gift Boxes. No man can have too many Belts—he *should* have one for each suit.

Be sure to look for the name. Like the "Sterling" mark on silver, the stamp "Hickok" is a small thing to look for, but an important thing to find. Priced—$2, $3, $5, $10—and up.

HICKOK MANUFACTURING CO., INC., Rochester, N. Y.
New York Chicago Los Angeles Toronto

HICKOK

Illustrated (in the box)—Belt of Hairbak calf skin with cowhide lining. Buckle and Beltogram of Sterling Silver. Belt, Buckle and Beltogram complete $6.00

Belt of Hickok full grain suede brush. Buckle and Beltogram of the famous Hickok Plate. Belt, Buckle and Beltogram complete $3.00

Belt of Hickok full grain suede brush. Buckle and Beltogram of the famous Hickok Master Plate. Belt, Buckle and Beltogram complete $5.00

The Best Defense *against* Offense—

The Offense of . . .

MOUTH GERMS . . . . .
GRAY TEETH . . . . . .
TAINTED BREATH . . .
AND OTHER OFFENSES
DUE TO GUM TROUBLES

AN OFFENSIVE mouth, caused by Mouth Germs, is a social sin—and it spells d-a-n-g-e-r. Mouth Germs dim teeth, destroy enamel, soften gums, sap vitality, poison breath and seep through glands causing colds, sore throats, rheumatism, nervousness and deadly organic diseases such as heart and kidney trouble.

Mouth Germs should be KILLED—not just given a bath. Declare war on them today with ASTRINGOSOL. A couple of dashes on a moist tooth-brush will KILL Mouth Germs. And drop ASTRINGOSOL on your tooth-brush AFTER USING to destroy germs that infest the bristles. Dilute ASTRINGOSOL for a mouth wash. Delightful, refreshing, invigorating. It sparkles in the mouth. Be sure you call for AS-TRING-O-SOL.

Use ASTRINGOSOL at least twice a day. Visit your dentist twice a year. Fill in the coupon for a three-day supply of ASTRINGOSOL.

Made by the Makers of Zymole Tooth Paste

FREDERICK STEARNS & COMPANY
Established 1855
WINDSOR, CANADA DETROIT, U. S. A. SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

ASTRINGOSOL

DOES MORE • COSTS LESS • TASTES BETTER

For a free three-day sample of ASTRINGOSOL mail this coupon to Dept. 31, Frederick Stearns & Co., Detroit, Mich. Write name and address in margin below.

(Continued from Page 123)

a satire of us, a distorted mirror holding us up to ridicule.

"You sure need someone to look after you," he repeated. "You'd of lost that fifteen dollars."

Yes, that was what occupied his mind—that fifteen dollars, the paltry sum for which we had sacrificed our position as men of taste and manners. Pulsifer drew in his breath and sat up very straight.

"Damn the fifteen dollars!" he said.

"I don't get you," stammered Leo. "It's good money, isn't it?"

"You ass!" snapped Pulsifer. You could not blame him for being angry and humiliated. "Can someone tell me what time it is?"

Obediently to the question, Leo pulled out his watch.

"Five after eleven," he answered. "It's not so late."

But it was late, after all, for we knew why Pulsifer was asking. And suddenly we knew that we were on the verge of another drama, for Pulsifer's sporting spirit no longer held him. He rubbed the end of a cigarette which he was smoking decisively on the saucer of his coffee cup.

"Well," he said, "I've put up with you five minutes longer than I had to—worse luck. Now listen to me—carefully. I didn't want you here. I've never wanted you. It's on account of a bet that you're here at all—a bet I lost. Perhaps it's given everyone else a lot of fun listening to you pretending to be something you aren't, but it hasn't given me any. And don't think we all haven't seen through you, and don't try to palm yourself off on someone else with your rotten imitations. . . . Now get out!"

Now it was true, everything Pulsifer said, and we could even understand his anger, yet somehow we had a most definite sense of guilt. It was hard, somehow, to look at Leo then. That lonely quality in him which raised him from the crowd made it hard, for never had he seemed so utterly alone. His coach had turned to a pumpkin. His horses had turned to rats. And the worst of it was that he did not carry it off in an unpleasant way.

"So you guessed"—his voice seemed to come from a long way off, as far away as he seemed removed from us—"so you guessed I wasn't from the college—all the time?"

"What do you take us for?" snapped Pulsifer. "Fools? It's easy enough to tell you're a Harvard Square Student without horning into St. Swithin's School and dodging into my club."

It hurt Leo; you could see it hurt him. His hands gripped hard at the table, his lips twisted, and then Beverley spoke. Of course we were fools then, all of us, but we had our standards.

"Here," said Beverley, "all this is my fault. But you can't—can't speak to him like that."

Then for the first time we realized that Pulsifer had a nasty temper. He turned on Beverley like a flash and displayed none of that deference which he generally showed.

"And why can't I? I was to do what you wanted till eleven o'clock. It's after eleven, isn't it? Fortunately you can't gratify your cheap humor all the time. I'll have whom I choose at my table without your telling me."

"But look here," cried Beverley, "I'm sorry! I never thought ——"

And there you have the trouble with us. Of course we never thought. There was a scraping sound. Leo had pushed back his chair. His face was red. His hands trembled, but his voice was as level as if he had been one of us.

"He's right," he said, "and I don't stay where I'm not wanted."

"Which shows," said Pulsifer, "that you've got a little sense."

"But I'd like to say one thing." It had become difficult to hear Leo, for he was speaking in a choked and distant way. "It wasn't right—what I've been doing. I know that, and I've never had the benefits of a college education like you guys—fellers, I mean. The folks couldn't ante up for it, but I'm not kicking. I don't want you guys to think I'm kicking. But there was no harm thinking, was there? I got to thinking—of course you'll give me the laugh—that maybe I could be a guy like you anyways if I was to try. I sort of hoped—I know it's nutty—but I hoped maybe someone might—you know—get the idea that I belonged. I uster watch the fellers—the highbrows like you—days after I was through working at five o'clock. I uster skip out of the bank early so's to be standing by the Subway just to look. Yes, I work in a bank, which is how I know how to add. I uster wish —— There's no harm wishing, is there? If you'd ever been on the outside lookin' in, you'd know what I mean. It uster seem to me it'd be the whole show to be sports like you, talking like you talk—snorty—you know how, and walking up the street not seeing anyone."

He paused, stopped by a choke in his voice.

"Well, what of it?" asked Pulsifer, and somehow one wanted to slap him. It was not right to sneer at such a time.

"This of it." Leo had found his voice again: "I uster stand pretending. There's no harm pretending, and then I bought a tie from—from a lady who sweeps the rooms. And then I got listening to talk on the street—words now and then—just words ——"

"Gad, how romantic!" said Pulsifer.

"So it didn't seem so queer when you guys—fellers, I mean—came up to me. I thought—of course it was nutty—you thought I was on the inside. I don't know what made me go with you though. But I was going to tell you, though maybe you won't believe it."

It was too late then to matter if we believed or not, and he knew it was too late. We simply sat there silently, while there unfolded before us a tale such as we never had known, of loneliness and sad desire and thwarted hope.

"You don't know how a guy feels when he wants something he'll never have. I was going to tell you you had me wrong, but you treated me so white, and you all said I wasn't butting in—that I didn't. And then you said you liked me, and most fellers do, and I began to think maybe when I was going home I'd tell you and sort of have the laugh on you—see? I didn't know I was being made a monkey of all the time."

"Well, you know it now," said Pulsifer.

"Sure," said Leo, "I know it now, and I know something else—I wouldn't take anybody, not anybody, and treat him like you did me—sit and snicker at him and give him the bum's rush at the end. I used to wish I was like you guys, and now I'm glad I'm not. You're not so much—cheap sports—that's all—cheap sports."

Beverley seized Pulsifer's shoulder, but Pulsifer shrugged away.

"Well, is that all?"

"Sure!" Leo drew himself up straight. He must have seen we weren't laughing at him then. "What's the use in talking to spoiled kids like you, who've got so much they don't care if they're cheated—who've got so much they can't treat anybody decent? Here, this'll pay for my dinner—and keep the change."

He tossed a bill upon the table with a speed suggesting it was the only bill he had to toss and turned and walked away. His shoulders were square; his head was up when he passed through the door. And

actually, when he left us, we became aware of a sensation peculiar to the verge of the unique, of self-distrust and self-distaste. In that moment, blessedly rare in our experience, we saw ourselves for what we probably were, and we were what Leo said. We were the scorners scorned, idle and devoid of use, trespassers, even, against our own thin code. And Beverley was actually blushing, and, more remarkable than that, Beverley himself was angry.

"You had no right to treat him that way. Don't you see? He was our guest, you little fool!"

"Your guest, you mean!" cried Pulsifer, equally red-faced. "Don't put me in the cheap-sport category. I didn't ask him here to make a row with waiters and call us names. Everything I said was true and serves him blank well right."

Beverley leaned toward Pulsifer. Their faces were not a foot apart.

"Nevertheless, you'll tell him you're sorry."

"The deuce I will!"

But already Beverley was himself again. He looked at Pulsifer and sighed.

"You're doing something you'll regret," he said, "and really I can't let you do it. Now listen to me. You've acted like a rotter toward my guest, if he wasn't yours. Now go after him like a good fellow and tell him we're all sorry and ask him to come back—nicely. Because if you don't ——"

"If I don't—what?" asked Pulsifer. He was nearer to normal, because he sounded querulous and uncertain.

"Because if you don't," said Beverley, "I have my own honor to think of, and I'll be another Samson. I'll pull the temple down about our ears. Have you forgotten we live in parlous times? Have you forgotten that taxicab and the vengeful driver? Have you forgotten he's right outside and what rows those fellows make? It won't be hard to tell him who took his taxi, and if I do we'll all get in the papers. If I'm obliged, I'll call a reporter up myself, and won't they like it? Won't they like it? Now hurry after him and I'll make it up to you, my boy, because later I'll apologize to you myself. Now hurry!"

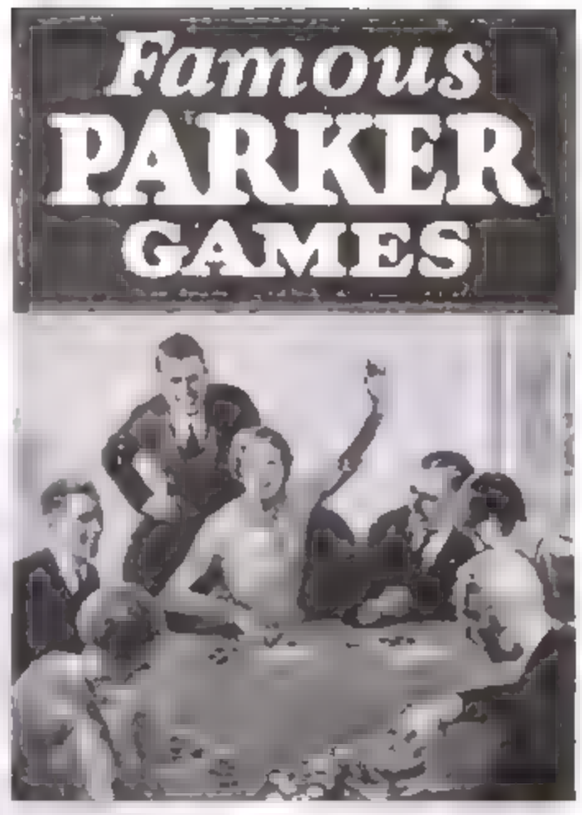
And now it all seemed very long ago—that carefree night—so long ago that it had the beauty and the sadness of the irrevocable past. Beverley stirred uneasily on the leather couch where we were sitting, and again we became aware of those heads of African animals which the kind explorer had given our club, staring glassily down upon us; and the noise of the city was about us—that city which has no heart. Grim, pertinent facts of ruthless present were obtruding themselves upon our memory.

"What we need is relaxation," I said. "Now we can easily send Pat around the corner ——"

But Beverley shook his head. "No," said Beverley; "no. The time has come to put aside—I'll not say childish things, but hindrances. Business first and pleasure afterward—a very little pleasure. Now you might not believe it, but I've been devoting myself to business all this time. I've been concentrating on the disposal of those 5 per cent bonds, earnestly, prayerfully, and do you know—something has occurred to me."

"It cannot but be valuable," I said.

"Some day," replied Beverley, staring at the ceiling, "all the world will know the value of my ideas. It isn't my fault if the world is a trifle slow, is it? People will not seem to realize that I have a mind like a steel trap. I absorb bits of information, seemingly useless, yet important. . . . Now about Pulsifer—he's got someone looking out for his affairs, and I've only just remembered it—a fellow who oversees his investments, a sort of general manager. I simply have to ingratiate myself with him—sell him on my personality and the rest is easy. And now I remember his name, and it occurs to me that I know him already. It even occurs to me that he might buy some 5 per cents for Pulsifer. His name is Cahill—do you remember? Leo Cahill."



HOKUM

The Great Fun-Maker

HOKUM stampedes the crowd with thrills—a whirlwind of fun and hilarity to the tense, surprising climax! Men and women both enjoy its quick fun and excitement, its unexpected twists of fortune. The game for a roomful—2 to 8 players. Learned in two minutes. Price, $1 at DEALERS' or by mail.

PING-PONG

REG. STEERED TRADE MARK

PARKER BROTHERS, Inc., *Sole Makers*

A truly great game! Fast, exciting action. There is no better game! Sets from $2 to $20. Sold by all leading DEALERS, or by mail. Send for ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR.

PING-PONG *always* bears the famous and registered brand PING-PONG upon Box, Rackets and Balls.

TOURING

Immensely popular! Fast play, dramatic situations! The concentrated essence of delightful excitement! Surprising, laughable, entertaining! For 2, 3 or 4 players. Price 75c at DEALERS' or by mail

A simple game of skill.

PEGITY

Great fun for old and young. Learned in two minutes. Exciting fun to watch or play. Price, $1.25 at DEALERS' or by mail.

Look for the imprint, PARKER BROTHERS. For two generations the standard of excellence in games. Among many popular favorites are: Pegity, Game of OZ, Across the Continent, Five Wise Birds, Halma, Ventas, East is East, Boy Scouts Progress Game, Pollyanna, Rook, Pit, etc., etc.

PARKER BROTHERS, Inc.

SALEM, MASS.: FLATIRON BLDG., NEW YORK

YOU PAY LESS—
YOU GET MORE—IN A CHRYSLER

The motoring public, quick to appreciate the manifest superiorities in the first Chrysler, immediately initiated a demand for Chrysler appearance, performance and long life in other price classes.

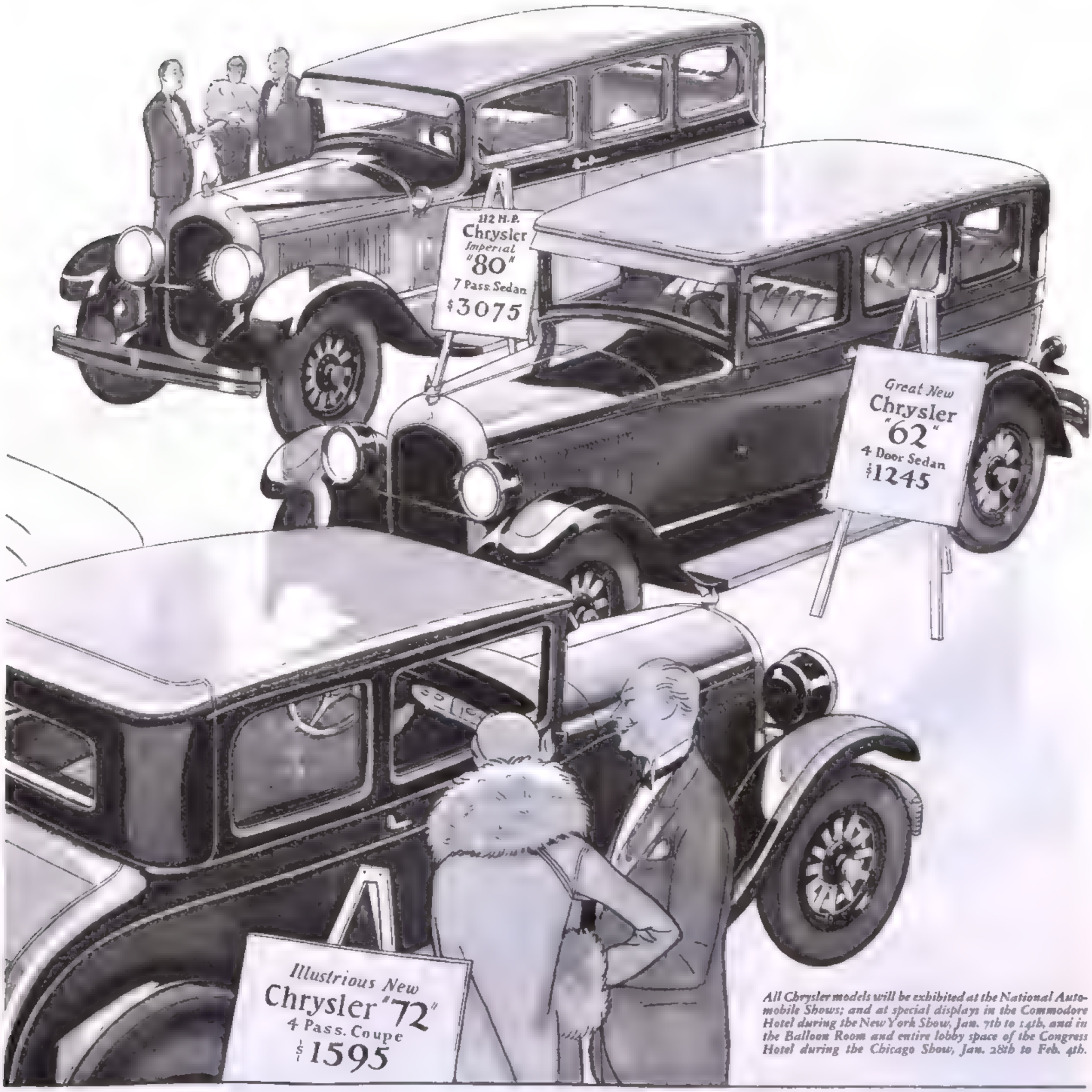
Serving this public demand, there are today four distinct New Chrysler models—"52," "62," "72" and Imperial "80"—ranging in price all the way from $725 to $6795.

These Chryslers give new standards of value in the four principal price fields. They are superior, because they are the products of that famous Chrysler Standardized Quality of engineering and manufacturing which, from the beginning, has pioneered and developed countless betterments in motor cars and has applied them to every Chrysler.

Note the features of these four New Chrysler models. Comparison with anything the market offers will convince you that they cannot be duplicated by other cars, except at hundreds of dollars more.

New Chrysler "52"—52 and more smooth miles an hour—full-sized long, low bodies of wood and steel, with ample room for adult passengers—adjustable steering wheel—saddle spring seat cushions—fine mohair upholstering—indirectly-lighted instrument panel. *Six body styles,* $725 to $875.

CHRYSLER "52 - 62



All Chrysler models will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows; and at special displays in the Commodore Hotel during the New York Show, Jan. 7th to 14th, and in the Balloon Room and entire lobby space of the Congress Hotel during the Chicago Show, Jan. 28th to Feb. 4th.

Great New Chrysler "62"—62 and more exceptional miles an hour—6-cylinder engine—7-bearing crankshaft—invar strut pistons—ventilated crankcase—4-wheel hydraulic brakes—road levelizers front and rear—body features unequaled at such price. *Seven body styles,* $1095 to $1295.

Illustrious New Chrysler "72"—72 and more miles an hour—counterweighted 7-bearing crankshaft—spring ends anchored in blocks of live rubber, instead of metal shackles—longer, lower, roomier than the original "70," with beautiful bodies tastefully appointed. *Seven body styles,* $1495 to $1745.

New 112 H. P. Chrysler Imperial "80"—America's most powerful motor car. 112 horsepower and speed ability of 80 miles and more an hour—a measure of performance and comfort unequaled by any other car. *Custom body styles by Chrysler, Dietrich, Locke and Le Baron,* $2795 to $6795.

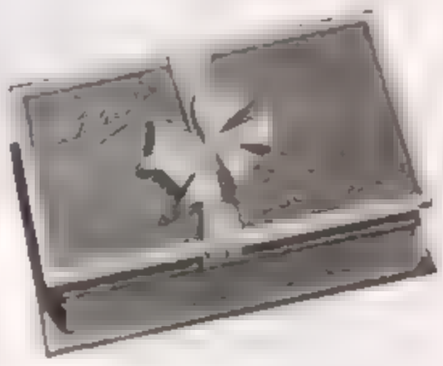
Learn for yourself by actual inspection and demonstration how much more Chrysler offers you, regardless of what you intend to invest in a motor car. In every case, you pay less, but you get more—in a Chrysler.

New Chrysler "Red-Head" Engine—*designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas, is standard equipment on the roadsters of the "52," "62," "72" and all models of the Imperial "80." It is also available, at slight extra cost, for all other body types. For a reasonable charge it can be applied to earlier Chrysler cars now in use.*

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

72 Imperial 80"

Socially Correct for Every Gift Requirement



IF an expensive gift seems overdone, or when one gift is not sufficient—the famous Mi Choice Package solves the problem in perfect taste.

Mi Choice is the perfection of all box chocolates. Each exquisite tidbit is a dainty surprise. An assortment of centers and coatings never equaled. Creamy true fruit fillings—crispy nuts and a dozen other delights. And over all superb chocolate coatings possible only by the fourteen-day Bunte process of preparation.

Prove your faultless taste by giving Mi Choice—the perfection of all box chocolates. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us $1.50 and we will mail the one pound Mi Choice Package, postage prepaid. Also in two, three and five pound packages.

BUNTE BROTHERS
Est. 1876 · CHICAGO
Makers of Diana "Stuft" Confections

Candy—The Universal Gift—appropriate and appreciated always. Vary your gifts of candy with these three packages of distinction—"Home Made Sweets," "Tri Assortment" and Bunte Milk Chocolates. Bunte quality in both candy and package.

1200 KINDS FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

Bunte
WORLD FAMOUS
CANDIES

COUNTERBALANCE

(Continued from Page 25)

The host walked down to the hotel with his guest and on the way they wrecked the 359 at least fifteen times, condemned all the track that the engine had ever rolled over, utterly damned all engines of her type and class and, as a climax, as they arrived at the hotel, T. P. declared that the responsible party was the new general foreman of the back shops, a certain Mr. Deekman. Wasn't the 359 the first engine that came out of that shop after he got promoted, said T. P Wasn't he trying to show up the other shops on highballed classified repairs, demanded T. P.

"If we ever get to the bottom of all this," quoth the fat man, "I'll bet we'll find it all goes back to a rotten job of classified repairs. This guy Deekman thinks he knows one hell of a lot, and whenever a guy thinks that, is just the time when everybody else comes to the conclusion that he don't know a damn thing. The 359 was one of his first engines. I think Mr. Deekman is in for a run of tough luck. If they'll give me one good long look at that engine I'll guarantee him some hard luck!"

The chief electrician said some harsh words—words not used in parlors and at dinner tables.

"All right," retorted the fat man. "You know so much you could pretty near tell me what makes a headlight burn, I guess!"

At the hotel they found that the general manager had left word for T. P. to come and see him, and from the wording of the message Mr. Patchbolt judged it only proper to get there as fast as his legs would carry him.

"Even on Sunday," declared the fat man to his companion, "they can't get along without me."

T. P. went down in the yard until he came to a car that looked like an observation car but wasn't, and he mounted the steps and opened the screen door and passed within. The general manager was inside, dictating profanity and hard words to a tough-looking private secretary.

"Where you been?" demanded the general manager.

"Eating," said T. P. calmly.

"Well, I haven't had time to eat yet," growled the boss as though it were the fault of the master mechanic. He turned to the secretary. "Harry, you see that Wallace puts a place for Mr. Patchbolt at the table." He turned to T. P. again. "You can eat with me," he snapped. "I'm not going to eat by myself just because you've already eaten."

"All right," said T. P. agreeably. The secretary departed grinning.

"What's the matter with you guys in the mechanical department?" demanded the boss. "Can't you even keep engines on the track any more?"

T. P. wrinkled his heavy forehead.

"Don't go scowling at me!" shouted the boss. "Look at that!" He shoved a file of papers under the nose of Mr. Patchbolt. "This is the third time in less than two months that this engine hops off the track, and she's just out of the back shop with Class 2 repairs hung on her! I wanta know what's wrong with that engine!" He pounded on the desk before him. "Three men killed already, equipment all smashed! What kind of a playhouse do you guys think this is—huh?"

The negro waiter came in while T. P. was reading the report of the derailment and announced dinner. The general manager bit large hunks out of him for not appearing sooner. The general manager, T. P. and the secretary went in to eat.

"Glad to see nobody got hurt bad," observed T. P., trying to look on the brightest side.

"Save your joy," sneered the boss. "What I wanta know is what's wrong with that engine!"

He glared savagely at the master mechanic and started carving the meat. T. P. watched him attentively.

He finally said, "Musta been a bad rail. . . . Little more meat, please."

"Rail!" exploded the boss. "Rail! Can't you read? Third time in sixty days! Took to the woods with five cars! Hell of a mess! Rail!"

The waiter handed T. P. a dish overflowing with meat and potatoes.

"Bad rail," said T. P., in the act of filling his mouth.

"Listen," gurgled the boss, "don't say rail to me again! You nor any other nutcracker don't blame this on some poor section foreman, see? There's something wrong with that engine and I want to know who's responsible! You get your bag and go down there on 23 and you find out what's wrong with that engine! Don't show your fat face around here till you find out!"

"It's out of my territory," objected T. P. meekly.

"I don't give a damn if it's in Honolulu!" yelled the boss. "You go down there and find out what's wrong!" He paused a moment, glaring at the secretary and the master mechanic. He went on in a lower voice: "Harry, you give Mr. Patchbolt a letter—state that he's my representative, give him authority to investigate derailments of Engine 359, particularly as to possible mechanical defect of engine. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry promptly.

"Make it good for thirty days," said the boss. "That long enough?" he shot at T. P.

"Too long," said T. P. through a mouthful of meat and potatoes.

"I asked you whether it was long enough," said the boss coldly.

"It is," said T. P. between gulps.

"It's an outrage!" declared the man at the head of the table, swallowing hastily. "Engine goes crazy!"

"I'll find out," said T. P. calmly. "Then I'll tell you who to fire."

The secretary nearly fainted.

T. P. arrived at his destination at four A.M. the following day. He had managed to catch a nap by using two seats, but he had spent most of his time reflecting on the gross stupidity and inability of a certain general foreman. The master mechanic vowed that such a such-and-such had no right on any railroad, least of all on his front doorstep. Something should be done about it; in fact, something was going to be done about it or hunches were certainly not what they used to be.

He went directly to the roundhouse and showed the night foreman his authority for prompt and efficient action. He said he wanted a fire put in her, as he wanted to move her and see how she acted. The two men went out in the house to look her over. Her pilot was smashed, her headlight and bell were gone, she had mud all over one side where she had rolled. She was a mess.

"Know what's wrong with her?" demanded T. P.

"Hit a bad rail," said the foreman positively.

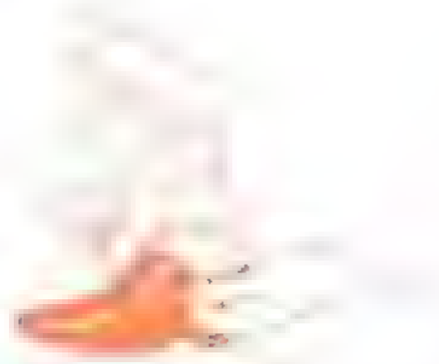
"Generally it," agreed the master mechanic. "Check her up?"

The roundhouse man told him what they had done. She trammed to within a sixty-fourth of an inch; there was no reason known to mechanics why she should not track in a straight line. She worked free on her engine truck; that couldn't have thrown her off. Not a single flange showed wear; she was as good as the day she left the builders. Nothing wrong with the engine; the trouble must have been that the track was out of gauge.

"Try to have her ready by ten o'clock," said T. P. "I'll have a call put on her then; might as well go through all the motions. They're raising more hell about this than they did about the eight-hour law. I'll take her out light and see how she behaves. Want you to do something for me. Let me have an apprentice to help me check her up,

(Continued on Page 133)

Comfort that is double-stitched in



WHEN you draw up the laces of your Smith Smart Shoes, the uppers snug down comfortably and smoothly to your instep and your ankle. For these fine shoes are always cut to accurate size, and their shapeliness is double-stitched in, to prevent gaping, or wrinkling, or pinch-and-stretch.

That's one reason why it is said of Smith Smart Shoes, "You Can't Wear Out Their Looks." They fit in the first place, and they stay fit because they are made the traditional Smith way, with tailored linings, counters of full grain leather, carefulness that is a Smith habit generations old.

Style? Let your eye decide. And their good looks go right down into the fine close fibre of the leather, leather whose native lustre comes back glowing from even an ordinary shine.

TEN DOLLARS

YOU CAN'T WEAR OUT THEIR LOOKS

This swagger winter oxford is a knockout . . . Imported Scotch Grain with Cordovan Saddle

Smith Smart Shoes

The quality mark of the J. P. Smith Shoe Company, Chicago, Illinois, makers of

J P Smith Shoe Co

Smith Smart Shoes for Men and Women—Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes for Men

WRITE FOR STYLE BOOK OR NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

CANDY
for Christmas

Christmas Time is Candy Time

WHAT is more thrilling than Christmas morning and a stocking filled with candy—childhood scenes—wonderful surprises—cherished family ties?

Candy lends itself so splendidly to the spirit of Christmas. There are happiness and good cheer in its very appearance. Truly, Christmas would not be Christmas without candy!

Santa Claus for this one day reigns an undisputed king. His gifts bring joy and gladness to every one and his favorite gift is candy. In no other form can you buy so much pure Christmas joy and make so many people happy. And you know how good it tastes.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

(Continued from Page 130)

and see if you can find the engineer—Tom Hartman, he was—that was on her when she derailed. They say he wasn't hurt."

"Nobody hurt," said the foreman. "She run straight out in the woods about a hundred yards before she turned over. They had plenty of time to join the birdie gang. If he's here I'll get hold of him right after breakfast. Say, Mr. Patchbolt, I don't know whether we can have her ready by ten or not. We can't put a fire in her till we fix those steam pipes, an' she's got a couple bad leaks. An' she's got some bent motion work and half her brake riggin' is all busted up. We'll get in behind her, but if we get her ready by noon we'll have to throw our feet out."

"What's a few leaks?" said T. P. "Fix the pipes and cork up the worst leaks—we'll get by. Put a couple of the best men you got on her spring riggin'; I don't give a hoot about her brake riggin'. But I want her springs up to snuff, see? Straighten up her motion work so she'll get by; I don't care if she sounds lame. You put the men on the job. I'll see that they get her out. Let's get started!"

T. P. took an apprentice boy under his wing and did many mysterious things with trams and calipers and a squared scale and a prickpunch. He spent much of his time under the engine in the pit, measuring and cogitating. He inspected the engine truck, the four-wheeled truck that carries the cylinders and front end and leads the engine, as carefully as a jeweler looks for a flaw in a diamond. They strung white cord on each side of the engine parallel with the frames and T. P. made symbols and mystic figures on one of the driving wheels with chalk.

By eight o'clock the apprentice boy was starving, but he had begun to believe that all knowledge was his. The coming of the engineer released him for the day—and, more important, to breakfast, but T. P. ignored the craving for food.

T. P. talked to the engineer for more than an hour. The man said the jack seemed to be all right, seemed to track good; they were going along at forty-two miles an hour and all of a sudden she headed out through a cornfield.

"I didn't even know we were on the ground," said the hoghead, "till I heard Fred yell. We both unloaded—joined the birds. She turned over right after we left."

"Did she ride hard?" asked the master mechanic.

"She always was kinda rough," answered the engineer.

T. P. told the engineer that they were going to take her out and that he'd like to have him go along. The engineer agreed—always glad to help out, he said. T. P. got another apprentice boy and stayed with the 359 until she was ready to go.

"Only way to get anything done in a roundhouse, bub," he confided to his assistant, "is to stay with it yourself."

They backed her out a little after one o'clock; they hadn't tried to make her beautiful. There was a big white place on her boiler shell where the jacket had been torn and the asbestos showed through, she was still muddy, and the engineer assigned by the dispatcher kicked like a steer because of the steam leaks. She had a lame exhaust on account of the valve motion being rather battered, there wasn't a great deal left of her cab—the engineer was sore about this also—and she was still minus bell and headlight and pilot. T. P. said they would use the whistle instead of the bell; that they didn't need the headlight, because they weren't looking for anybody, and that the pilot was a nuisance and he was glad they didn't have one. The fat man was hungry enough to eat a set of flues. They probably wouldn't get back before six or seven o'clock and there was no place to get food out on the road. They took an engineer, a fireman—the engineer that had been on her when she disgraced herself—and the apprentice boy. She had white rags stuck in her marker brackets to show she was an extra.

"I'll run her," said T. P. to the assigned engineer. "You get some place where you can jump if you have to. We might hit a bad rail." He grinned.

They went along about twenty miles an hour for five or six miles. T. P. turned to the engineer he had talked to in the roundhouse.

"Was she always this rough?" he asked.

"She never was no Pullman," retorted the hoghead.

"Hell of a passenger engine!" said T. P.

T. P. opened her up a little and they swung along at thirty-five miles an hour. "Were you going much faster than this when you spilled?" he shouted.

There was no speedometer on the 359; she'd lost that along with the rest of her accouterments.

"About seven miles faster," retorted the engineer coldly.

They slapped along until they came to a passing track. T. P. said they would pull up here and he would look her over for a minute. He really didn't know what he was going to look for, but he got down and looked for it. The apprentice boy thought he had found a gold mine, and an apprentice boy is a skeptic who can make a newsboy look like a babe in the woods. As a matter of fact, the fat man was puzzled; he knew that there must be something wrong with the engine, for passenger jacks don't leap fences and plow up cornfields three times in two months for no reason at all, but for the life of him he couldn't put his finger on the ailment. He put up an excellent bluff, however. From his bedside manner two hogheads, one tallow pot and an apprentice boy would have gone on oath that he already knew what the disease was and that he was merely making certain investigations in the interests of science. As to what the exact ailment was, they presumed that presently he would put a name to it; in the meantime they chewed tobacco and guessed. The apprentice boy, being the youngest, had the most chews and the most guesses.

They let a freight train go by and then moved out on the main line. T. P. boosted the speed to forty miles an hour and set her to hold that gait. The engineer said it was only thirty-eight miles an hour, but T. P. was running the engine, so the official rate of speed was forty miles an hour. The fat man had a studious look on his face, if such were possible. At any rate, he was studying. He held her at forty miles by a judicious use of the air. When he permitted her to pick up over that speed she seemed to ride a little differently; at least, T. P. thought she did. He asked both engineers if they didn't think so. No, neither one thought that it was possible for her to ride any worse. T. P. released the air and let her go up to fifty miles an hour; she found all the holes in the track and bounced along with the customary multitude of crashes and smashes. T. P. eased off on her and they dropped back to forty miles an hour. He called the assigned engineer over to him.

"Keep her right where she is," he ordered. "I wanta see somethin'."

The engineer took the vacant post and T. P. clambered over the coal bunker and proceeded to the back end of the tank. The extra engineer and the apprentice boy followed him to the end of the bunker and watched him from there. He didn't seem to be doing much. All he did was hold to a grab iron and watch the track behind him.

"Maybe he's going nutty," said the engineer.

T. P. came back in the cab and everybody asked him how the view was.

"You boys have a lot to learn," replied the fat man.

He took the throttle again and held her at about forty-five miles an hour. A little later he told the engineer to hold her there, and he went down the right-hand gangway until he was on the bottom step. He hung there, apparently doing nothing but watching the wheels go round. He then repeated the process on the left-hand side. He hung so far out that the fireman was afraid he would fall and wanted to tie a rope around him. He finally came back in the cab, his fat face wrinkled with smiles.

"She'll never hop another ditch," he prophesied to the engineer named Hartman. He told the other engineer to cut the speed down to twenty miles an hour. "We'll phone in from Kildare," he added, "and back up."

"What was the matter with her?" asked Hartman.

T. P. told him to ride the left-hand gangway and then ride the right-hand gangway, and then see if he couldn't tell the difference. The engineer did as directed and came back and told T. P. that one of them was crazy. The apprentice boy performed some gymnastics on both gangways, not to mention the running boards, and came back and reported that the problem was beyond his powers.

They got to Kildare and T. P. bought a box of gingersnaps with a nickel he had borrowed from the fireman. He'd left all his money at the other end of the division. At the hotel, when he had changed clothes, he'd forgotten to take the money out of his pocket. He'd also forgotten his watch. T. P. had been known to forget to go to sleep, for his head was a constant buzz of mechanical problems; but so far as was ever known he had never forgotten anything about an engine. It was also most unusual when he forgot to eat.

They got back to the roundhouse about 5:30 P.M. T. P. told the men on the engine that he would give them a dope sheet on the 359 in the morning; that they wouldn't do anything before morning, so there would be no use in their hanging around. As soon as they were gone he hunted up the roundhouse foreman.

"Put her over a pit," he ordered. "I wanta take a tire off."

The day foreman was just going off duty, the night foreman had not yet come on. The day man suggested that T. P. wait until the night force came on; it would only be a matter of an hour and a half.

T. P. wouldn't hear of it. He demanded a machinist and a helper to get the rods down on the left side so that the tire would come off, and he demanded that someone else, preferably the day roundhouse foreman, get the tire heater set up so there would be no delay. So the day foreman had to rout out a machinist and a helper and chase around trying to find parts for the tire heater—and incidentally miss his supper. The day foreman was hungry and profane. T. P. was much hungrier, very dirty and as calm as the foreman was flustered.

Now for the information of those who have never played hide and seek in and about engine stalls, it is here stated that a tire heater is the greatest mental and physical hazard ever conceived by man. It is really a portable furnace constructed of small pipe punched full of holes, made of joints and dojiggers and snarled-up sections, and it has the faculty of winding itself into more knots than an octopus with cramps ever dreamed of. When you have no earthly use for it, you will stumble over it and skin up your shins or go sprawling into an engine pit; but when you do want it, and have to have it, you might as well look for a clean face on a coal passer. It is made so as to encircle the tire of a driving wheel and the heat is thrown against the tire, expanding it and allowing it to be sledged off the wheel center.

You've heard how the country blacksmith—maybe you've seen him do it—puts a tire on a buggy or a cart wheel—a steel tire? The principle is the same with a locomotive driving tire. The tire is smaller than the wheel center and you heat it and expand it so that you can slip it on or slip it off. Because it is so big and so heavy, it has to be sledged. When it cools it shrinks and binds, metal to metal, and the only way to get it off is to heat it and expand it again. The fuel used for a tire heater is either natural gas or gasoline, plus compressed air, and this remark is made with

(Continued on Page 136)

A Beauty HINT *for* Bobbed Heads

THE social whirl is on. Dances . . parties . . unexpected invitations! You must always look your best.

From now on your appointments with your hairdresser should be more FREQUENT and REGULAR—every ten days or two weeks, at least. Well-trimmed hair is one of your greatest beauty assets, and your hairdresser is a master in the art of shaping your bob to the style best suited to you. Let him KEEP your smart bob smart looking.

Many people find it handy to have a pair of clippers in the house to trim bobbed heads, the children's hair, and to use whenever they happen to be out of reach of the barber.

When you buy hair clippers, be sure that they're good ones. Nine out of ten barbers use Brown & Sharpe clippers, because they last longer and work better than any others. For your use we recommend size 000. Good cutlery, barber supply, and hardware stores sell them.

BROWN & SHARPE MFG. COMPANY
PROVIDENCE R. I. U. S. A.

VISIT YOUR BARBER MORE OFTEN

It pays to know the difference between The HOOVER and a vacuum cleaner

"GIVE *HER* A HOOVER AND YOU GIVE

Just between ourselves . . . *Cash Price, The Model 700 Hoover, $75.00 . . . The Model 545 Hoover, $59.50 . . . Dusting Tools, $12.50*

TO YOU MY HUSBAND

I've quite a feeling about Christmas . . . and so have you. You give me fine trinkets to deck me bravely —all the world may see how handsomely you provide for me. Even the quite unnecessary things.

And I, who see in myself each year a little less of the girl you married, know how futile the brightest trinket is if I cannot match its radiance with my own. For nothing can ever take the place of those things which I am losing, in household duties a little too hard, a little too greedy of my time and strength.

Youth! Sparkle! The time for play and the zest for playing—these are the things I want! Won't you give them to me?

It's a *Hoover* I'm asking for. Most thoughtful of men, *this* Christmas may it be that? . . . . . .

HOOVER
HER THE *BEST*"

. . . *Only $6.25 down. Balance Monthly. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada*

WHEN gentlemen stroll forth—their first step toward style calls for shoes that are distinctive—correct. It is these little points of dress that betray taste. There is a simplicity to Bostonians' smartness that you can depend upon. *Mostly $7 to $10 the pair.*

THE ASCOT

BOSTONIANS
Shoes for Men

LET this sign lead you to the distinctive smartness of Bostonians' style.

WE'LL gladly send a Style Booklet to show the individuality of the new Bostonians.

COMMONWEALTH SHOE AND LEATHER COMPANY
WHITMAN MASSACHUSETTS
© 1927 C.S.&L.Co.

(Continued from Page 133)

much unction: The only job more painful than getting a tire off is the task of putting one on.

At seven P.M. the day foreman was still hunting for parts to that numerously named tire heater. T. P. had been in behind the machinist and the helper, working with them, and they were scattering side rods about as a farmer pitches hay. The night foreman came in.

"Know where the parts to this tire heater are?" asked T. P.

"Wanta take a tire off?" asked the night man brightly.

"Oh, hell!" exclaimed the day foreman, and went home.

The night foreman knew where the parts were and sent a man off after them.

"Who thought of this?" demanded the new arrival unpleasantly.

"I did!" retorted T. P.

"Well, we're the boys to take off tires," declared the night man agreeably.

They rigged up the heater to fit the particular sized tire that the 359 used, and after so long a time finally got ready to turn on the fire. They got the contraption made of pipe to take fuel after a fashion, and eventually the tire got hot. Everybody within a fifty-yard radius had come to a boil long before. A tire heater in action at night is to be classed among those things which strike the eye—an overgrown, motionless pin wheel. They make them as large as eight or more feet in diameter and, when lit, the wheel becomes a solid circle of blue flame. A very beautiful object at night, from a distance, but when you happen to be nursing one you fail to see the æsthetic points. Machinists have been known to address them in terms that no beautiful object should be called by.

The tire heater at times is willful to the extreme; some of them have actually been known to fall off the tire. Which, of course, necessitates putting the device back on again; and no machinist, apprentice or helper ever put a hot tire heater back on a tire without burning at least four fingers. It is just one of those things that you get accustomed to if you work around engines. The first time you put one of the unreasonable things back on you generally burn eight fingers and two thumbs; and also your foot, if you are weak-minded enough to kick at it. With constant care and practice you can reduce the burned members to four; after you take the first kick you never burn another foot on a tire heater.

T. P. nearly lost his nose looking to see if the tire had expanded enough to come off. He took a twelve-pound sledge and a negro helper took another, and the two crawled down in the pit and sledged away at the tire. They flailed a tattoo on the metal, but never budged it. All they succeeded in doing was knocking the tire heater off.

"I figured it was goin' to be tough," observed the night foreman. "Them new tires is hell."

They finally got the heater back around the tire; they practically cursed it back on. They knew that the wheel center had expanded with the tire and was binding it, but they hoped to get it off anyway. The second time they sledged it, about thirty minutes later, they drove it half off before it stuck on them. The heater, of course, fell off. T. P. said that if it was the last act of his life he would see that this roundhouse got a tire heater that would stay on. They finally got it back in place, and the third time they swung their heavy mauls the big ring of tough steel flew off eagerly and promptly, fell to the ground in a galaxy of sparks and broke three pipes off the heater.

"The thing's off, anyways," said T. P.

They got the hose and cooled off the wheel center, and when it was only hot enough to bubble the water, T. P. investigated. He didn't investigate long.

"I bet they didn't leave enough lead in her to hold down a sparrow!" he declared. "Come here an' look!" he commanded.

"There's some in her," declared the foreman, after he had burned his nose and annexed some blisters on his hands. "Nobody can tell from lookin' whether she's light or not."

They scraped the lead that was in the top pockets of the wheel center into a box, and they reverently took this lead to the scales and weighed it carefully. This lead is known as driving-wheel counterbalance; it offsets the weight of the rods and the pins that are suspended from the driving wheels, and it neutralizes the motion of the reciprocating parts. If it were not for this lead, no locomotive would stay on the track at other than a very slow rate of speed, and even at slow speeds the engine would roll as though the wheels were egg-shaped, and would nose from side to side. You counterbalance an engine as to revolving parts—rods, pins, back end of main rod—and also as to reciprocating parts—the parts that move back and forth, the crosshead, the piston, the piston rod, certain parts of the valve motion. It is easy to understand, you have certain heavy pieces of machinery in motion. They set up forces that interfere with the proper function of the engine. You neutralize these forces by counterweights. A mechanic calls it counterbalance. On a locomotive the counterbalance in the driving wheels must be correct to the pound, particularly for high-speed passenger engines; you weigh the parts to be counterbalanced and you take half this weight and distribute it according to formula in the pockets of the various drive wheels. This weight is checked at regular intervals to insure safety of operation.

The foreman produced a book bulging with blue prints and formulas. They consulted it with anxious faces. T. P. finally scribbled some figures on the flyleaf and announced triumphantly: "Short over twenty pounds—twenty pounds and four ounces! I knew it!"

The foreman said soberly, "They'll run them out of the back shop like flies for this!"

"Well," snarled T. P. "what d'ya want 'em to do with the murderers, kiss 'em?"

The foreman waved his arms helplessly.

"Tell you what we'll do," said T. P. briskly. "I got to turn in a report on this—pronto. That one wheel bein' short on lead was enough to ditch her, but chances are a couple more are out too. Tomorrow you line up the day crew for me and tell them to get the rest of the tires off and report to me what they find. You tell the foreman to weigh everything except the pins and check his figures against this dope sheet, and I want a statement as to the actual weights of every part on every wheel and I want it signed by the day foreman before a notary public. And I want that statement mailed in to the Old Man by day after tomorrow. And if I ain't here to see that nobody pulls any funny business, there'll be someone else, see?"

The foreman saw very clearly. He would do this, he promised; he would be more than glad to help in any way that he could. In fact, he would have his crew strip the engine so that there would be no delay. T. P. vetoed this flatly. Only one crew would have the job and that would be the day crew.

The night foreman agreed that this would no doubt be the best way to handle it. How, he asked T. P., did he know what was wrong with the engine.

"Easy," said the fat man in his best bedside manner. "She rode different on the left than she did on the right, at about forty miles an hour and better. When a jack is out of weight on drivers she'll sometimes mark the rail. If you don't believe this, take the rods off an engine and run her deadhead on a fast freight. They'll either break the rail or mark them, see?—if they stay on the track long enough. This one never marked no rail, but if she was goin' to mark one I figured it would be the left. Every time she took to the woods she went off on the fireman's side. She felt funny on that side this afternoon."

"How come you picked that tire to come off?" asked the foreman.

(Continued on Page 139)

VAN HEUSEN
PATENTED
The World's Smartest COLLAR
SMART
PHILLIPS-JONES, N.Y.
Van York
Van Heusen Collars
in a cheery holiday
box make a smart
Christmas Gift
for every man
35¢ EACH 3 FOR $1.
TWELVE STYLES

The first thought — For Dad's Safety

(Continued from Page 136)

"Hell!" said T. P. "You can ask more questions! Listen! There are three drive wheels on the left side. That give me three good guesses, and the best guess was the first one I come to. The only luck there was to it was that we only had to take off one tire—we might have had to take off three!"

The master mechanic borrowed a sheet out of the foreman's notebook and made up a statement showing the weight of the lead taken from the wheel as compared with what it should have been according to the formula.

He made the foreman witness it, and because the machinist was there, he made him witness it too.

"I'm goin' in on 24," he told the foreman. "You be sure that the day man understands exactly what he is to do, for if it isn't done I'll see that you get your share of what he gets. Don't take no chances - weigh everything. Now lemme have some paper to write the Old Man on, an' lemme have some money to get something to eat on. I'm near starved."

They went to the office and the foreman let him have some paper and pen and ink. T. P. had never been able to do anything with a typewriter. The only money that the foreman had was a five-dollar bill, and he was far from enthusiastic about parting with it.

T. P. talked him out of it, explaining that he hadn't eaten for practically a day and a half—the gingersnaps didn't count—and that he wouldn't have the slightest difficulty in eating five dollars' worth of food, not the slightest. The foreman finally broke down and let him have the bill. T. P. sat down and wrote the general manager:

July 22, 1924.
Dakotah Roundhouse.

Dear Sir: I inspected Engine 359 this date. Had her fired up and rode her to Kildare and back. Knew something was wrong. Had her put in the house. We knocked the tire off the left front driver and found her short on counterbalance. Inclosed is statement signed and witnessed as to weight found in pockets left front driver. Am having moving parts, rods, and so on, taken down and weighed so that can check exactly; also all tires removed and weight checked in other drivers. Recommend that wheel centers be sent to back shop and pins pressed out and weighed so that there can be no question as to what proper counterbalance should be.

Wrong counterbalance caused engine to jump track. Engine had been out of back shop 53 days, and she was O. K. when she went in back shop. They are awful careless in back shop. This is not what I ought to say, but the back shop is rotten careless. This is a swell example of the carelessness we been getting for the last sixty days.

Respectfully,
T. P. PATCHBOLT.

"If that don't knock the props out from under that lousy general foreman," murmured the fat man as he licked the envelope, "I don't know the number of threads on a one-inch nut!"

He marked the letter personal and "train telegram" and waddled up to the dispatcher's office to get it off. He then went to the telegraph office next door and wrote out the following wire:

A R KINGSLEY
GENERAL MANAGER
ENGINE 359 COUNTERBALANCED WRONG. HAVE WRITTEN LETTER GIVING FULL DETAILS.
T. P. PATCHBOLT.

"Got a place to wash up?" he asked the telegraph operator.

The operator showed him where the washroom was. T. P. got rid of some of the dirt and grease on his hands and face. He surveyed himself from all angles, and from every angle grease and dirt showed in abundance. T. P. decided that steam cleaning was about the only cure. Why waste time with soap and water? He certainly was hungry; he couldn't remember having ever been quite so hungry; he would make short work of five dollars' worth of fodder.

He left the telegraph station and walked up the street toward town, with visions of tables loaded with tiers of ham and eggs floating before dizzy eyes. He seemed to get hungrier with every step. Another vision came to him—a steak as long as a locomotive tank, with great onions running along its sides as big as hand cars, and over all a covering of tomato catchup like a flooded field. He was passing a high board fence set back a few yards from the sidewalk. A few hundred yards ahead he saw the bright electric lights of a restaurant. He was at the corner now; he had but to cross the street and food in all abundance was his for the asking.

On the corner, with his back against the fence, sat a crippled beggar. When he saw T. P. the light of recognition came into his eyes. He whined impudently and loudly.

"Hoh!" he cried. "Here comes my fat friend. He won't forget me!"

The lights of the restaurant whirled before T. P.'s eyes. There was only one thing to do.

T. P. shoved a five-dollar bill into the outstretched paw and fled back toward the station.

EUROPEAN TRADE BARRIERS

(Continued from Page 31)

union with Germany. The opposition of France would have to be reckoned with.

It would be tedious to catalogue the intermediate customs duties which violently and irrationally separate materials from factories, ores from coal mines, agricultural lands from industrial centers, producers from markets, customers from purveyors. The new boundaries of Europe were drawn in response to nationalist aspirations rather than economic needs. The demagogues and chauvinists, with their nationalistic egoisms and megalomanias, have brought disaster to millions of people. What nine-tenths of the people of Eastern Europe really want is not political detachment and economic self-sufficiency but steadier employment, higher wages, better food and more of it.

At the recent meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce in Stockholm there was displayed a bill of lading on a carload of coal shipped from Poland to Austria—a distance of about 200 miles. This document was larger than the parchment upon which is inscribed the American Declaration of Independence, and was frescoed over with the stamps and certificates of fourteen inspections. The train delay for each inspection was computed at three hours. The heavy cost of these Chinese ceremonials is taken out in the price of coal to the Austrian consumer. Austria needs coal. Poland has coal to sell. The proposition is crystal-clear that both would benefit by removing these impediments to the coal trade. But life is a good deal bigger thing than logic and in an imperfect world a formula of perfection is not always workable.

Last summer, in attempting a journey from Lithuania into Poland by way of Kovno, the writer discovered that the Poles had closed the frontier. This made it necessary to fetch a compass to the north and east and enter Poland by way of Latvia. On the Latvian frontier we were confronted by a double row of customhouses. The halt at Zemgale for the Lettish customs inspection occupied three hours. The Polish inspection was pulled off a few hundred rods beyond Zemgale and occupied an hour and fifteen minutes. Somehow I got the impression that time was being wasted. I may have been wrong.

On the Esthonian-Latvian frontier stands the town of Walk. Walk, with its 10,000 or more inhabitants, is something of a town as towns go in Eastern Europe. It occupied a crossroads position under the prewar Russian régime, with a free movement of commerce east-west and north-south. Esthonia and Latvia having set up in business for themselves with high tariffs, diplomatic representatives and all the apparatus of modern civilized states, Walk finds itself no longer a commercial link, but a trade barrier. A lofty barbed-wire fence has been run straight through the heart of the town.

Teschen, an industrial community of 28,000 souls on the Czecho-Slovak-Polish frontier, affords another illustration of violent artificial cleavage. The council of ambassadors settled Teschen's frontier problem by dividing the morsel between the Czechs and the Poles. The new frontier having been traced, the manufacturer woke one morning to find his plant in a foreign country, while the dairyman who started on his morning rounds was cut off from his customer because he had no license to export milk.

The great German economic system has been cut in two by the Dantzic Corridor and mutilated by the loss of Lorraine iron ore, Alsatian potash, Silesian coal, Posnan beet sugar.

The old Austrian province of Styria was a well-rounded economic unit in which the rich farming country of the Drave basin on the south was complementary to the mining and industrial region of the mountainous north. The agricultural region has been thrown over into Jugo-Slavia—already long on farm products—while the industrial region passed to Austria—chronically short of foodstuffs and raw material.

Hungary's natural boundary is the fortress wall of mountains that encircle the great Hungarian plain. Rich soils brought down through countless ages from the watersheds of the Alps and Carpathians have gone to compose these fertile exotic soils. The historic kingdom of Hungary was virtually coterminous with this magnificent plain. But Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia and Serbia have received under the peace settlements rich slices of Hungary, leaving the kingdom with only about one-third of its former territory. One finds in Budapest a fine flour-milling concentration ranking only second to Liverpool. But since present-day Hungary retains only about 30 per cent of its former agricultural capacity, its great flour-milling industry has languished and the age-long primacy of Hungary as a flour-exporting country has passed, not to return. The Hungarian economic system has been torn to shreds.

At this point some European friend may politely ask how an American, with at least a bowing acquaintance with the Fordney-McCumber tariff schedules, has the face to complain of trade barriers in Europe. When it comes to tariffs, is it not an obvious case of the pot calling the kettle black? The matter is worth some examination.

A rough calculation of the relative height of tariff walls based on 278 commodities figuring importantly in international trade has been made by the League of Nations. The highest index on the list is that of Spain, though Russia, if exact figures were available, would probably take first place in Europe, if not in the entire world. Russia's tariff wall may be compared to a lofty barrier whose top is festooned with barbed wire. Next to Spain comes the United States, with an index of 37, followed by Poland, 32; Argentina, 29; Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary, 27; Canada, 23; Italy, 22; France, 21; down through diminishing gradations to the United Kingdom, 5.

The loftiest European tariff walls today are in Spain and in Eastern Europe. Roughly classified, Great Britain, Ulster, Denmark, Belgium, Holland and Portugal are low-tariff countries; while Switzerland, the Irish Free State, Norway, Sweden, Germany and France may be classified as moderate. Under the high-tariff countries may be included Austria, Italy, the three Baltic states, Finland, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia,

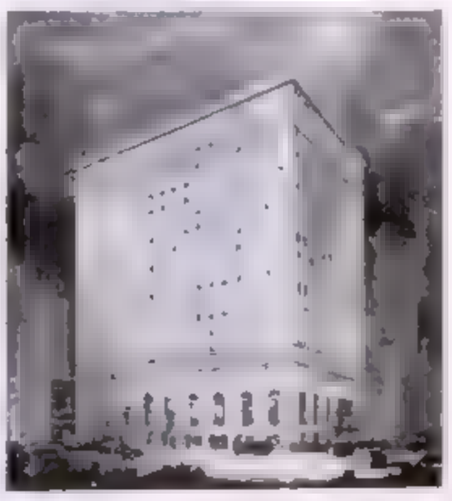
(Continued on Page 142)

All Great travellers appraise *the bed*

From Marco Polo to Lindbergh, far-faring men have spoken of the beds they found. Napoleon said—"The French build two things well—good roads, good beds." And artists have richly carved and canopied these beloved coverts wherein we exchange our old days for new.

So we feel well repaid, when to all the other good things they say of the Detroit-Leland, travellers add—"and good beds." They were specially selected and specially built for the Detroit-Leland on a pattern and design more than a quarter of a century old. And we can wish you "Good night" in them with sincerity and assurance.

Then — delightfully larger rooms, homelike, quiet and beautifully furnished. And a service that anticipates the guest's every need, yet so quiet and unobtrusive as never to seem officious.



Accommodations for 1200
85% of rooms are priced from $3.00 to $5.00
LARGER SAMPLE ROOMS FROM $4 TO $8 PER DAY

DETROIT-LELAND HOTEL

Bagley at Cass, Detroit, Michigan
WM. J. CHITTENDEN, Jr., *Manager*

Division Continental-Leland Corporation

Hotels under Continental-Leland Corporation Direction

DETROIT-LELAND HOTEL, DETROIT, MICH.
HOTEL OLDS, LANSING, MICH.
MANSFIELD-LELAND, MANSFIELD, OHIO
LAKE LURE INN, CHIMNEY ROCK, N. C.
THE SEDGEFIELD INN, SEDGEFIELD, N. C.

Amazing Cleaning

Lighten the Burden of those You Love

Power!

The New Model 10 Eureka—Bigger and Better Built—With 16 Great Mechanical Improvements—Sets New Standards of Cleaning Effectiveness

Announcement of the New Model 10 Grand Prize Eureka was made only a few months ago. More than 100,000 discriminating buyers ordered almost immediately—most of them users of antiquated, inefficient electric cleaners, who took prompt advantage of the liberal trade-in allowance on their old equipment.

These purchasers were quick to recognize and appreciate the amazing cleaning power of Model 10—its marvelous suction—the speed with which it eats up dust, lint, sand and deeply embedded dirt—its many exclusive features of design and construction—its greater strength, compactness and ease of handling.

Comparative laboratory tests have established the ability of Model 10 to remove more dirt by weight in a given length of time than even former great Eurekas, and this superiority is already confirmed by actual use in tens of thousands of homes.

Surely this is the gift that will mean most at Christmas time. A gift that makes a pleasure of once-hated tasks! A gift that does away with household drudgery, and brings many added hours of leisure! An economical gift, too, for the New Model 10 is priced at a level made possible only by Eureka's immense volume of manufacture.

$56.50

COMPLETE WITH ATTACHMENTS EVERYWHERE IN U.S.A.

SMALL INTEREST CHARGE ON DEFERRED PAYMENTS

To avoid disappointment, we urge you to place your order at once with a Eureka dealer for Christmas delivery. Only $5 down; the most convenient of terms; liberal allowance on your old cleaner.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY
DETROIT, U. S. A.

Largest Manufacturers of Vacuum Cleaners in the World

Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario. Foreign Branches: 8 Fisher St., London, W. C. 1, England; 58-60 Margaret St., Sydney, Australia

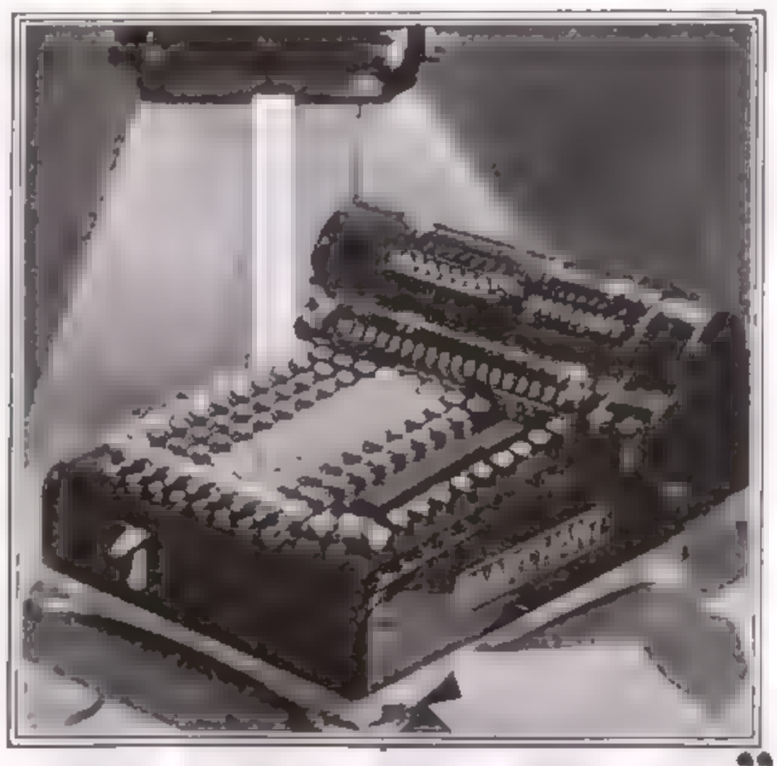
The New **EUREKA** *Grand Prize* *Gets More Dirt*

VACUUM CLEANER

(401)

FIFTEEN YEARS BUILDING CALCULATING MACHINES—NOTHING ELSE

A Complete Figuring Machine Electric or Hand Models



The "MARCHANT TEST" sets a *new standard* for Figuring Machines

and the result is 25% to 40% greater efficiency /

EMPLOYMENT standards these days are fairly well established. You know just what to expect from each worker. And now it's even simpler to test the worthiness of the figuring machines your employees will use.

"The Marchant Test" (shown here) is a standard of complete figuring machine performance, representing the operating efficiency you can and should get. It is not enough for calculating machines these days to add, subtract, multiply and divide. They must do these with minimum effort and maximum speed and quiet and with an absolute check for accuracy before the operator at all times.

That is why we demanded of our engineers 16 principal features, essential to a complete figuring machine, and one that would develop—as the Marchant does—an increased operating efficiency of 25% to 40%.

Read "The Marchant Test" over and then let our nearest representative demonstrate it for you. You will quickly see how increased efficiency will result in savings that will pay for the machine you buy. Telephone or write our nearest office for a demonstration or mail the coupon for the booklet entitled, "Sixteen Improvements in Calculating Machine Performance."

Executives concerned with confidential figures and quick estimating will be interested in the "Little Marchant," 5 x 11 inches. It beats a slide rule. Write for Leaflet B.

USE THE MARCHANT TEST

1st—*In buying a new Calculating Machine.*

2nd—*To determine whether you should change the machine you now have.*

DEMAND THESE ADVANTAGES FOR YOUR MACHINE

1. Anyone can run it.
2. Visible dials for all factors and results.
3. "True Figure" register dials.
4. Horizontal straight line reading.
5. Dials spaced for easy reading.
6. Automatic electric dial clearance.
7. Noiseless sliding carriage.
8. Automatic position indicator.
9. Quiet start and stop motor.
10. Automatic multiplication—right hand control.
11. Direct subtraction.
12. Automatic repeat addition.
13. Build-up division.
14. Automatic stop control for all operations.
15. Maximum "carry-over" capacity.
16. Minimum desk space.

Before you decide—see the Marchant!

Sales and Service

New York, Boston
Philadelphia
Atlanta
Birmingham, Buffalo
Cincinnati
Cleveland, Chicago
Indianapolis
Detroit, Pittsburg
Minneapolis

MARCHANT CALCULATING MACHINE COMPANY
Factory and Executive Office
Oakland, California

Sales and Service

Kansas City
New Orleans, El Paso
Denver, Los Angeles
San Francisco
Portland, Seattle
and in 75 other cities
in the United States
Canada and
Foreign Countries

Mail this Coupon

MARCHANT CALCULATING MACHINE COMPANY
Oakland, California

I wish to see the booklet, "Sixteen Improvements in Calculating Machine Performance."

Name_____ Firm_____ Address_____

(Continued from Page 139)

Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Greece, Bulgaria, Rumania and Russia.

It may be doubted whether the tariffs of the great trading countries of Western Europe are essentially higher than before the war. Certainly they are much lower than the American tariff. The tariff systems of industrial countries, such as France, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany and Italy, are frankly bargaining measures. They seem higher than they actually are because of the maximum rates written into their schedules. As against the height of the American tariff wall may be set the aggravations and inconveniences of the European bargaining tariffs. Any system based on special and exceptional favors is beset with the vices which attach to haggling in trade.

A generation ago our shopkeepers abandoned the principle of special price concessions and adopted the policy of the fixed price to all alike. We have become rid of the haggling feature in our present system of merchandising. Manner becomes better and haggling steadily worse as one travels eastward, until trading attains its maximum of wasted time and effort in the typical Oriental bazaar, where an hour is spent in ceremonious coffee drinking and merciless haggling over the simplest commercial transaction.

Grounds for Barter

The United States has definitely abandoned haggling about tariff rates, just as our shopkeepers have definitely abandoned haggling over price. With the exception of Cuba, to which we stand in a special relation, we treat all alike. Our recent difficulty with France over discriminations against our commerce arose out of irreconcilable differences of administration as between bargaining and nonbargaining tariffs. France imposes minimum and maximum rates and will swap concessions from the maximum with favored nations for reciprocal favors. France was under the necessity of making concessions to Germany in exchange for special tariff favors.

At any rate, as in the case of all haggling transactions, the asking price must be set higher than the eventual taking price. For this reason all European countries that cling to bargaining tariffs write maximum rates into their schedules. The presence of these maximum rates leads to the illusion that the rates are extraordinarily high.

Furthermore, as against the height of our tariff walls may be set the exasperating instability of European tariffs. Instability may prove more aggravating than height. World business, like that of the petty shopkeeper around the corner, is based on credit. Credit in the larger sense is only another name for faith in the future. Nothing chills and paralyzes business like uncertainty. If the exporter knows exactly the tariff rate fixed against him, he can figure whether the undertaking is to bring him in a profit or a loss. If the customs tax is an unknown quantity, he is steering without chart or compass.

The Quota System

Suppose an American exporter ships goods to Italy or Austria on consignment and the tariff is raised overnight during transit. Or suppose the consignor of American automobiles to Czecho-Slovakia is notified after the cars are shipped that though the tariff rate remains unchanged, the American import quota on automobiles has been exhausted. Unless he can obtain an import license, his only recourse is to store the goods in an expensive warehouse. It would be interesting to take an inventory of American goods that have been shipped 4000 to 5000 miles in full faith and credit that they would be received into the countries of destination and are now accumulating dust in the warehouses of Central and Eastern Europe.

Both Austria and Czecho-Slovakia limit the import of automobiles to fixed quotas. American exporters complain that a country of limited production, such as Spain, is allowed the same quota as the United States. The Czechs, with some show of logic, respond that the same treatment is meted out to all. The fact that the United States happens to dominate the motor trade of the world does not constitute a reason for exceeding the quotas of other countries.

France, specializing in luxury articles, such as embroidered dresses, cosmetics, perfumery and jewelry, argues that the

(Continued on Page 145)

A Market in the Jewish Quarter of Warsaw

OUT OF THE WEST COMES MARLAND

EXCLUSIVE TO NORTH AMERICA

For every type of plant lubrication there is a Marland Industrial Oil, refined from only select Mid-Continent paraffin base crude under patents exclusive to the Marland Company. Our Engineering staff is available for plant survey and recommendations without obligation or cost.

MARLAND Super Motor Oil is refined by Marland Company from only select Mid-Continent paraffin base crude, under patents exclusive to them for all of North America.

This process, the discovery of a practical British oil man and a noted British scientist, is the result of more than twenty years' research and work.

The British Government, recognizing the claims set up by the inventors, issued a patent to cover and immediately placed it within the category of inventions which, if published, would give information to the enemy. The descriptive papers were kept sealed in the Patent Office for the period of the War.

Marland Super Motor Oil is refined in America exclusively by the Marland Company. It is worthy of the Marland name and reputation and is marketed under no other brand.

With *Marland Super Motor Oil* we have an oil that is more nearly "fool proof" than ordinary oils. It forms a stable film over metal surfaces, spreading, clinging and penetrating. Under pressure it will not "squeeze out," and permit metallic contact, abrasion, and ultimate "seizure."

The permanency of this film is such that tendency to score is greatly reduced and the motor will still be well lubricated when the quantity of the oil is reduced below the safety point for ordinary oils.

A motor is more easily started with *Marland Super Motor Oil.* It is more efficient at both low and high temperatures and functions efficiently more quickly than ordinary oils.

Authentic tests have demonstrated a distinct economy in *Marland Super Motor Oil,* users reporting a reduction of as much as 20% in consumption.

Jobbers and Dealers, not now enjoying the Marland franchise, are requested to communicate with our general office for complete information, specifications and prices.

For the car owner we have descriptive material which we will gladly send free on request.

MARLAND REFINING COMPANY

Subsidiary of MARLAND OIL COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICES AND REFINERY: PONCA CITY, OKLAHOMA

Division Sales Offices: New York City Boston Chicago Kansas City Denver Memphis St. Paul-Minneapolis

Export Terminal: Texas City, Texas

Greater Power

Do you fully realize the important part a motor piston plays in the performance of an automobile?

For almost every mile a car travels the pistons must travel two and one half miles as they constantly slide in their snug metal casings.

Thus you can understand that you attain the utmost in performance only when the pistons possess superior qualities such as lightness in weight and greater wear resistance.

That Nelson Bohnalite Pistons have these qualities in a most advanced degree, has been demonstrated time and time and time again.

That is why so many of the leading motor car manufacturers have adopted Nelson Bohnalite Pistons as standard equipment.

These experts know—as should you—that Nelson Bohnalite Pistons in a car insure greater power—greater speed—greater pickup—greater comfort.

When you select your next automobile, see that it comes equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons. Then you'll enjoy a new sensation in riding satisfaction such as you have never before experienced

BOHN ALUMINUM & BRASS CORPORATION
DETROIT MICHIGAN

Special alloy steel struts are cast in, to control expansion and maintain satisfactory clearances under all engine operating conditions.

NELSON
BOHNALITE
PISTONS

To Manufacturers — Bohnalite, an alloy combining extreme lightness with great strength, is finding new uses in varied industries. Write and let us tell you of the many advantages to be gained by its adoption.

Continued from Page 142

American tariff schedules discriminate against French commerce because of the high rates of duty which apply universally to luxury articles.

It is enough to remark that the European licensing systems, popular since the war, have opened the way to a flood of favoritism and endless temporizing. Equally objectionable are the European export duties. An export duty on such a commodity as rubber, not a pound of which is produced within the continental United States, takes its toll out of every consumer of rubber in this country. The British control the world's rubber trade.

In any comparison of European with American tariffs it will be seen that all are tarred with the same stick.

What is to be done? The historian, economist and philosopher have the same answer—abolish senseless European trade barriers, set up a pan-European *Zollverein*, or customs union, form Europe into a coherent economic system. If the Europeans hope to live and prosper, they should take a leaf out of past experience. The ancient Greeks, with a common heritage of language and culture, instead of drawing together into a great commercial family, fought one another to a standstill. Athens succumbed to Sparta, which in turn yielded to Thebes, only to be mastered by Macedonia. Pan-Hellenism would have saved the Greeks.

Medieval Italy was a congeries of petty warring republics. The trade physiognomies of the five principal states, though washed by the same seas and subjected to the same climatic conditions, were as unlike as the features of any five persons chosen at random. Why was it that the Genoese were deep-sea navigators, the Venetians Levantine traders, the Florentines bankers, the Perugians captains of adventure?

In the case of Italy, as of Germany and the United States, the stars in their courses have been on the side of closer union, with free interchange of goods and services between the political units.

Certain savants profess to see the European nations moving toward a general commercial entente in which tariffs are lowered in favor of one another and maintained in opposition to the United States. In support of this view, the international cartel is cited. These international trade agreements, covering such commodities as steel, chemicals, potash, artificial silk, like the gourd of the prophet, have sprung up almost overnight. No one ten years ago would have had the temerity to prophesy the formation of a Franco-German working partnership in the interest of trade.

The Steel Entente

The Franco-German steel cartel affords a good illustration of the natural economic interdependence of European countries. In the steel business, iron ore and fuel seek each other's company. The ore may go to the coal or the coal to the ore, or they may meet each other halfway, as at Gary, Indiana. France has a superabundance of iron ore but is short of coking coals, while Germany has lost 75 per cent of her iron-ore resources but possesses an abundance of high-grade Ruhr coking coal. Therein lie materials for a bargain.

There is enough ore in the French Lorraine strip to supply all Europe for centuries, but the German Ruhr possesses enough coal to smelt these huge iron deposits forty times over. But even in this striking case of interdependence between nations, Germany has two strings to her bow. Lying along the Arctic Circle in Northern Sweden are vast iron-ore deposits with a much richer metallic content than the Lorraine ores. German steel masters already control a vast tonnage of these Swedish ores. Mining is a mere matter of scooping up the material from deposits near the surface. To transport this ore from Sweden to German furnaces is just about the same proposition as freighting our Michigan ores to the furnaces of Western Pennsylvania. France is more dependent upon Ruhr coal than Germany is dependent upon Lorraine ore.

The international steel entente is something like a Continental marriage where two parties not overly fond of each other are united in wedlock for prudential reasons.

The effect of cartel organization is not to weaken but to confirm tariff barriers. The international cartel defines water-tight compartments in both producing and selling areas. The idea of Pan-Europeanism is based on the fallacy that the parties to the agreement are in a position to make large tariff concessions to one another. The fallacy lies here—if the concessions are general, they are worthless. The tariff concessions which the European nations are making one another are largely illusory. The seller who raises his price 25 per cent in order to come down 20 per cent is making no real concession to his purchaser.

Our American bankers a year ago joined in signing a manifesto calling attention to the insufferable European trade barriers. Since then two ecumenical economic councils composed of delegates from the leading commercial nations of the world, the one sitting at Geneva and the other at Stockholm, have had much to say about the evils of postwar trade barriers.

A Utopian Solution

With respect to both the Geneva and the Stockholm conferences, it must be noted that the issue was never squarely met. It was plain that the countries represented were unanimous for the principle that tariffs should be lowered while equally unanimous for the practice that they should be increased. The very fact that so many nations representing jarring, irreconcilable points of view should have been able to sit around the same council table and discuss matters of conflicting interest was accomplished by what might be called the principle of dilution. That is to say, the delegates passed a number of vague and general resolutions progressively softened so as to give the least offense to tender sensibilities. In the presence of so many pet canaries, no one had the hardihood to introduce his own pet cat.

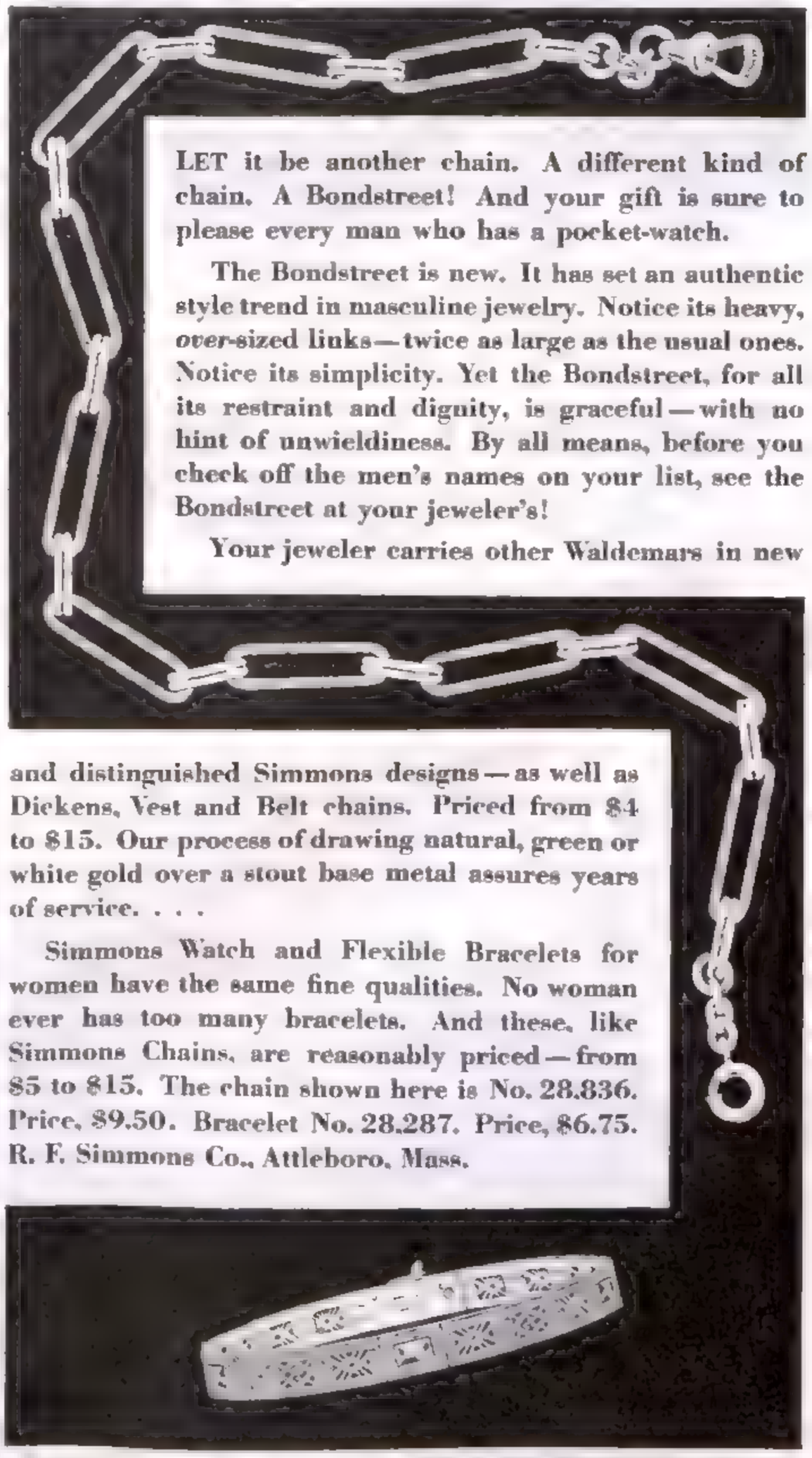
No country has yet set about to lower its tariff walls in response to the resolutions passed at Geneva and Stockholm. We may hardly expect limitation of European tariffs by international agreement before Europe achieves general limitation of armaments by international action.

Let us suppose Europe today dominated by an all-powerful, benevolent despot schooled in the precepts of Sir Thomas More's Utopia. Such a being, preoccupied with the job of setting Europe to rights, would probably proceed on this reasoning:

All trade, whether individual or collective, is based on the exchange of the products of one man's industry and genius for the products of another man's industry and genius. Climate, geographical position, racial aptitudes, go to define specialization in industry. Highly specialized industries, such as porcelain making in Limoges, diamond cutting in Amsterdam, cotton spinning in Lódz, hosiery knitting in Chemnitz, ship building on the Tyne, cheese making in Switzerland, have developed through evolutionary processes by which human societies perform functions for which they are naturally adapted—thus, like individuals establishing harmony between their inner life and their external lot.

Let, therefore, the European societies that can best build automobiles or weave fancy silks do so for the peoples that possess less competence at these jobs. Let Manchester, England, follow its bent and specialize in fine cottons; let Lódz, Poland, after its competence, specialize in coarser weaves. Russia can produce cheaper and better barley than Germany. Let Russia, therefore, become the purveyor of cheap barley to Germany, and let Germany in turn provide Russia with necessary chemicals and electrical machinery.

YOUR GIFT TO THE MAN WHO ALREADY HAS A CHAIN



LET it be another chain. A different kind of chain. A Bondstreet! And your gift is sure to please every man who has a pocket-watch.

The Bondstreet is new. It has set an authentic style trend in masculine jewelry. Notice its heavy, *over*-sized links—twice as large as the usual ones. Notice its simplicity. Yet the Bondstreet, for all its restraint and dignity, is graceful—with no hint of unwieldiness. By all means, before you check off the men's names on your list, see the Bondstreet at your jeweler's!

Your jeweler carries other Waldemars in new and distinguished Simmons designs—as well as Dickens, Vest and Belt chains. Priced from $4 to $15. Our process of drawing natural, green or white gold over a stout base metal assures years of service. . . .

Simmons Watch and Flexible Bracelets for women have the same fine qualities. No woman ever has too many bracelets. And these, like Simmons Chains, are reasonably priced—from $5 to $15. The chain shown here is No. 28.836. Price, $9.50. Bracelet No. 28.287. Price, $6.75. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS CHAINS

For $8.50 you can equip your car with this marvelous new twin-blade cleaner

The whole windshield is crystal clear!

WARM and snug in your storm-tight car you will discover a keen new joy in breasting the elements. And you'll marvel at the ease with which the powerful suction motor of the Visionall sends its two blades back and forth across the glass, clearing away every vestige of rain or snow.

Any garage can install the twin-blade Visionall in a few short minutes, using the same air line as your present suction cleaner. The price is low—only $8.50 in U. S. If your dealer can't supply you, mail the coupon with $8.50. The Visionall is made and guaranteed by the world's largest makers of windshield equipment.

Put a Visionall on the family car as a Christmas Gift to the loved ones whose safety and comfort mean so much to you. Give a Visionall for Christmas, and its powerful blades will be a reminder of your thoughtfulness all through the year.

TRICO

VISIONALL

Twin-Blade Automatic Cleaner

PATENTED: U. S. A. AND PRINCIPAL FOREIGN COUNTRIES

TRICO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

As advertised in The Saturday Evening Post, please send me one Trico Visionall with instructions for installing. I enclose draft or money order for $8.50

Name

Address

Dealer's Name

Germany's present-day industrial efflorescence may be ascribed to coal, chemists and cartels. Coal lies at the base of Germany's pyramid of wealth. The genius of the German chemist renders raw material accessible to humanity in a thousand forms. The cartel is the symbol of German genius for organization. As Germany stands easily first among the Continentals when it comes to coal, chemists and cartels, let no other European country attempt to dispute Germany's natural sovereignty in these particular fields.

Let Italy, for example, abandon the production of dyes, since duty-free German dyes may be had better and cheaper by the Italian consumer. Let the Italian confine himself to activities in which he enjoys a natural superiority—as, for example, the production of silk from mulberry leaves, oil from native olive trees, and wine from vineyards indigenous to his country.

Let the peasant stick to his fields, the shoemaker to his last, the boatman to his barge—each community and class serving according to its natural competence and aptitude.

On this principle tariff walls may be leveled and commercial interchanges restored to their natural channels. Such a settlement has only one thing against it—human nature. It runs counter to human hates and to human aspirations. Man cannot live by bread alone. The Italians, with their great resources of cold falling water which science has enabled them to transport over wires and distribute in the form of light, heat and power, aspire to become a great industrial nation. The unrestricted competition of German mills and laboratories would thrust Italy back to the primitive peasant stage of human culture from which it is rapidly emerging. The peasant states of Eastern Europe would remain peasant states for all time.

New forces of thought and feeling have swept over humanity in the past decade. Unprogressive, stolid peoples have been jarred by war and revolution out of their intellectual torpor and submission. The European peasant has awakened to a sense of power and intends to use it. Stambolisky, son of a hired sheep herder, becomes dictator of Bulgaria; the peasant Witos, Prime Minister of Poland. The peasants are demanding a share in the good things of modern life—silk stockings, ice cream, phonographs, automobiles, radio sets, moving pictures. Humanity pushing, stumbling, trampling forward, with life fermenting, boiling over, coursing through new channels—all giving some point to Ruskin's bitter epigram on the purposes of civilized man: "Whatever we have—to get more. Wherever we are—to go somewhere else."

The One Talent Lacking

One nation clamors for territory, another for wealth, another for glory, all crying, "Me too!" All demanding a place in the sun with higher standards of living, less work, more relaxation. Thus we have parvenus, upstarts, *nouveaux riches*, one class rising in the scale, another sinking. There must needs be hewers of wood and drawers of water, but no human society is willing to accept a servile economic status. The feet of man are set on the steps of an infinite progression.

When it comes to economic integrations as between independent states, we run up against a thousand nationalistic hopes and aspirations. These aspirations are not without an element of pathos. The tariffs of all Eastern European countries seem unreasonably high. Their industrialism is rudimentary, weak and ill-thriven. But with their abundant agricultural and forest resources, they ask such questions as the one often put by the Canadians:

"Why sell Americans our pulp wood at seven dollars a cord, when fifty dollars could be obtained if the wood were converted into pulp or a hundred dollars if the pulp were converted into wrapping paper?"

The new European states are infatuated by the childlike belief that a new economic life can be improvised overnight. They would build steel mills, turn out automobiles, typewriters, radio sets, start coke ovens, produce synthetic dyes, plunge into the vortex of the industrial tide that floods Western Europe and the United States. A country's industrialism is much like an automobile. The machine is not struck off by some one man's genius overnight. It's an evolution into which long years of research work and inventive skill have gone. The individual parts which are assembled into the complicated machine are all in turn of evolutionary creation—the pneumatic tires, the ignition system, the gears, internal cylinder combustion, the transmission and differential devices.

The peoples of Eastern Europe, roughly speaking, have no touchstone of antecedent effort, no reserves of pure scientific research or pools of mechanical competence upon which to draw. Even if trained mechanical ability were imported for their assistance, they lack the essential prerequisites of industrialism, such as the juxtaposition of iron and coal and the talent for organizing the resources they possess. The ingenious Rumanians, for example, appear to have every talent but the talent for making use of their talents.

Nature has favored Serbia above every other European country when it comes to hog breeding. The country grows a surplus of corn, and in its extensive hardwood forests the vagrant hog may root and wax fat. Yet these people, with their obvious natural advantages, have not been able to organize their swine industry efficiently and at times have been compelled to import American lard.

A Community of Spirit

Another intangible has to do with what may be called the enemy complex of the European peoples. In a word, European psychology is centrifugal rather than centripetal when it comes to international cooperation. Nationalism would appear to rest upon assumed community of blood. This is a false notion. If the idea were applied to Mississippi, that state would logically become an independent negro republic.

Nationality is based not so much upon community of blood as upon community of spirit. Take, for example, the spirit of such a country as Poland. In this matter of international pooling arrangements, the Polish spirit expresses itself thus concretely: The Poles and the Lithuanians have been at odds over the eastern Polish frontier, which embraces the entire hinterland of Lithuania. One of the dreams of the new Lithuanian republic is to possess Vilna, in the heart of this disputed country, as their new capital. The Poles have seized Vilna.

Poland thrusts up a northern wedge between what the Letts consider their eastern hinterland and Russia. As a consequence the Letts and the Poles have ceased to admire one another. The writer arrived in Warsaw with some Latvian money, only to discover that it could not be converted into Polish money except at the National Polski Bank. The small money changers and lesser banks would have nothing to do with the currency of their next-door neighbor.

The Poles have had one dispute after another with the free city of Dantzic, which should afford them a convenient port on their corridor to the sea. The latest turn to the controversy finds the Poles constructing a new port of their own—Gdynia—amid the sand dunes of their Baltic littoral.

But the dislike of the Poles for their northern neighbors is nothing to their hatred of the Russians—a hatred which has developed out of differences of culture and religion and persecutions running back 150 years. The tariff barrier which the Poles have raised against the Russians is only equaled in height by the fence which the Russians have erected against the Poles.

As to Poland's great neighbor on the west, they have consistently hated Germany as the arch enemy of Polish freedom

(Continued on Page 148)

1 *Ordinary Phonograph Music*

This visualizes how music from Rolfe's Orchestra would sound↔if played on an ordinary phonograph↔far-away . . . formless . . . a mere outline of thin sound, unshaded and incomplete.

HEAR A "CLOSE-UP" of B. A. ROLFE and his Palais d'Or Orchestra

Now—music "close-up", vibrant, life-like—like a "close-up" in the movies! *Now*—an entirely new dimension to re-created music—Thomas A. Edison's astounding new achievement—The Edisonic. Hear Rolfe and his Palais d'Or Orchestra on the Edisonic! In that chuckling jazz, the hot sax seems at your shoulder, the silvery piano notes have a sprightly individuality—*each instrument, each tone, stands out with cameo-like precision.* No shuffle of dancing feet can drown "close-up" music . . . But why read about the *Edisonic* when your Edison dealer will be glad to demonstrate it? Determine this Christmas to give your family the joy of hearing Edisonic music whenever they like, as long as they like, without even the annoyance of changing a needle. Send for the remarkable *Tonoscope Demonstration*, free. Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, New Jersey.

Today's gift for many tomorrows

The Edisonic

The Schubert Edisonic—at $135. Compact, beautifully proportioned, finished in two-tone English Brown Mahogany.

Thomas A. Edison

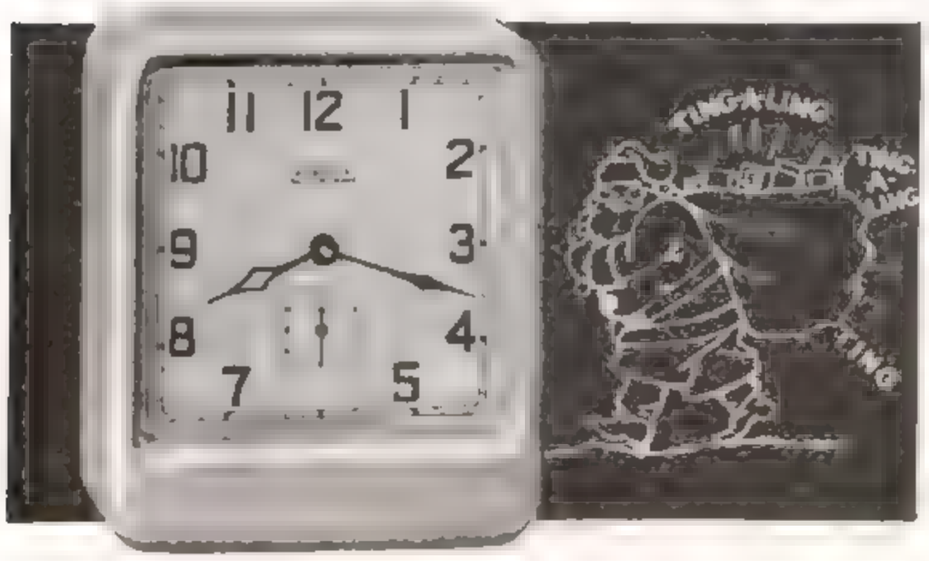
The EDISONIC

2 *Edisonic Close-Up Music*

This visualizes how Rolfe's Orchestra sounds on the new Edisonic. The music, like this picture, is *close-up*, complete. There is full detail . . . *form* to every sound. There is depth, perspective, beauty . . . Rolfe and his merry men actually seem present in your home!

B. A. Rolfe, world's greatest trumpet virtuoso, and his Palais d'Or Orchestra.

Smart . . . accurate . . . inexpensive . . . *a fine Christmas gift!*



Ansonia Squareclox, the new alarms! What a happy thought for a Christmas gift! Father . . . mother . . . the whole family will trust its honest minute-hand—and its alarm, too! It is ready for any time-telling job in the house . . . all day . . . every day. Its distinctive beauty will lend a gracious touch of charm to any setting . . . in the bedroom . . . living room . . . kitchen. You would never know it was an alarm clock, for the bell is neatly hidden in the sturdy, handsome, brass case. There are three of them—Square Boss, Square Owl, Square Rascal. Each is a different size, described below. Where did so little ever buy so fine a clock . . . and so fine a Christmas gift! . . . At jewelers', druggists', hardware and department stores. Your choice $3.50

Put Squareclox on kitchen duty, too!

This is our fiftieth Christmas! Ansonia has been making fine clocks for just 50 years.

ANSONIA

FINE ALARMS **SQUARECLOX** FINE ALARMS

SQUARE BOSS . . . the big fellow. Over 5 inches high, fine brass case, silverplated brass dial.

SQUARE OWL . . . About 4 inches high, fine brass case, black dial, luminous hands and figures.

SQUARE RASCAL . . . the small one, under 3 inches high, fine brass case, silverplated brass dial

(X the one you want)
Square Boss ☐
Square Owl ☐
Square Rascal ☐

For your convenience
ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY, 12 East 41st St., New York City.
Check for $3.50 enclosed herewith for Squareclox indicated.
Name.....
Address

(Continued from Page 146

and independence ever since the days of Frederick the Great. At this moment the Poles are engaged in a merry tariff war with Germany. No love is lost between the Poles and their Czecho-Slovak neighbors to the south. Since the war one fuss after another has broken out, notably the controversy over Teschen.

Military rather than economic considerations appear to dominate Polish policies today. The writer, when in Warsaw, inquired as to the possibility of securing an interview with Marshal Pilsudski.

"What matters are you desirous of discussing with the marshal?" asked a Polish official.

"Tariffs, public finance, Polish resources, projected Polish borrowings in the international market," was the reply.

"These things," stated the Polish official, "would scarcely interest the marshal. If you were a military man rather than an economist, and could discuss with him matters pertaining to land and naval armaments, he would be quite happy to see you, but otherwise not. The matter is difficult."

To an argument so plain and convincing there was, of course, no answer.

The settlement of almost every detail on the new Polish frontier has raised up enemies and increased the bitterness between Poland and her neighbors.

Maintaining the Trade Balance

To the south of Poland lies Czecho-Slovakia, a stocking-shaped wedge of Slavdom thrust westward into the heart of Europe. The new republic, 600 miles long, is in the central part only from fifty to 125 miles across. Five nations, at one time or another hostile to the new republic, stand upon its borders. Long German pincers menace the country to the north and south and threaten it with bisection. One would say that the peace and security of the new republic depend upon developing bonds of neighborly union. But in addition to its high tariff walls, the Czechs impose burdensome restrictions upon trade in the form of special import licenses and quota restrictions. The Czech customs officers are the most vigilant and inquisitorial of any customs officials the writer has encountered in six years of continuous service in Europe.

With regard to Eastern European tariffs, it is well to note that the barriers are designed to serve the double purpose of protecting nascent home industry and also preventing impoverished peoples from overspending. If the Baltic republics, for example, perceive that national outgo is exceeding national income, they raise their tariffs overnight in order to maintain a favorable international trade balance. An ordinary apple in the markets of Riga last August could not be had for less than twenty-five cents. Out-of-season apples are an imported luxury and a sky-high duty is imposed on them.

In conclusion, it may be observed that Europe at the close of the war was not a blank sheet of paper upon which visionaries and enthusiasts might inscribe their hopes and aspirations. Europe had become a tortuous ungodly jangle of conflicting national egoisms and irreconcilable aspirations. This spirit expressed itself in the erection of international spite fences. The lessons of the war provided no alchemy by which leaden instincts may be transmuted into golden conduct.

Again, though it is idle to expect a return to the prewar status, there is something in the power of the past that tends to neutralize violent changes and restore the old equilibrium. The Baltic states will no doubt return to some form of economic cooperation. No doubt the Austrian succession states, as political antagonisms soften, will draw together commercially. Though customs unions may be formed between small groups, the much-heralded European economic entente will remain hardly more than the traditional iridescent dream.

Economic Anachronisms

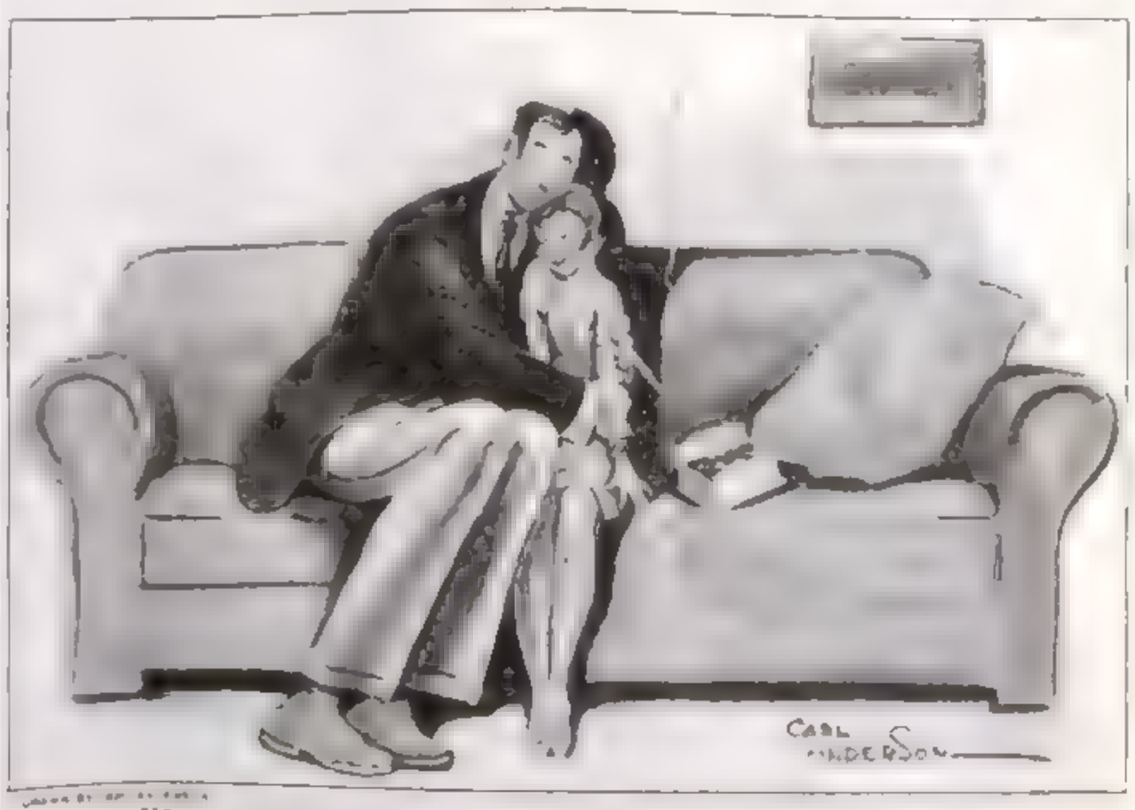
Returning last summer from a day's excursion to the lovely Italian lake, Nemi, our automobile was held up at the gates of Rome and carefully inspected by Signor Mussolini's vigilant Black Shirts. These uniformed officials were there to enforce the *octroi*, or tax on eatables, fuel and fodder entering the Eternal City. The city needs these indispensable materials; the country has them to sell. Why the *octroi?* This tax, I said to myself, though not oppressive, is an infernal nuisance. Moreover, it is an anachronism, since it dates back to the evil times when the medieval town walled itself defensively against the outer world.

The day after our experience with this medieval and indefensible institution, the writer held speech for some thirty minutes with Signor Mussolini. The discussion turned to tariffs.

"Modern high tariffs," remarked Il Duce, fixing me with a penetrating glance, "are works of folly. Moreover, they are anachronisms, taking us back to the old medieval days of darkness and conflict in which each little community walled itself defensively against its neighbors."

Confronted with overwhelmingly superior force in the field of argument, I discreetly forbore reference to the *octroi*.

It all depends upon whose ox is gored. No one would be hurt if all oxen were by common agreement dehorned. In the absence of international agreement for the limitation of tariffs, let it be understood by everyone in the interim that everybody's tariffs should be lowered except one's own.



"Don't be Afraid That You are Hurting Me, Bill; It's My Shoe That's Squeaking"

Infallible Proof of Senior Quality

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR is demonstrably supreme in the field of moderately priced sixes—superior on Nine Vital Counts.

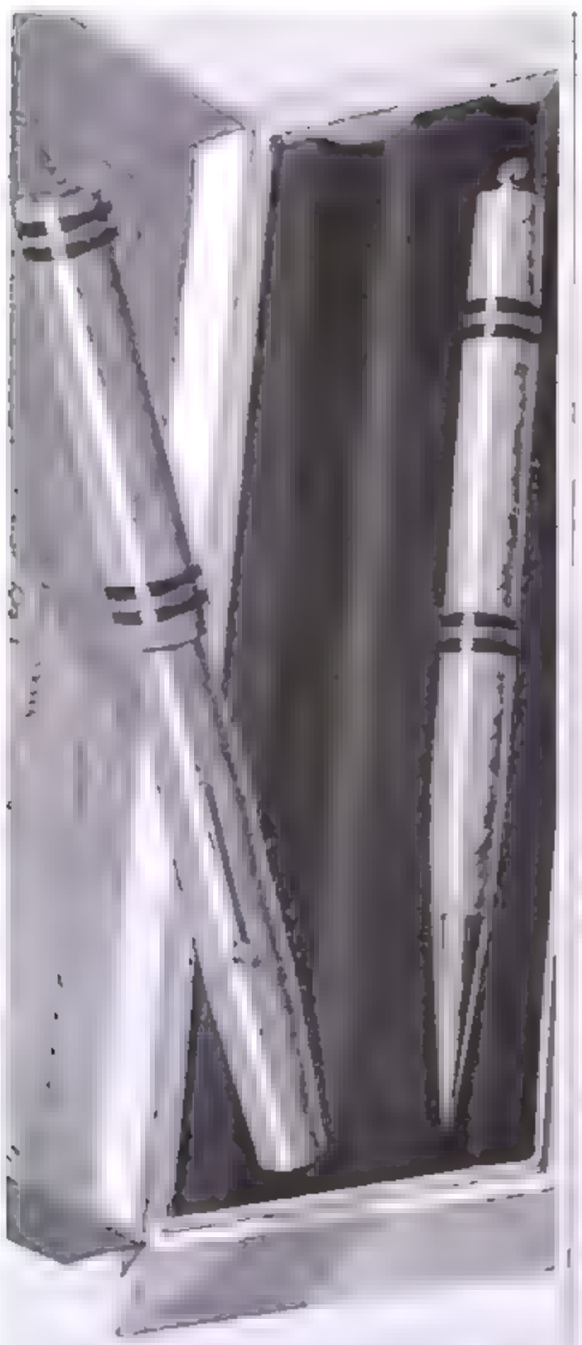
Senior beauty, performance and comfort will win your enthusiastic approval.

The Senior Nine-Point demonstration of superior quality will convince your judgment.

Let your Dodge Brothers dealer prove these Nine Points.

DODGE BROTHERS

Senior Line



ON CHOOSING FOR THE LADIES

THEIR gifts must be smart and colorful and decorative, of course. But there's no rule that says a gift for a lady may not also be immensely practical. Give a Swan set of famous pen and pencil and you give ten, twenty, thirty years of writing ease. You give a decoration that will always charm with its color, that will always play an intimate and pleasant part in the life of the user. . . . You may choose from rich, attractive finishes—jade, or lapis, or tangerine or autumn glory. . . . For all the painstaking hand workmanship involved, the prices of Swan Gift Sets are extremely modest. The set for ladies, illustrated, is only $6.50. For men, $6.50. Swan Eternal sets perpetually guaranteed at $8.50 to $11.00. If your dealer doesn't have them, please write to Mabie Todd & Co. (*Makers of fine pens since* 1843.) 243 West 17th Street, New York City; 209 S. State Street, Chicago

Swan PENS

UP FOR GLORY

(Continued from Page 15)

Fiz did not pursue the other pilot to the rear of the Spad formation. He sent his ship downward on a course that would put him across Wintwell's line of vision. Already the young pilot was piquing on Number 5 ship, at the end of one of the wings of the Spad formation. Through his propeller shot a spray of tracers and solid deadly lead. He was not within effective range as yet, but he was getting there at better than two miles a minute.

Fiz's ship hurtled across Wintwell's course. It was so close to the firing pilot that automatically he swerved. Before he could get his sights back on the French ship again Fiz had doubled back and come into range again, shaking his head, waving his hand, shouting.

"French, you sap! French!" he bellowed, though his voice was lost in the midst of the roaring motors.

The formation below was in utter disorder. Number 5 had gone into a vertical dive to get out of trouble and the Spad leader had whipped his ship around and stormed back like an eagle protecting its young. Had not Sam Allison, his hand held up imploringly, dived to intercept the flight commander, Wintwell's ship would have received the whole contents of the two guns the Spad mounted.

Wintwell, bewildered by all this unexpected action, drew away. Fiz followed him, breathing hard, but alert to forestall any further idiocy. Allison sheered away from the French formation too.

The leader of the Spads came with Sam.

Fiz, looking backward, saw the French commander place his faster ship alongside Allison's Nieuport. He caught sight of a bearded, furious face and a questioning, dramatic hand.

Behind the Spad the other Frenchmen re-formed. They followed their gesticulating leader.

Though sixty feet of space separated them, and the thunder of motors and the rush of air precluded speech, the Frenchman had much to say. He pointed a vengeful, quivering finger at Wintwell, gritted his teeth and then indicated his gun. He waved at the huge blue center cocardes that marked the nationality of his own ship and that of his companions. Finally he laid a stricken hand upon a perplexed forehead, extended it toward Allison in a demand for an explanation, shrugged his shoulders, and then, with a glowering countenance, cut his own throat vigorously and enthusiastically with a finger and pointed again at Wintwell.

This fluency overwhelmed Sam Allison. It was convincing, damning in its vigor. With the inarticulateness of an Anglo-Saxon, Sam shook his head feebly, smiled placatingly and tapped his forehead with his forefinger in the gesture known to almost all nations.

But this merely infuriated the French commander. Though his Spad continued to fly exactly parallel with the Nieuport, he seemed to be using both his hands to emphasize his points. His companions, following in perfect order behind him, were equally voluble.

Demands as to which side America was fighting upon in this war; queries as to why an *aliéné* was permitted to fly a plane, couched in gestures more comprehensible than French, winged across the void to Sam Allison.

Finally Sam took refuge in silence and disregard and flew on homeward as if he were alone in the air. Some distance away, Fiz O'Brien, seething with alternate mirth and wrath, led the chastened Wintwell along a similar course.

It was not until the three Americans began spiraling down on their own field that the Spad formation left them.

Allison descended with reckless haste. His ship was taxiing toward the line before Fiz and Wintwell were within a thousand feet of the ground. Sam cut his motor with a venomous flick of the hand and climbed out. Disregarding everyone on the line, he strode toward Maj. Bill Chatham. His bald head was bedewed with perspiration and his face was red with the dark redness of a beet.

"Bill, we've got one!" he burst out.

"One what?" asked the squadron commander quickly.

"We've got a formation-breaking, glory-grabbing, nitwitted hero in our midst!"

Almost tearfully Sam poured out the tale of that hour in the air, while Maj. Bill Chatham listened gravely.

"It's tough, but we've got to stand for it, Sam," the squadron commander said at last. "Maybe we can drum some sense into him after a while. I'll take him over myself a few times."

Meanwhile, on the line, Fiz O'Brien was lighting a cigarette in somewhat more haste than was his custom after a flip over the trenches. He stoppered his mouth with it before he surveyed a series of punctures, made by a machine gun, in the left wings of his plane.

"That was a stupid error of mine in attacking those Frenchmen," Lieutenant Wintwell said frankly to Fiz O'Brien.

"They seemed to think so," Fiz remarked noncommittally, as he drew in a deep satisfying puff.

Wintwell meditated. "Well, anyhow, we gave those archie gunners a scare," he exulted. "Too bad there weren't any enemy ships out, wasn't it?"

Fiz O'Brien looked at a shrapnel rent in the fuselage of Sam Allison's ship, not two feet behind the seat.

"I almost agree with you," he said.

That was the beginning of the trials of Capt. Sam Allison and Lieut. Fiz O'Brien. They were the older, more experienced men of the flight; upon their competent shoulders rested largely responsibility for the safety of the younger pilots. And Lieut. Fletcher Wintwell remained a young pilot. Experience did not age him; narrow escapes did not dampen his fresh young ardor; the harshest language did not deter him from acting independently at moments when discipline and coöperation were needed most.

On the ground, he was a companionable sort of chap. He distinguished himself as a boxer in several bouts sponsored by the flight surgeon. He had an interesting flow of language. It was noticeable that he was more popular with the men of the other squadrons than he was with the men of his own, and with his flight he was not popular at all.

Major Bill headed him off once or twice when he ventured to address the mess at large on the matter of winning the war and the sacrifices every man should make to that end.

Among the Jayhawkers it was considered bad form to talk about winning the war after a trying day's work.

It was not until five weeks after his arrival that he got his first enemy. By that time Capt. Sam Allison was thinner and less jovial, and his eye had a haunted look that kept the conscientious flight surgeon awake nights. Wintwell was as confident as ever. Though he had been in several dog fights, not once had any part of his ship been pierced by the bullet of an enemy. Neither Sam nor Fiz could say the same.

Wintwell's victory came one day when Flight 1 was up over Vigneulles, about eight miles inside the German lines. Sam Allison was flying a thousand feet above his formation. At the end of one wing, Fiz O'Brien trailed along, with a wise eye awaiting the signal from his high-flying commander.

Below the flight, which then consisted of five ships, two Rumplers were thundering along at an unreasonably low altitude. They were bait—bait to draw down the five Nieuports that moved so hungrily above them. Far to the northward was a flight of four Albatros one-seaters. They, presumably, were guarding the Rumplers. But Sam Allison, well aware of a trap, was up in the ceiling waiting for more enemy fighting ships to reveal themselves.

Half blinded by his persistent squinting into the sun, he finally made them out. It was a formation of eight or nine Fokkers. The manner in which they clung to their place in the eye of the sun made it plain to Sam that they knew that the Nieuports were nibbling at the bait.

But there was more to it than that, even. Maj. Bill Chatham and the other flights of the Jayhawkers were browsing around somewhere on this side of the line, probably among some alto-stratus to the southwest. If Capt. Sam Allison could just hold the delicately balanced structure of plot and counterplot in suspension until he was sure of that fact ——

But at this moment Lieutenant Wintwell, who had been on exemplary behavior for an hour, caught sight of the Rumplers. He alone of the flight had not noticed them creeping along against the green of the forest country below. He was in utter ignorance of the game that was being played.

Waggling his wings for an instant, he shot down upon the Rumplers in that headlong, unthinking fashion that had given Sam Allison so much to worry about.

Smith and Hilton, the other young pilots, thinking that they had missed a signal from Allison, plunged after Wintwell.

Fiz O'Brien groaned. "Going to be hell now," he muttered, firing a brief burst to warm his gun.

It was too late for either Sam Allison or Fiz to stop their inexperienced companions. They were in the trap.

The nine enemy ships came down on the youngsters like pouncing hawks. Close enough to be a part of the formation, Sam Allison dived after them, spouting lead and tracers. Fiz O'Brien joined the procession.

The fury of the attack of the two older pilots gave the jubilant Fokkers more trouble than they had anticipated. A trailing ship burst into flames before Sam's steady fire. Another dropped in a tail spin. It was out of the fight or feigning hurt to escape the flickering stream of death controlled by Fiz's nimble fingers.

Of the seven remaining enemy ships, three that were closest to the fire of Sam and Fiz, looped to get on the tails of the two American veterans.

A dog fight of five ships, spinning, rolling, looping and diving, developed. The captain and Fiz drifted downward, evading the machine-gun fire of their enemies as best they could.

They were doing their utmost to get down to the youngsters together without exposing themselves too foolishly to the attacking Fokkers.

Meanwhile, below, Wintwell, ignoring the fire of the Rumpler observer in the rear cockpit, had succeeded in raking the two-seater. It went into a nose dive and crashed in the woods below. He was still staring proudly after it when the air around him suddenly became full of ships.

Smith and Hilton came first, piquing on the other Rumpler. Almost on their tails came the Fokkers.

Smith, as he followed the Rumpler in its dive for safety, trusted his wings too much. His swoop at two hundred miles an hour ripped the fabric suddenly from most of his upper planes before he got within range of the enemy two-seater. Fighting to hold himself in the air by the power of his motor, he fell, out of control.

Two enemy ships concentrated their fire on Hilton. They literally riddled both pilot and plane. The machine dropped after Smith's.

Above Wintwell, though he did not realize it, two wily Fokkers waited to cut him down when he began his climb. But Wintwell did not climb. Still much pleased with

(Continued on Page 155)

THE NEW NOTE IN RADIO

BEAUTY

Cabinets designed under the personal direction of Mr. Noel S. Dunbar

Radio reception is today the most widely established means of musical entertainment. Your radio receiver comes to the attention of your guests more often and more conspicuously than any other piece of furniture you possess.

Would you have it compliment your appreciation of decorative value in furnishings as well as your judgment of quality in musical reproduction? Then you should own one of the exquisite models that the Splitdorf Radio Corporation has created for the modern home. They embody the charming distinction and enduring attractiveness of beautiful furniture in a radio receiver that is in every way a modern instrument. Rich in tone, superlative in performance and musical excellence—Splitdorf Radio is fully worthy of its superb setting.

Splitdorf strikes this new note of beauty in radio. See the selection of authentic period furniture models.

Twelve models priced from eight hundred dollars to forty-five dollars. Prices apply only east of the Rockies.

SPLITDORF *Radio* CORPORATION

Subsidiary of Splitdorf-Bethlehem Electrical Company, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Little Princess

A $3.50 Small Iron for Home or Travel

FREE

with the purchase of either
the Famous Sunbeam Flat Toaster or
full-sized 6-lb. Sunbeam Iron

OUR OBJECT

To introduce Sunbeam Appliances into 200,000 more homes by Christmas

YOUR OPPORTUNITY

If you see your dealer or Public Service Co. before these Irons are gone

(Read details below and on opposite page)

Little Princess is a fine, full-fledged, 3-pound electric iron—not a toy. It is well worthy of bearing the reputation of the makers of the famous 30-Year Sunbeam.

Just like our full-sized 6-pound Princess, except that Little Princess is half the size. And, of course, it consumes only half the electric current, and heats in about half the time.

Uses for such a handy little iron crop up at home daily—times when one doesn't want the trouble of getting the big family iron out—pieces like ribbons, ties, handkerchiefs and baby clothes that one can iron easier with this lightweight Little Princess.

Little Princess FREE *when you buy this Sunbeam Toaster*

Sunbeam Flat Toaster

Toasts 50% quicker because the bread lies directly over the rising heat. Does not depend on reflected heat—or side heat. Toasts sandwiches *flat*—hence the filling can't fall out.

Sunbeam 30-Year Iron

The famous 6-lb. Iron—with or without a Fire-proof Steel Case—is famous for its 30-Year All-Over Heating Unit that two great engineers gave up trying to burn out after leaving it on current, day and night, for a year and a half.

Little Princess 3-lb. Electric Iron

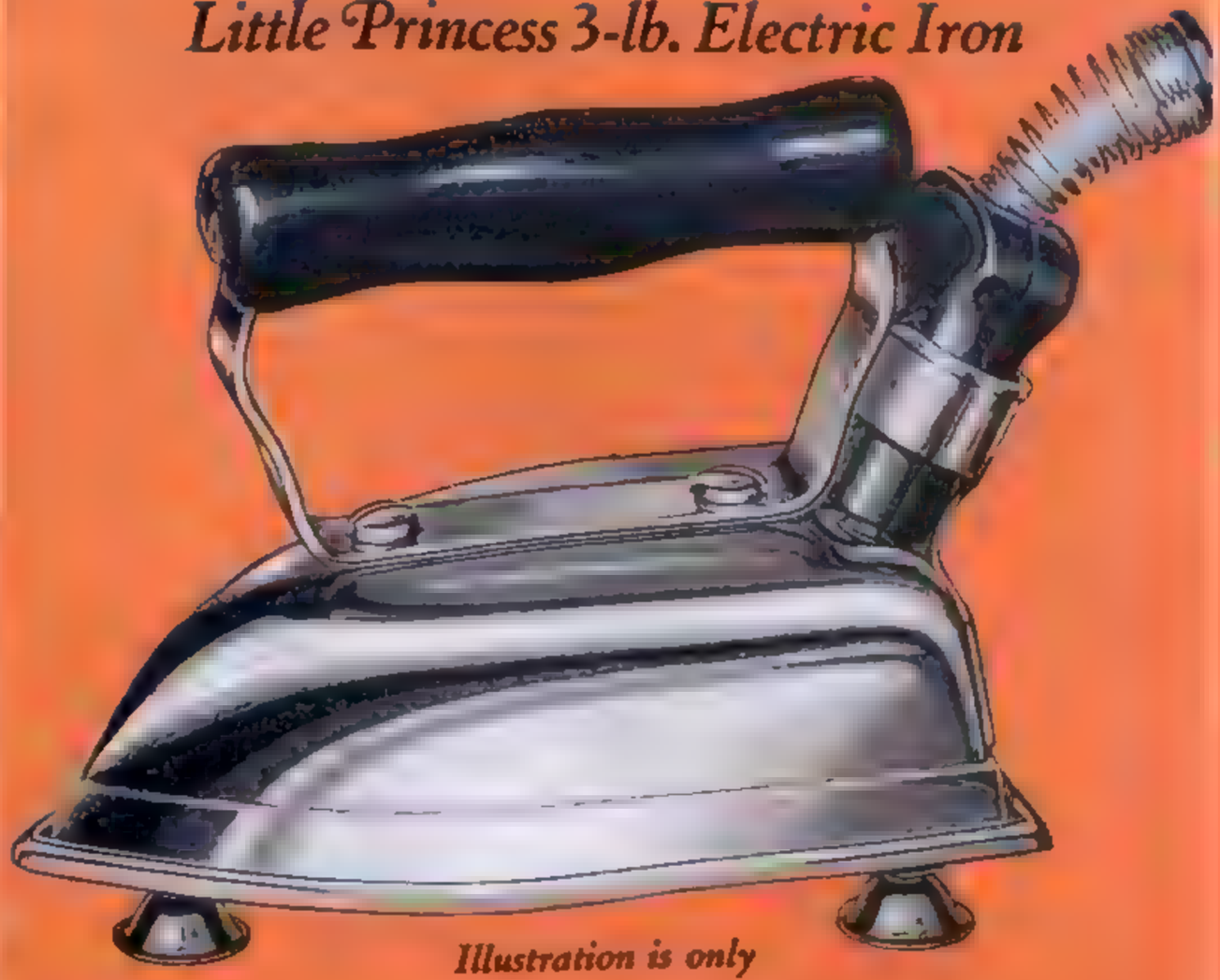
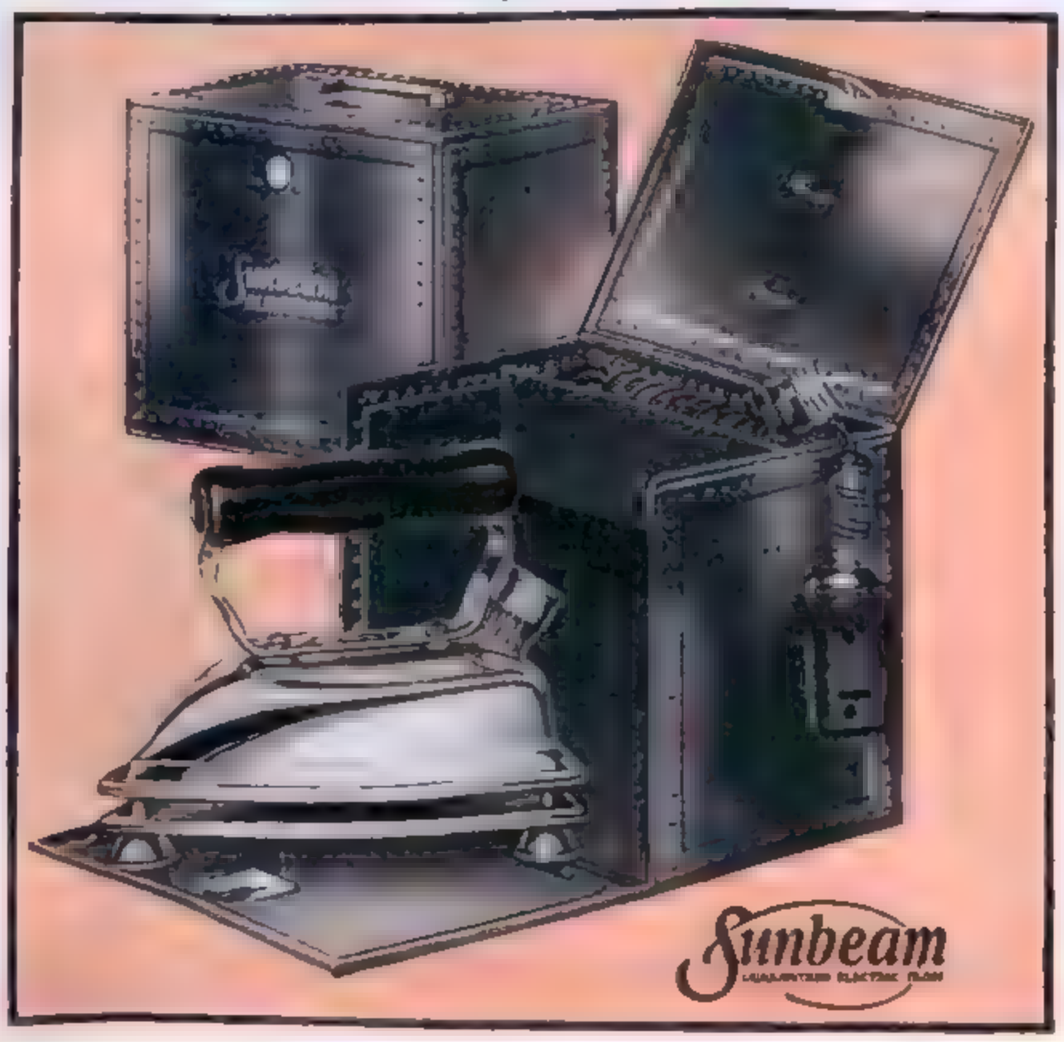
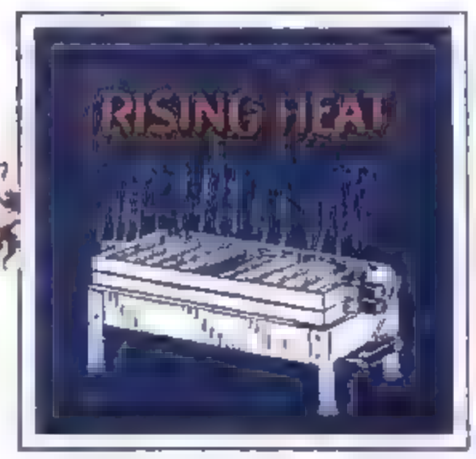


Illustration is only
¾ Actual Size

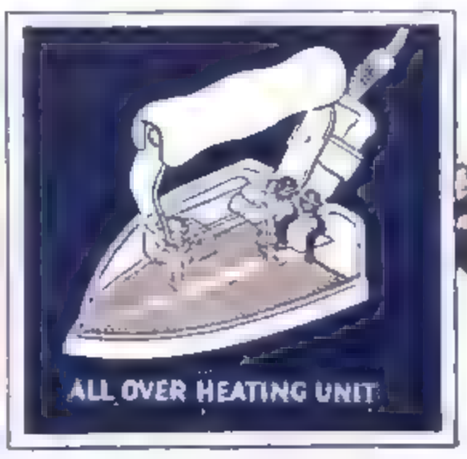
Next to your traveling bag or trunk, Little Princess is the handiest thing you can take on a trip. Having this iron to press your things is almost like having twice as many clothes along.

Little Princess FREE *when you buy this 6-lb. Sunbeam Iron*





No heat escapes when toast lies flat right over it.



Phantom View shows how heating unit extends to the very edges.

Flat Toasting is 50% Quicker by Actual Stop-Watch Tests

So don't give any Toaster at Christmas without reading this—

Rising heat can't escape toast that's laid flat right over it, as side heat escapes when you stand bread on edge. Hence the Sunbeam Flat Toaster—by actual stop-watch tests—toasts in half the usual time, saves current and waiting. And it serves more people quicker.

It toasts Sandwiches *flat*—the only way that the filling won't fall out.

It toasts two at once—or two large slices of bread—to a crisp golden brown, with a tender center.

It toasts six crackers together, and they can't drop out of reach.

Turn toast without touching it or burning fingers. Arrows show action of Turn-over Rack.

When unexpected guests drop in—out comes the Sunbeam Toaster, and serves the whole party in half the time.

For instead of narrow openings, the Sunbeam has a large flat Turn-over Rack. This opens wide for inserting bread, sandwiches, halved-rolls, or crackers, and for removing them. You turn them without touching them—hence never burn your fingers. To clean, simply snap the crumb tray open and dump it. To enjoy real toast—and enjoy preparing it—try this Toaster and you won't give old ways a second look. Comes neatly boxed complete with cord and plug at only $8. A Christmas Gift that will raise a rousing cheer.

The Non-Stop Iron— Damp Clothes Can't Cool It

And Tests Prove 30 Years' Service Can't Burn It Out

Women want an iron that gets hot quickly and stays hot until the last piece is folded away. If damp clothes soon cool an iron off, the woman at the board has to stand around while it's heating again.

Nothing drags out an ironing like that—puts the whole housework two or three hours behind time.

This common complaint is ended by the Sunbeam. Its famous All-Over Heating Unit covers the iron not only from point to heel, but also out to the edges, where damp clothes cool the average iron first.

Because of its balanced weight and all-over heat, Sunbeam does not require hard pressure—this lets a woman rest and iron restfully, if she likes.

Art-Steel Case protects children's fingers while iron cools.

Two famous electrical engineers gave Sunbeam the severest test any iron ever withstood. They left it on current, day and night, for a year and a half and couldn't burn it out. That equals 30 years' average home use.

Comes with or without the Sunbeam Art-Steel Case—another time-saver. For being fire-proof—Underwriters-Tested—a woman can put a hot iron in it and set it away. Otherwise she must wait for her iron to cool. Sunbeam Iron with stand and cord, $7.50; with Art-Steel Case, $1.00 extra.

A Clear-Cut Offer—Not a Contest—Read Our Terms and Order at Once—

This offer is limited to the first 200,000 people who accept it. You need not be surprised if ten times that number try.

In any event, no more Little Princess Irons can be obtained after Dec. 25th except at the regular $3.50 price.

But by quick response you can get one free as follows:

Buy the Sunbeam Flat Toaster in Gift Package at $8.00 and your dealer will give you the Little Princess Iron Free.

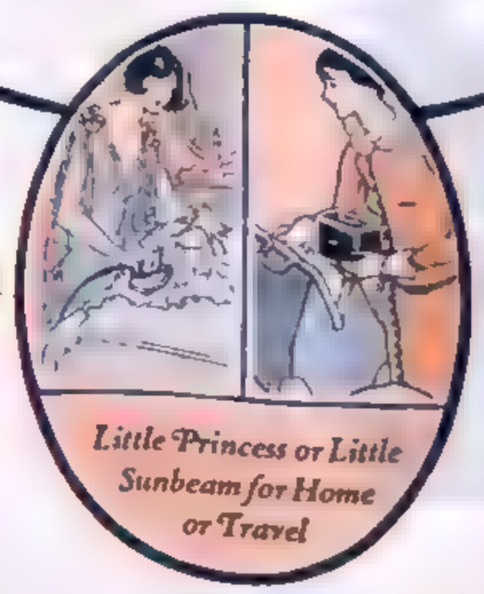
Buy the 6-lb. Sunbeam Iron in Gift Package at $7.50 (or $8.50 including Art-Steel Case) and your dealer will give you the Little Princess Iron Free.

That's all there is to it—no puzzles to solve, no contests of any kind—no work to do.

If not obtainable from your dealer, we'll ship prepaid to any point in U. S., or ask dealer to order for you.

Sunbeam

GUARANTEED ELECTRIC APPLIANCES



Full Sized 6-lb. Sunbeam, $7.50. In Art-Steel Case, $1 extra.

6-lb. Princess, $4.25
[illegible] Princess, $1.00
Both complete with Cord and Stand

Little Sunbeam complete with Cord, Stand and Art Steel Traveling Case, $[illegible].

Sunbeam Flat Toaster, complete with Cord, $8.00.

Sunbeam Table Stove and Toaster, complete with Cord, $10.50.

Sunbeam Electric Heating Pad, complete with Cord, $8.50.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY

38 Years Making Quality Products

5542 W. Roosevelt Rd., Chicago, Ill. 349 Carlaw Ave., Toronto, Can.

© C.F.S.Co., 1927

EASY and quick to install! In your old home right over old cracked surfaces . . . . in your new home direct to studs and joists

Colorful tiling at little cost

Colorful cleanliness at little cost. Now you can be proud of your bath or kitchen. Make dismal, depressing rooms bright and cheerful with Upson Fibre-Tile. Cleanly, crisp . . . characterful!

UPSON *fibre* **TILE**

The alluring beauty of attractive paneling. Transform drab, unin viting rooms easily—with Upson Board. Decorators everywhere agree paneling is the most effective background for furnishings.

UPSON BOARD

crackproof ceilings of lasting beauty

BRIGHT and cheerful color for oft-*neglected* rooms!

Finish your bath, kitchen or laundry in the new tiled mode—in characterful colors that radiate an atmosphere of immaculate cleanliness—*smart!*

Simply apply Upson Fibre-Tile—in big, sturdy sections that go right over the present wall-surface. Comes unfinished, so you can enamel it in any of a hundred charming colors.

Washable..economical! Costs only about 1/10th as much as ceramic tile

Transform cracked ceilings!

Your carpenter can work miracles with Upson Board, whether for neglected rooms or unsightly ceilings.

Inexpensive . . permanent . . easily decorated! And Upsonized ceilings can never crack or fall.

Certified tests prove Upson Board and Upson Fibre Tile *effectively* resist accidental bars, blows, cold, heat, steam even ordinary leaks. Properly applied, should never warp.

Weigh but ½ as much as plaster-filled wallboards. You'll like Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile.

Send today for this interesting book. Address The Upson Company, Lockport, New York

THE UPSON COMPANY, 1207 Upson Pl., Lockport, New York

Enclosed find 10 cents for samples of Upson Fibre Tile and Upson Board, descriptive literature and full-size tile pattern. Name dealer's name and address. Also send free booklet showing actual rooms in Upson Products.

I am planning

Name

Street City State

© 1927 The Upson Co.

LUMBER DEALERS KNOW IT!

Most lumber dealers everywhere are selling Upson. The fact that you see a lumber dealer and do not think it, warrants asking for our interesting proposition.

UPSON

CONTRACTORS USE IT!

Up-to-the-minute carpenters recommend Upson Fibre Tile for kitchen, bath, laundry, basement walls, where or how else Upson Products are desired.

Identify genuine Upson Products by the blue-center in each panel edge

(Continued from Page 150)

himself, he dived after the Fokkers that had finished Hilton.

Now the Rumpler had cost Wintwell a full drum of ammunition. His fire, beginning while he was still far out of range, had winged the pilot more by chance than by aim. Trying the same tactics on the Fokkers, he discovered that things were different. The veteran enemy pilots outmaneuvered him. No matter how he dived and banked, there was always nothing but clear air in front of his bellowing gun, while tracers and lead smoked around him continuously.

The length of Wintwell's life could have been measured in seconds when another Fokker dropped fairly into the midst of the turmoil. The ship was falling in a flat spin. The sight of a comrade in trouble caused Wintwell's two attackers to sheer off for an instant to take a look toward the ceiling.

Two Nieuports were weaving a bewildering course down through the air. Four enemy ships, faster, yet less maneuverable, rocketed in pursuit. Their fire was almost constant. Sometimes the erratic dartings of the American ships made a Fokker the pursued, and then a machine gun roared briefly. Fiz O'Brien and Sam Allison were attempting a rescue, though they needed succor themselves badly enough.

It was not a fight; nor was it a retreat. It was as if two swordsmen, with drawn blades, menaced a murderous crowd, yet did not dare do more than feint, since a real thrust would take time—give the overwhelming numbers their opportunity. The swirl of ships reached Wintwell's level and disconcerted the two Fokkers before they could administer the *coup de grâce* to their less clever opponent.

Now the two veterans of Flight 1 had an added burden to carry—an almost useless friend to protect and two more enemies to face. Their ships fairly flickered through the air. Intangible as ghosts they seemed, save when, for an instant, their guns spat palpable and rending lead.

Another Fokker went down, though it was the fire of a blundering friend that had splintered his propeller and silenced his motor. Both Fiz and Sam Allison were looping, banking and rolling too rapidly to make their guns as deadly as they seemed.

Suddenly there came a signal from one of the Fokkers that drew two others from the chaotic contest. Then the others followed. It was an attempt to take orderly advantage of numbers in the skirmish. The enemy ships slipped quickly into formation and turned again toward the Nieuports.

But the Americans had not neglected the respite. Sam's ship swirled on, ahead of Wintwell's, and Fiz O'Brien's dropped into place at his left. Wintwell found a vertiginous dog fight suddenly transformed into a formation flight. The two other pilots had put him in his usual position. Sam Allison whisked his ship into a steep climbing turn. Habit kept Wintwell in place a moment.

The Fokkers were after them in an instant. Streams of lead sliced the air, but the Nieuports doggedly climbed on. The Fokkers, fast ships, but not fast climbers, found themselves being outdistanced.

A few minutes later the formation of Jayhawkers, led by Maj. Bill Chatham, piqued down past the three Nieuports. The enemy ships were diving frantically for home.

Fiz O'Brien looked behind regretfully at the remains of the fight. But Sam Allison was through. He was heading back across the lines. Fiz, with a glance at Wintwell, kept his place.

"If we hadn't to nurse this baby bulldog we could have cleaned up that outfit," he muttered resentfully.

When they dropped onto their field and taxied to the line, Sam Allison turned a stricken face to Fiz O'Brien. He had lost two men—promising young pilots cut down before they had learned more than the first moves of the game.

But Wintwell was sliding out of his seat with a jubilant face.

"I got a ship!" he exulted. "My first ship!"

"Your first!" said Fiz O'Brien cuttingly. "You got three today, Wintwell."

"I did?" exclaimed the young pilot with a gratified smile. "I thought I had ——"

"You got a Rumpler and two Nieuports—Smith and Hilton."

Abruptly Fiz walked away. Sam Allison, without a look or a word, followed him.

The victor over three ships stared after them resentfully.

"They've got a streak o' yellow in them, if they are aces," he muttered resentfully. "I took the same chance as those other fellows, didn't I? It might have been me. That's war! What are they sore about?"

The air service was not overcrowded with disciplinarians, nor was its coördination the set coördination of the infantry and the other arms. Its perils and exploits were more often individual perils and exploits, by the very nature of its work. The pilots considered themselves fighters, not pawns for a staff arm to move. And the best men were often enough the men least amenable to order.

Though in a ground outfit Lieutenant Wintwell might have been court-martialed, neither Fiz O'Brien nor Sam Allison expected Maj. Bill Chatham to do anything official about his disobedience. To all three, Wintwell was just something that the war had unloaded on them. Like a bombing raid on the aerodrome, he must be put up with and made as harmless as possible.

It was hard on Sam Allison. He had other men to protect from this untrustworthy member of his flight as well as himself. To Fiz O'Brien he was just an added personal risk.

After the mess over Vigneulles, Fletcher Wintwell never went on a patrol with any younger or less hard-boiled pilots unless those pilots had received secret and peremptory instructions never to follow him under any circumstances.

He continued to break formation. The lectures of Major Bill and the admonitions of Sam Allison were disregarded at the first sight of a black cross on the wing of a ship. It mattered nothing to him that the flight might be upon a definite mission, such as guarding a formation of photographing machines or coöperating with other flights on a fixed objective. Wintwell went out to win the war alone, like a knight of old.

Sometimes Fiz O'Brien, who acted as sheep dog of the outfit, herded him back into the flock when he made a break. Sometimes Fiz, Allison and other older pilots of the squadron pulled him out of scrapes at the risk of their ships and skins. But it didn't add to Flight 1's record. Things weren't going right any longer.

The surgeon of the squadron took to watching Sam Allison in an unobtrusive sort of way that got on Sam's already ragged nerves. One of these days the medico would tell Sam to take a rest—ground him, and Sam feared grounding far more than he feared death. The thought of it would keep him tossing in a bath of perspiration when he should have been getting some rest. Grounded! To him it meant disgrace—public announcement that he was a failure not only as a flight commander but as a pilot. Unfit!

Fiz, the casual, watched his friend suffer, but said nothing. There was nothing to say. Sam wouldn't stand for having Wintwell unloaded on one of the other flight commanders. He wasn't that sort. He would stand the gaff until ——

The break came sooner than Fiz expected it to. It began as the same old story.

It was on a two-hour patrol, starting at six one bleak morning. Just three ships—Sam Allison, Fiz and Wintwell—took off to do a glorified sentry go at eighteen thousand feet over the lines between St.-Mihiel and Pont-à-Mousson. From the Meuse to the Moselle, back and forth, they flew. A mist on the ground concealed even the scarred front. At that height the rarefied air was so cold it made a man's heart sore in his chest. Wintwell kept his place, all ambition for knightly deeds congealed by the frosty air.

Toward the end of the second hour a formation of six enemy planes, heading homeward after some mission near St.-Mihiel, was sighted. The Nieuports had the advantage of altitude and they were almost in the eye of the sun. That meant that the enemy scouts had not observed them.

Sam led the other ships down onto the tails of the Fokkers. Flaming lead was their first intimation of danger and one ship went down in flames instantly. It was Sam Allison's victory. The others, after a panic-stricken moment, rallied on perceiving that they outnumbered the Americans. A beautiful dog fight developed. Fiz O'Brien, taking a chance on diving below an enemy ship and zooming beneath it, got his man, but at the same time discovered his left wing being riddled by another enemy on his tail.

"Getting young and simple," he growled, and threw his light plane into a vertical bank.

He pulled away in time to save the ship from serious trouble. The flight took on the appearance of a tumbling act, as ship after ship found itself plunging earthward with an enemy hot on its tail. It was dive and loop to get out of the fire, and then dive again to return the hot lead to the enemy ship whistling past. At this game the Americans held their own, for it was hard for more than one of the enemy to get his sights on a Nieuport at one time.

Two of the enemy ships, finding their formation shy two of its members, with all three American planes still in action, suddenly piqued for home.

The two others, wiser or more valorous, drew away for a look. Then, perceiving a couple of Albatros fighters roaring up from the eastward, they retreated less precipitately through their lines.

Sam, with one eye on the approaching Albatros scouts, looked at the clock on his instrument board. It told him that his two hours was nearly up and consequently that his fuel tank was almost empty. He waggled his wings for attention and pulled his ship into a bank toward his own territory.

Gazing around, he found Fiz alone turning toward him. And then, looking farther into enemy territory, he caught sight of Wintwell far below, plunging after one of the fleeing Fokkers. Already one of the wily enemy ships that had delayed its retirement was coming down on him. The other still circled, awaiting the arrival of the approaching Albatros fighters.

Sam flipped around toward Wintwell. His reckless subordinate was intent upon the retreating Fokkers. He was flying deep into enemy territory, oblivious of the danger that lurked upon his tail and of his fast-emptying gas tank.

It was a moment of agonizing doubt for Sam. On the face of it, it was Wintwell's suicide. But Sam was his flight leader. He had gas in his tank still, and bullets in his gun. There was a chance—a slim chance—he might pull Wintwell out of this hole as he had saved him in the past.

He knew it was practically certain that this time Wintwell had gone too far to be aided. Sam groaned. Yet he must try.

He waggled his wings to Fiz and pointed toward the Fokker that was watching them. That would be Fiz's job. He thrust his stick forward for a dive toward the chase into Germany. Then suddenly he pulled his stick back again.

Fiz's ship was wavering uncertainly in the air. The light blue of the sky showed briefly through the riddled left wing. Fiz himself was working desperately with a jam hammer.

"His gun's jammed!" Sam muttered. The Fokker sailed in circles, like a buzzard, waiting.

And then Sam saw the propeller of Fiz's ship. It was not whirling, as it should, in

(Continued on Page 157)

The Joy of mending things yourself

SOLDERING is a fascinating art, for many years restricted only to skilled artisans. But now with Kester Metal Mender everybody can solder—easily and quickly right in their own homes.

The thrill of seeing and using molten metal is only surpassed by the satisfaction of having made useful again some convenient metal article at trivial cost. It's fun to solder.

And for Christmas—Kester comes right to the front to gladden again the hearts of the youngsters whose toys have too short a life in eager hands. Slip a handy can of Kester into Dad's or Brother's sock. They'll appreciate it, and so will Mother for the many uses she'll have for it.

Get a can today from your hardware dealer, general store, auto supply shop, or druggist

The Household Solder

KESTER METAL MENDER

Requires Only Heat

Repairmen — Kester Acid-Core Solder. The larger the package the greater the saving.

Radio Fans — Kester Radio Solder. 5-10 and 20 pound spools for larger users.

Manufacturers

We are originators and the world's largest manufacturers of *self fluxing wire solder*. Kester is made in the various alloys in a large range of [illegible] Research Engineer

Convince yourself of the merits of Kester at our expense

CHICAGO SOLDER COMPANY
4212-01 Wrightwood Ave., Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send me sample of your: (Check which sample you wish to test)

☐ Kester Metal Mender ☐ Kester Acid-Core Solder
☐ Kester Radio Solder (Rosin Core) ☐ Specials for Manufacturers (State nature of work)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
Dealer _____

All you want your gift to be—a Karpen chair

In this merry season, urgent suggestions come from every side, from newspapers and magazines, from windows and counters. . . . Give this for Christmas! Or give that! If some seem too sternly practical, others too luxuriously unnecessary, then the delightful answer may well be a chair, a chair by Karpen.

Useful and lasting it will be, yet with the beauty so essential in expressing the holiday spirit. There is a deep, loungy one for father's quiet hour after dinner. Mother will like a graceful pull-up style for the afternoons when she entertains at bridge. Or for the family, an occasional chair will give everyone so much more pleasure than several smaller things.

This year especially, with the mode in living-room decoration calling for more and a greater variety of chairs, such a gift will be appreciated. And if it bears a Karpen nameplate the happy one will know you have made sure of craftsmanship and quality as fine as the thought that prompted its giving.

A dealer near you has many Karpen chairs from which to choose. We will gladly send you his name and the *Glorious Adventure of Home Furnishing (P. D.)* that beautifully and interestingly tells the secrets of good furniture. Write S. Karpen & Bros., 801 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago; 37th and Broadway, New York; or 180 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

ASK FOR KARPEN FURNITURE · · FIND THE NAMEPLATE BEFORE YOU BUY

P.D.

(Continued from Page 155)

shimmering invisibility; it was moving sluggishly through the air at no greater speed than a boy could twirl a bat. Fiz's motor had quit.

Slowly the faltering, disabled Nieuport turned for a glide toward Allied territory. The Fokker, climbing, took up a place behind it.

Sam remembered then that Fiz O'Brien, too, was a pilot of his flight.

"I'll be everlastingly blasted if I'll chuck away a man like O'Brien for a fool like Wintwell!" he whispered. He waved a hand reassuringly to Fiz and then climbed, as fast as he could force his little ship up, to take a place between Fiz and the waiting Fokker.

In the cockpit of the gliding Nieuport with the shot-up left wing Fiz O'Brien smiled grimly and briefly as he saw Sam Allison climb instead of dive. He continued to press back the feeding mechanism of his gun. There was no defective cartridge jammed in the works. The reason his propeller idled in the air was that his ignition was off. Fiz was bluffing his friend out of joining in Wintwell's crazy enterprise.

With a face entirely unmarked by remorse, he stared after Wintwell into enemy territory. He was too far away to see more than that Wintwell had sacrificed almost all his altitude in his mad chase, and that behind him were a Fokker and both the Albatros one-seaters. It was obvious in that situation Sam could have done nothing to help Wintwell except to crash with him.

"I'd crack a hundred dubs myself to pull Sam out of his hole," Fiz muttered to himself. "But he's never going to know how it happened."

Resolutely he continued his motionless glide toward earth.

That was a different home-coming from other returns of Flight 1; for Fiz O'Brien, having made an artistic landing in a field well behind the front, returned to the aerodrome two hours later by car. He found a relieved Sam Allison, struggling hard to be properly sad about poor Wintwell, waiting for him.

Fiz O'Brien had no crocodile tears to shed.

"Well," he remarked coolly to Sam and Maj. Bill Chatham, "I'm slightly sorry for Wintwell. But now we can go on with the war."

Major Bill looked at him thoughtfully, almost lingeringly, and then nodded.

"They'll probably drop us a note about him in a day or so," he remarked. "I can't say I wanted him killed exactly, but ——"

"He was a damn fine boxer," Sam Allison interrupted with emphasis.

Fiz O'Brien nodded. If he had begun to suffer from this guilty secret of his, he did not show it by his manner.

Sam Allison raised his chunky muscular arms over his head and stretched wholeheartedly. He stretched like a man who had awakened to pleasant reality after a grueling nightmare.

"How about a little voluntary this afternoon, Fiz?" he suggested briskly. "Maybe we'll run into the fellow that shot you up."

"Sure," agreed Lieutenant O'Brien.

"I think I'll go along with you," Major Bill said. "I haven't —— What in hell's that ship?"

With ears alert to the sound of a motor that was certainly not a Nieuport, they turned.

Out of a cloud five thousand feet above the field a ship came diving. On its wings were black crosses.

"He's going to drop us something about Wintwell, I suppose," said Major Chatham. "Just the same ——"

The two ships on the alert were already taking off, so there was nothing to do. But the German ship, an Albatros, dropped nothing. It landed on the field and taxied to the line. Out of it, with a pleased smile on his face, stepped Lieut. Fletcher Wintwell himself. The knuckles of his right hand were badly bruised, but beyond that he was the same confident, handsome lieutenant.

Sam Allison turned white and Fiz O'Brien began whistling tunelessly through his teeth, as he did when things got very hot in the air.

"Well, gentlemen, here I am," said Lieutenant Wintwell, beaming at them. "I cracked up my ship in the mist trying to land in Germany, where my gas gave out. But an Albatros pilot landed in the field to take me prisoner and I stunned him with a rock and stole his ship."

"Well, I'll ——" said Maj. Bill Chatham haltingly. "You did, eh?"

"Give me a hand with Sam," Fiz interrupted. "The poor chap's fainted."

That night there was a celebration at the field in honor of Lieut. Fletcher Wintwell's achievement. It was attended by everyone who could come, and it was in part official and in part otherwise. War correspondents swarmed. It was a good story—this exploit in enemy territory.

The commander of the wing to which the Jayhawkers were attached was present. He had come to study the Albatros, which was new and had unknown features of great aeronautical importance.

Sam Allison was there, although he was still pale; and Fiz O'Brien, although he was still whistling through his teeth.

The climax of the celebration came midway in its length. This was just after Lieutenant Wintwell had related his experience in detail to the crowd of officers in the big hangar where the official celebration took place. He never looked more handsome, more determined, more like what a war pilot should look.

Maj. Bill Chatham, with an eye that glistened, sprang the sensation.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is my duty to announce an honor for the Jayhawker Squadron that is also a bereavement. Gentlemen, as you all know, a great drive is being planned. It is not a mere drive of men and guns; it is a drive for the sinews of war. I refer to the next Liberty Loan campaign.

"As you know, every means possible is being used to make vivid the war to the people of the United States. And the work of the aviation service should have its spokesman." He paused and scowled darkly at his scraggy gang of Jayhawkers, not one of whom looked either serious or soldierly. "A talented, officer-like, daring spokesman," he said blightingly and with emphasis.

"Gentlemen," he continued, with a poker face, "our wing commander looked with favor upon an inspiration of my own that Lieut. Fletcher Wintwell be assigned to this great work at home. He communicated at once with Paris, and there is no doubt that tomorrow or next day will bring orders appointing Lieutenant Wintwell ambassador of the American flying service to the United States."

Lieutenant Wintwell, bowing in gracious acknowledgment of the applause, observed that Capt. Sam Allison and Lieut. Fiz O'Brien cheered more hysterically than anyone else and decided that he had been too harsh in judging them.

But he did not hear what Captain Sam was babbling in Lieutenant O'Brien's ear:

"And if we have to fly thirty hours a day we'll clean up this war, Fiz, before he gets back!"

Fiz O'Brien nodded. "It would be dangerous not to," he agreed somberly.

Beautiful Console model of dark selected walnut, with drop door and excellent cone speaker, mounted on baffle-board. Contains Amrad standard six-tube chassis and may be operated by loop or antenna with very beautiful and clear tone-[illegible] Completely [illegible] One dial control

$195

For Christmas

THE Royal Series Amrad furnishes a gift the entire family will enjoy and appreciate. With its richly beautiful tone it brings the whole world of radio entertainment to the home, with a thrilling beauty and clarity.

Amrad Electrical models require no batteries, need no attention. They are instruments scientifically designed for electrical operation, use latest R. C. A. tubes and connect to any convenient lamp socket.

Amrad sets operate with a single dial, which is illuminated and calibrated in wavelengths. Which means that when you want a station broadcasting on 330 metres you simply turn the dial to 330.

Shielded at Every Stage

Each condenser and tube is shielded in the Royal Series Amrad. And this shielding gives stability in reception as well as freedom from interference of powerful stations.

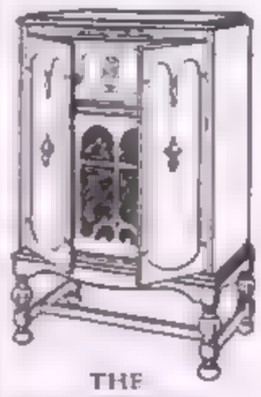
We urge you to *hear* the Amrad before determining upon the purchase of a radio instrument. The bell-like, exquisite tone will speak for itself

Upon request we will send you an exquisitely illustrated book entitled, "The Royal Road To Pleasure," with Pictures and details of AMRAD *models. Also, if you wish, the name of a nearby dealer who will be glad to give you a demonstration. Address Desk "P."*

THE AMRAD CORPORATION
Medford Hillside, Mass.
J. E. Hahn, President
Powel Crosley, Jr., Chairman of the Board

Amrad sets are manufactured under license contract between Radio Corporation of America and Crosley Radio Corporation. Licensed under Hazeltine and La Tour patents, issued and pending for radio amateurs, experimental and broadcast reception.

Prices slightly higher West of Rockies



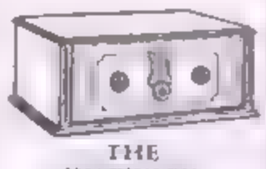
THE HASTINGS

Exquisite Console [illegible] and ample [illegible] built-in speaker Single dial control.

$295

Electrically operated, requiring no batteries.

$395



THE WARWICK

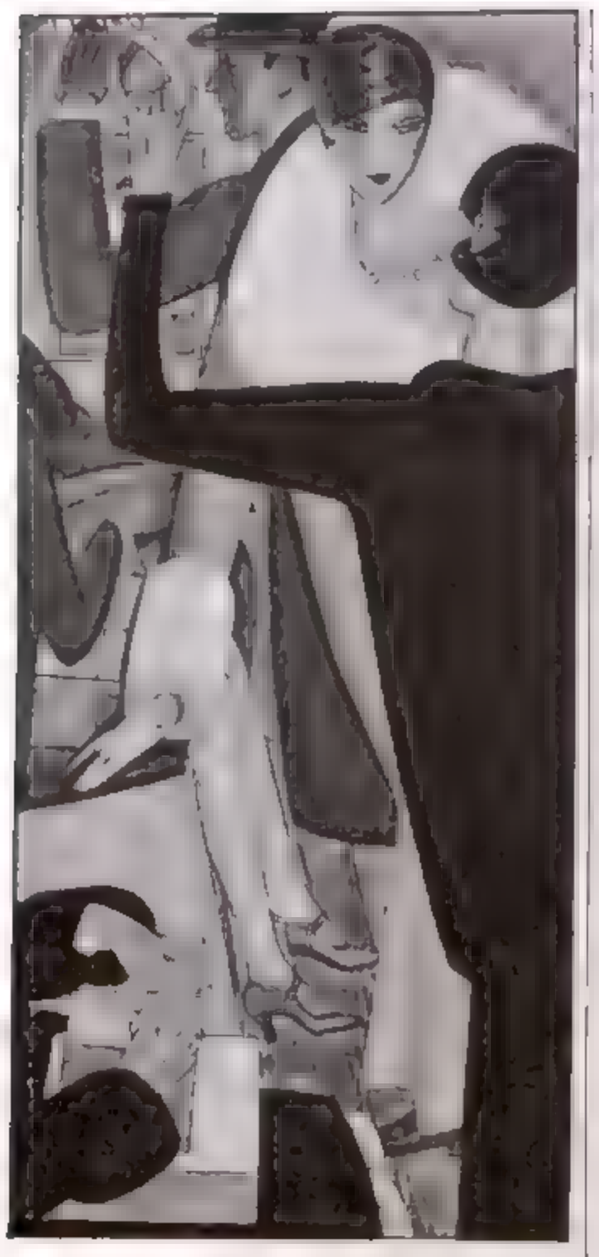
Six-tube Compact, single dial control.

$138

A. C. operated, no batteries.

$238

The Royal Series
AMRAD
NEUTRODYNE



"You sit down... you've been shopping"

There's no use denying it—shopping, especially at Christmas, is bound to be tiring to your feet. But there are degrees of tiredness. And your shoes make all the difference.

ARNOLD Glove-Grip Shoes are made for easy walking. Their comfort is a matter of scientific construction. And it is obtained without the use of hard artificial supports. How? By the exclusive Glove-Grip arch.

In Glove-Grips the soft leather of the upper is drawn in *underneath* the instep. When you lace Glove-Grips you lift up the arch. Your foot is relaxed—your weight evenly distributed. And the shoes have the style and fit of the custom-made.

Let us send you the address of the nearest Glove-Grip dealer. Write to the M. N. Arnold Shoe Company, North Abington, Mass.

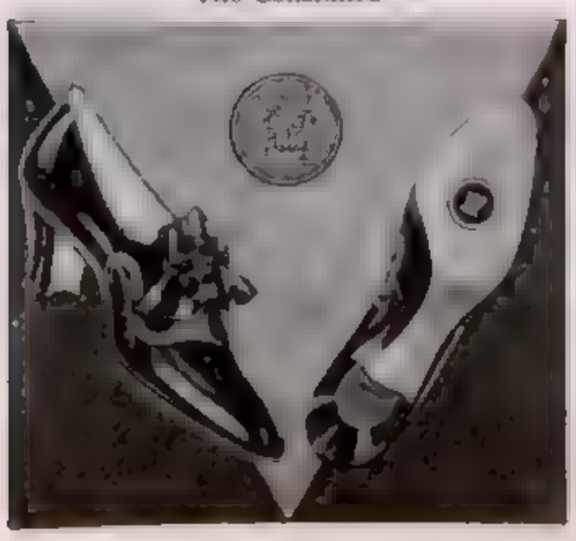
ARNOLD

GLOVE-GRIP

SHOES

Most styles $10 to $13.50

The Constance



GUN-SHY

(Continued from Page 19)

I told her the whole story and we spread ourselves that night by seeing a show and having a little supper afterwards. I went to the store next morning, but found out that they felt, like Flaherty did, that I might make a better cop than receiving clerk. I was fired. I took my pay and dropped in to see Simon. He laughed at my being fired and we got real friendly.

When I left he had telephoned the captain downtown to hurry things along for me, and I had told him that some day I would show him what a real friend he had made. That went over great, and Simon and I are good friends right to this minute.

II

SIMON told me that if I needed money while I was not working, he would take care of me, but he also said he thought things could be brought along very fast for me. That was the way it worked out. In three days I was called for mental tests. I went straight to the captain and proved I had studied the stuff he gave me.

He drilled me carefully. The examinations were not very hard. They tried you in groups of questions. The first batch were on laws and ordinances. I knew I passed that easy, because I answered the questions from what the captain himself had told me. Then came a batch on rules and regulations. That was easy too. The next sheet was on city administration. That was a cinch. Next was city information, and that was harder, but I answered all but one question. Finally came a few examples in plain arithmetic and then I was finished.

They told me I must have a standing of at least seventy to pass, and if I got that I would go on the approved list and wait for a call from the police commissioner for a draft of new men. That sounded hard, but I kept still and nodded.

"The higher your standing is," the little guy with the big nose told me, "the sooner you are called."

I went to Simon and he called up the civil-service place and told them who he was. He asked what I had done and they told him my mark was ninety-seven and a half. Simon grinned all over his big face, and when he came back he put one hand on the edge of the bar and leaned the other elbow on the beer taps.

"It's a smart lad you are," he laughed. "Unless I'm seventeen kinds of an idiot, you head the list. We'll git to work rapid now."

It was only another week before I got a notice to report to the School for Recruits at police headquarters. There some police surgeons gave me another physical test, but it was not very rigid. I passed and started in the school. There were two hundred of us, and we got paid while in the school, but we did not get a uniform or a shield.

We got orders after two weeks in the school to buy our uniforms. They have regular places where you can go and order. I got a winter outfit, overcoat and trousers, and it cost me forty-two dollars. Simon lent me the money. Later on I bought a dress uniform for thirty-eight dollars. It was a single-breasted coat with a row of brass buttons down the front. That was in the old days. They do not use them now.

In the school they taught us the duties of a patrolman. They explained that each of us got a regular post to patrol and that we must always patrol it on the side of the street where our shield was toward the curbstone. That would be the right side of the street. The idea of that was so that the sergeant, who patroled the opposite way, never could miss us on the post.

We also got drilled in traffic regulation; were told what to watch for on streets, sidewalks, doorways and areas. Danger to citizens was the big point they drilled into us; danger and what to do when it appeared.

During the time in school we studied days, and then, every night between eight and twelve o'clock, we patrolled a beat in the company of a regular patrolman. We had no uniform and no shield. The man I worked with most was an old fellow long on the force and I got good tips from him.

He had a soft thing. He never bought a meal or a drink. He always tried to stand close with all kinds of people and the way he bought his clothes and shoes and hats was an education all by itself.

Once he got broke and pawned his gun. I thought sure he would get into trouble over that, but he knew what he was doing. At roll call each day the sergeant inspected the patrolmen going on tour, and part of that inspection was to look over uniform and equipment. The gun was a part of equipment, but the sergeant just ran his hand over your hip pocket. The result was that this old cop carried an umbrella handle there until he got his gun out of hock.

There were lots of little tricks like that. A man learns fast what the ropes are.

We were supposed to be in the school three months, but I stayed only thirty days. In that time I bought my gun, nippers, whistle and memorandum book at regular places they told us to go. My uniform was ready for me and I felt pretty good when I got orders to put it on and report in it at headquarters.

When we got there we went before the chief clerk, who swore us in and gave us our shields with numbers on them. That number was registered in my name all through the department. Right after that I was ordered to report to the precinct in my own home district. That very seldom happened and it made me glad.

I left and started for the precinct. On the way I dropped in at Simon Flaherty's. I was in uniform, so I went around the back way and called Simon to the ladies' room of the saloon. When he saw me, all lit up like a church window, he stopped short, raised his hands and shouted out: "See this here what the alley cat has dragged in! The police, begorrah! I'm thinkin' me place is raided!"

"How do I look, Simon?" I asked. That was the first time I had ever called him Simon, and he came up to me and put his big arm around my shoulder and squeezed me like a father.

"Look?" he said. "Look? How does he look, he asks me! Lord above, Tommy lad, you look like a policeman should look! I'm right proud of you, that I am. There's no finer breed on earth, so there ain't, than the breed you look like an' the breed you are. We'll drink to it, begorrah, drink to Patrolman Tom Fogarty. . . . An' you're detailed here, like they promised me?"

"I'm detailed to this precinct," I said. "I hope I get this very post, Simon."

"Sure you got it!" he boomed. "That's as sure as the shiny new shield on your chest, lad. You been to the station house?"

"Nope. I stopped here first just to let you know."

Simon whirled away toward the outer room.

He was gone for about five minutes, and when he came back his eyes were bright and his face flushed. In a minute his bartender came in with a tray. There was a bottle and three glasses on it, and he set it on the table and came over to me grinning, his hand held out.

"Congratch'lations, Fogarty," he said as we shook hands. "It's about time we got a decent break around here!"

Simon and I sat down and Simon pointed to the extra glass and said we need not wait for the third party. He was as excited as I was, and he would reach across the table and rub the new uniform I had and poke me in the ribs, the while smiling like a sunrise and kidding me about what a fine-looking cop I made.

After a time the captain, my boss, showed up, and his was the third glass. The captain was as friendly as Simon. Like kids, they were. They made me stand up and salute the captain, made me walk like I was going to walk when I was on tour.

Outside, in the saloon, men were talking and the news had spread. I was appointed and going to have this post. The captain was not in uniform and we walked back to the station together. On the way I met people I knew and they would look at me, recognize me, then grin. I felt like a mouse in a ballroom. I was all hands and feet.

At the station house I was shown the post board. They detailed you then every morning. At roll call you were inspected and detailed by post number, and if you did not know the number, you went to this board and it was all marked down for you.

I hung around the reserve room that day and the captain told me he would have me detailed to the beat I wanted around Simon's place and see that I stayed there. They worked the five-platoon system at that time. Now it is the three. We worked on tour for six hours at a time, and when we were detailed for reserve duty, which rotated among the men at the station, we did another six hours at the station house.

I liked the reserve duty for a while because it gave me a chance to study up more on what we had been taught at school. The fire-prevention thing had been skipped over quickly because of the shortness of the course they gave us. I learned now what to do about fires; how to stop drafts when the fire is discovered by closing doors and hatches to roofs, then to turn in an alarm and leave a citizen of responsible age and understanding at the fire box to direct the equipment when it arrived.

After that we were to return to the scene of the fire. They told us how to rouse tenants without making excitement and panic, how to determine when a building was empty and all that regulation stuff that a fellow has to know.

Each day we got, at roll call, reports of suspicious persons, fire hazards, street disturbances, stolen vehicles. There was enough to keep you busy if you did your job. But most important was to know your relieving point on tour. There was always one point on the post that never changed and you always relieved at that point. You had to be there on time when you relieved, day or night.

That was the routine of it all. I worked into it easy enough, and because everybody knew Flaherty was my friend and I stood well at the station house, I avoided a lot of the kidding most rookie cops get. My first day on the force I spent going around to the storekeepers and saloon keepers and shopmen, making myself known. I said I was there to protect them and their property and I would do what I could for them. They were all very friendly, and quite a lot of them told me that they would give me their stuff at a discount and do me any favors they could. In three weeks I felt as though I had been a policeman all my life.

In that time Mamie and me got married and rented a flat. I bought some pretty nice stuff on the installment plan and we were happy. Flaherty sent us a wedding present and two or three of the boys I worked with before chipped in and sent us a baby carriage.

The neighborhood was one filled with poor people, and my biggest trouble always came about through booze. I kind of understood that, even if I always hated to see it. You take a man along in middle age and still making only as much as his back can stand to earn, and he is bound to try to forget it once in a while. That is where the drinking came from. Men discouraged with their work and their life there in the hot tenements; maybe men who had dreamed about having their children educated, and then, after doing their best, seeing their sons working on the piers or driving teams—that kind were apt to drink.

The first man I ever arrested was a drunk For a while I tried to talk to him and get

(Continued on Page 163)

The JEWELED MOMENT *Dad will never forget*

THIS TIME Dad has the surprise of his life – a *real* present, selected at the jewelry store! What loads of fun to watch his face as he opens the box. Too astonished for a moment to say a single word. But there's a joyous twinkle in his eye that means he's pleased as Punch.

This jeweled gift is a personal possession that Dad will use and treasure all the years to come.

Modern Modes in Jewelry

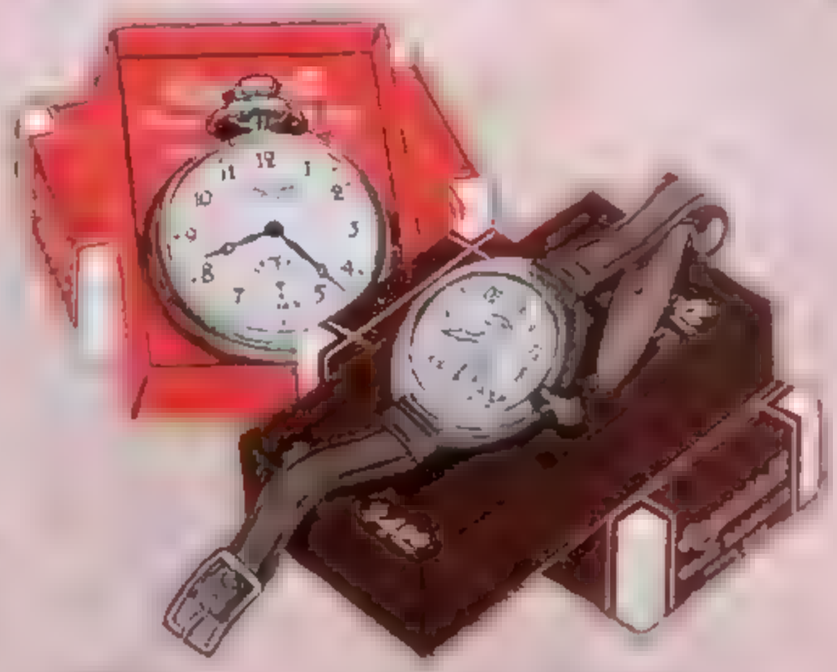
Fashion decrees that pocket watch with chain be worn for evening wear or with a dinner coat.

for GIFTS THAT *LAST*

Consult your Jeweler

For Christmas An Ingersoll

POCKET OR WRIST WATCH



YANKEE

The most famous and popular watch in the world. Always dependable and sturdy. New improved model. $1.50
Yankee Radiolite $2.25.

WRIST RADIOLITE

Everybody needs a wrist watch. Night or day, the time's in sight—at a glance. Unusually dependable . . . $4.00
Plain Dial Model $3.50.

When you give an Ingersoll Watch you make a gift that is appreciated out of all proportion to its cost.

For there's no gift like a watch, nothing used so much, consulted so often, carried so long. And Ingersoll Watches, made for over 35 years, have a reputation for dependability and enduring service that is world-wide and thoroughly deserved.

There's an Ingersoll for every member of the family—at prices ranging from $1.50 to $17.50.

The $1.50 watch is the famous Ingersoll Yankee, the most famous and popular watch in the world (illustrated in its box at the top of the page).

Also illustrated above is the regular Ingersoll Wrist Radiolite, priced at $4.00, now in the new tonneau-shape with metal dial.

The $17.50 watch is the new 7-jewel ALDEN wrist watch in a rolled gold-plate case—a small, fine, American-made wrist watch at an extremely moderate price.

You'll find Ingersolls on sale in stores everywhere. Ask to see the complete line. If your dealer hasn't just the model you want, write us, giving his name.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc., New York • Chicago • San Francisco • Montreal

Prices in Canada slightly higher

Illustrations ¾ actual size

JUNIOR

12-size. Thin model that slips easily into the pocket. Metal dial. Popular with men and boys.
Junior Radiolite $4.00. $3.25

MIDGET

Small size. Favored by women, girls and boys.
Midget Radiolite $4.75. $3.25

WATERBURY

Engraved Design—Chromium Finish
With Radium Dial $6.00. $5.00

The ALDEN

7 Jewels — Rolled Gold plate Case — Radium Dial
$17.50

Ingersoll

ALARM CLOCKS

Now at Your Dealer's

TYPE-R Jr.

Junior edition of the Type-R. Everyone admires it. A handsome little clock with an intermittent alarm. Height 3½" **$3.25**

TYPE-R

The aristocrat of the line. Large, easily readable dial. Suitable for bedroom or kitchen. Intermittent alarm. Height 6" **$3.25**

AND NOW—Ingersoll Alarm Clocks!

Perhaps you read the announcement of Ingersoll Alarm Clocks in *The Saturday Evening Post* three weeks ago.

If you had any difficulty then in finding a dealer with them in stock, you won't now!

A vast majority of the hundred thousand merchants who carry Ingersoll Watches, now have Ingersoll Alarm Clocks too. These merchants have sent us orders for many more clocks than our factories have been able to produce—even though we had accumulated a large stock before offering them for sale.

Is there any better evidence of the high regard that is placed on a time-piece with Ingersoll on the dial?

Like Ingersoll Watches, Ingersoll Clocks keep reliable time. And like Ingersoll Watches they are built with an eye to beauty. Of tasteful design and proportions, they have many features that will appeal to you: metal dials—heavy rolled edge cases—artistic hands and numerals—handles and feet that are part of the clock rather than merely attachments—knob alarm switches.

Five models—each in plain dial or luminous—priced from $1.50 to $4.50. Types R and R Jr., pictured above, are particularly suitable as Christmas gifts.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc., New York • Chicago • San Francisco • Montreal

TYPE-T

A high-grade, [illegible] alarm clock. Continuous alarm. Attractive [illegible] and handle. Height 5¼" **$1.50**
Type-T Radiolite $2.25

TYPE-S

Back bell alarm clock at a low price. Dependable quality. Continuous alarm. Height 5" [illegible] **$2.00**
Type-S Radiolite $2.75

TYPE-B

Intermittent; back bell. Typical Ingersoll [illegible] R [illegible] and alarm. Height 5¼" **$2.50**
Type-B Radiolite $3.50

TYPE-R RADIOLITE

The Type-R with luminous figures and hands. Tells time in the dark. Intermittent [illegible] Height 6" **$4.50**

TYPE-R Jr. RADIOLITE

The Type-R Jr. with luminous figures and hands. Tells time in the dark. Intermittent alarm. Height 3½" **$4.50**

LOOK FOR THE HUTTO EQUIPPED SHOP

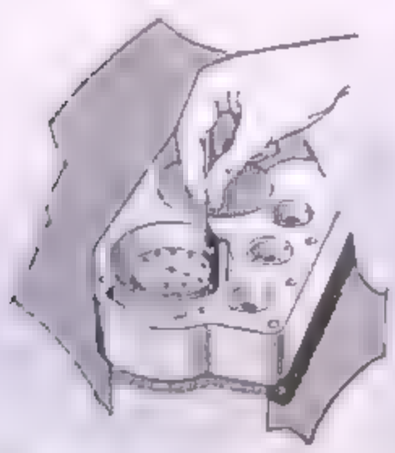
The Hutto Grinder makes one day Engine Conditioning Service possible

Hutto grinder users can completely recondition an automobile engine in but a fraction of the time of the old method —and to the same standards of accuracy demanded by the *manufacturer in the producing of new cars.

Authorized Hutto grinder stations are equipped with modern efficient machinery, including the Hutto grinder which allows the least possible opportunity for human error.

When motor cylinders have been Hutto ground it adds new life to a car, giving it greater power and speed than it ever had before because most all oil pumping, fouled plugs, motor overheating, knocking on hills, and loss of pep can be traced directly to out-of-round and tapered cylinders.

Any Hutto equipped shop can test the cylinders of your engine with an instrument similar to this and you can see for yourself whether or not it needs grinding.



Every important car manufacturer uses the Hutto Grinder in production. Look for service stations or garages with the Hutto sign. They can recondition your motor "The Factory Way" with the Hutto Grinder. We will be glad to direct you to the nearest Hutto grinding station.

HUTTO ENGINEERING COMPANY INC.

515 LYCASTE AVENUE , , DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 158)

his friends to take him home. But he was nasty—full of bad whisky and wanting to fight. I saw that the crowd was beginning to think I was afraid to arrest him, so I grabbed him by the collar and walked him down. When I went in with him he was still arguing and swearing and threatening to beat me up.

"Disorderly conduct," I told the sergeant. "Drunk and nasty in the streets."

"You'll git a medal fer this," the sergeant sneered. . . . "Shut up, you!" he snapped at the drunk. "Keep that noise up an' I'll shellac you plenty. . . . Name?"

From there on the drunk was quiet and answered questions as pretty as could be. I felt like a fool. Some of the boys in the reserve room came over to me and said that if he got noisy and kept them awake, they would soak my station blankets so I could see how it was to lose sleep.

I told Flaherty about it and he told me I had to expect to be kidded a bit, and if I had used my best judgment, that was all right. When I was relieved that day I went to the boss and asked him if he would wash out the booking against the souse and let me take him home. He agreed and I got a good name around the neighborhood for doing that.

I always watched over Flaherty's customers pretty close. Once—this was after I had been working for quite a little while—Snagel, who had a place near Simon's, said he wanted to be my friend as well as Flaherty was, and for me to drop in and see him. But I did not go until one night a man told me that there was a bad fight over there. I ran over then and found four or five men in a tangle.

I yanked out my jack and clipped two of them over the head with it. The others made tracks for safety and the fight was over.

Snagel came to me and thanked me for stopping the trouble. He asked me to let the two I had clipped go free, as he wanted to avoid scandal that would hurt his business. I let them go.

That was the way I got to be a cop, and you can see about the sort of thing I was up against. Nothing very big, but lots of trouble all the time, just trying to avoid trouble for others and myself too. I got to be kind of a big fellow around the district and everybody said I was doing a good job.

"That's fine," I told Simon when he mentioned it. "But after all, I haven't done a thing but stop a few fights. What I need is a good pinch to make me a name downtown. I wish some bird from outside would come down here and start something. I'd like to knock off a burglar or a holdup artist."

Simon laughed. "That's the way with every young cop," he said. "They all want the same thing. Stop an' think a minute, Tom—the fact that there ain't no real trouble down here shows you're doin' a fine job, so it does!"

But I used to think a lot about it, anyway, and once or twice I spoke about it to Mamie. She used to get scared when I talked about fights and burglars and holdup guys. But I longed for a chance to do something big and the thought grew on me a lot. That is why, when a break came, I very nearly did a terrible thing. I was too anxious. I will never forget the thing I am going to tell you and I wish that it could happen, just as it did to me, to every young cop that is handed a shield and a uniform. It was a great lesson.

I was standing one night on a corner when an excited young fellow came running toward me. "Quick!" he called. "Come quick, officer burglars!"

Right away I thought of Mamie and of the way she would be proud of the glory I might win. I went after that fellow like a deer. He had run two full blocks and I was fresh, so I passed him. As I went he called out the address of a house in the next block and I knew it was a tenement with about twenty families living in it. I lit out for the place, and as I ran I yanked out my gun. Here was the chance I wanted—had just about prayed for. I could almost have loved the burglar that gave it to me.

I could see a little crowd around the steps of the place as I swung into the block. Somebody saw me coming and cried out. The people made way for me and I ran through them pell-mell. As I went, bounded up the steps and into the dim hallway, somebody called out to me: "Grady's! It's Grady's—on the third floor!"

I went up the stairs three steps at a time. On the second floor I could see faces peering at me through slightly opened doors. Over the place hung that kind of scared silence that sounds like it is going to explode if anybody makes a move.

Overhead I heard a shout. Then someone swore hoarsely and called something about a cop. A door flew open and a man ran into the hall above and started for the stairs to come down. I thought he saw me. He cried out something that I did not understand and I saw his hands fly up to cover his face. Then he whirled back into the shadows and I heard him swear again.

"Stop!" I called to him. I was dead sure that he was my burglar and I know there was the sound of real warning in my voice. But he did not stop. He darted along the hall overhead and up the next flight of stairs toward the roof. I shouted at him again and chased him as fast as I could.

He kept his distance, and when I rounded the fourth floor I saw that he was making for an open hatch to the roof. I knew if ever he got there he would have a great chance to lose me in the shadows of chimneys, ventilators and clothes poles. In that section all roofs were covered by fire escapes because most of the time the only air the people could get was on the roof. He could use one of those escapes, I knew, to give me the slip.

Everything was excitement in those few minutes. Ahead of me was this flying burglar that I simply had to catch; behind, the shouts of the crowd and the moans of a woman that I could hear faintly. The thought came to me that maybe the fugitive was a murderer as well as a burglar, and I called again to him to halt. He traveled all the faster and he was getting mighty close to that hatch and freedom.

I raised my gun and fired at him. The odor of the powder was stronger than the medley of smells that seeped from the kitchens of the stuffy tenements. It hung in heavy wreaths in the fetid hall, swirled behind me as I dashed ahead. The sound of the shot roused a million new voices that made themselves heard in everything from shrieks to moans. The man ahead swore again and I caught terror in his voice.

"Stop!" I warned him, my heart pounding and my chest heaving from excitement and loss of breath. "Make that hatch an' I'll kill you sure as hell!"

Behind me the moans changed to a shriek. The whole tenement was alive with stark fear and vibrant anticipation. The man ahead stumbled on. I fired again—and again. He stopped.

I went on after him, leaving in my wake the acrid smoke of the powder to linger there after the roar of the shots had faded into the grimy walls. As I went on up, the crowd followed me from floor to floor.

On the top floor I came onto my man. He was cringing against the wall and he spoke to me, terror in his tones. "Don't shoot no more," he begged me. "I never knowed you was a cop—honest I didn't! I woulda stopped. I thought you was her rotten brother. I thought it was him with a gun."

At the end of the hall a dim light burned, and in its reflection I could just see the face of the man I had been shooting at. It was a weak face, one that I knew fairly well. He was a shipping hand, this man, on the loading platform of a department store, and he was no more a burglar than I was myself. He was, in fact, what the police call a sap. Not much brains, apt to work steady and drink now and then, something of a bully where women are concerned, but a whale of a coward with men.

I stood there while he told me his story without knowing he was doing it. I could see that he was half drunk. He lived, he explained, on the third floor and his name was Eddie Grady. He had got into a fight with his wife, he said, and her brother had run for a cop. He admitted that words had run high and nasty, but swore he never would have hit her, and cringed there against the wall begging me not to take him away.

Then the moans came closer and a woman reached us and went to this Grady and slipped into his arms. He was too scared to say anything to her, but I saw his arm wind around her shoulders and she snuggled close to him just like Mamie had to me a thousand times. I saw his skinny wrist with its long narrow hand hanging down, the fingers scarred and red from work and the bones pressing so hard against the flesh that the knuckles showed white in the flickering light.

There they were, man and wife—that and nothing else, she already forgiving him, thanking God, I guess, that he was not hurt. He pleading with me not to take him away.

Burglars!

The gun in my hand went suddenly hot—so hot I could not hold it. I whirled and drove the crowd downstairs, then went to the two and looked down on them. No matter what they did, I thought, there was room for pity.

"If I let you go this time," I croaked at them, "will you cut out this fighting?" They both swore they would and the woman stretched up and kissed the poor scarecrow. His skinny hand patted her shoulder and he cried a little bit, and finally clawed his fingers through her hair and she smiled and held him close.

My voice cracked and sizzled when I tried to talk. A million needles seemed shooting into me all over. I had tried to kill this man! Because he was frightened and ran, I had tried to kill him for a squabble with his wife! There was no bluff left in me. I was shaking like a leaf.

Something vast moved deep inside me and I thanked God with all the soul I had for His direction of those bullets.

"Here, take it!" I croaked hoarsely. "Take that thing and put it somewhere—anywhere! As long as I live I'll never carry another!"

I dropped the pistol into the woman's apron pocket and walked down the stairs. On the floor below I met the man who had come to me shouting burglars. Her brother, it was, so they said.

"Did you git him?" he asked me.

By way of answer I let my right fist fly to his chin. He went down in a heap and the last I saw of the family group was another victim being cared for by the woman. She got her brother up and inside, and I went down the smelly stairs and out into the fresh air of night with a heart that beat like an engine and a mind that was staggered at what had happened.

"Burglars!" I muttered to myself. "Bullets! I never will get into a mess like that again. Cop or no cop, I've carried my last gun!"

III

TWO things at least I have learned about life, and learned them, too, as a cop. The first is that the woman pays because she herself would have it no other way, and the second is that men will have trouble so long as they have competition between themselves over anything under the sun. Grady's wife taught me the first lesson. She found her greatest happiness in forgiving and helping those she loved. If she could not have something to be forgiving him for all the time, she never would have loved Eddie Grady. She it was who came to me and explained that her brother had meant no harm by telling me that burglars were operating in the tenement. She had it all explained logically to her woman's mind.

"You see," she said, "he was just trying to do his best. He knew that Eddie had been drinking and he was afraid of him so he ran to get help for me. If he had just

Can you translate

It means:

"Trade it in for a Zenith"

YOU "trade in" once for Zenith—you will not trade its beauties and its satisfactions for all else in radio.

Thousands of Zenith owners know radio today as it can be known in no other way. With dextrous ease they bring the great and beautiful things of sound to their homes. Zenith picks unerringly, the music of your mood, the news of the moment or the lecture that interests you. No limitation of range, no subtle technique and no hideous interference stand between the Zenith owner and his radio desires.

You will know greater range, greater volume, finer selectivity and more natural reproduction when you buy Zenith.

Model 16

The Zenith 8-Tube chassis with concealed loop and improved cone speaker. Beautiful Spanish Renaissance Cabinet—Fine lacquer finish. Battery operated $330. Completely Electrical $400, with power speaker $450.

Western United States Prices Slightly Higher

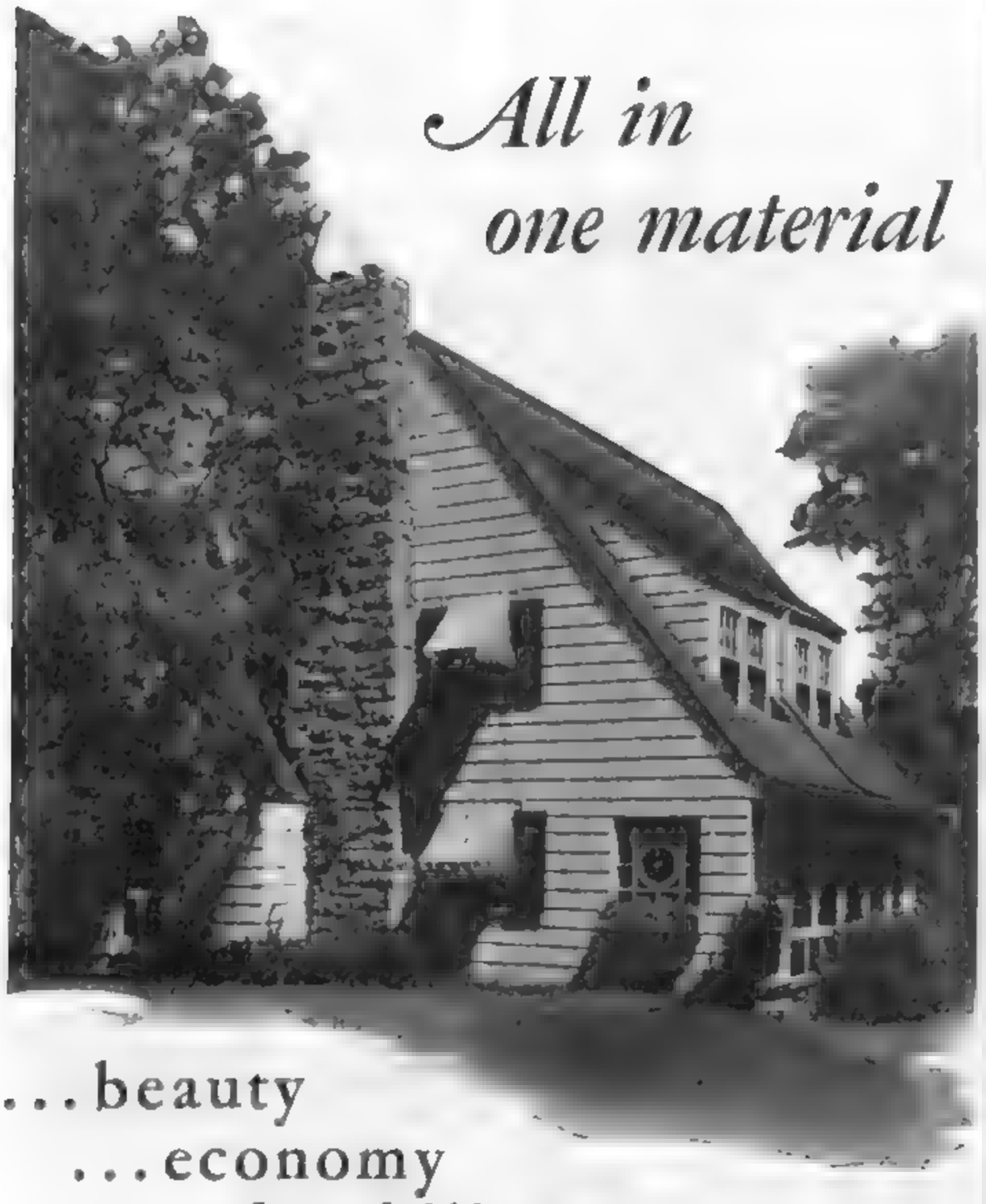
Send for illustrated folder

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION
3602 Iron Street • Chicago

ZENITH
—LONG DISTANCE— RADIO

World's Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Radio—16 models—3 different circuits—6, 8, and 10 tubes—battery or electric—antenna or loop—$100 to $2500.

Licensed only for Radio amateur, experimental and broadcast reception



All in one material

. . . beauty
. . . economy
. . . durability
. . . safety and insulation

THE home you have always wanted . . . . . the home that passers-by stop to admire . . . . the home that neighbors welcome . . . . roofed and walled with Edgwood Red Cedar Shingles . . . . substantial, beautiful, economical.

Here are the unusual advantages of Edgwood Shingles . . . . . combining the five essentials of good building:

(1) Endowed by nature with a time-resisting preservative which makes them immune to decay.

(2) The overlapping and irregular butts create luminous highlights, deep shadows, soft pencilled lines, texture and scale . . . . no other building material absorbs and holds color so well.

(3) Edgwoods are sawn edge-grain, which is positive assurance against warping, cupping, curling . . . . . they lie tight and flat to roof and sidewalls, giving maximum resistance to exterior ignition.

(4) Tests prove that homes roofed and walled with Edgwood shingles have 10% to 60% greater insulating qualities than any other building material . . . . warm in winter and cool in summer.

(5) Edgwood shingled sidewalls, estimated by first cost plus years of service, average from 9% to 32% less than any other standard exterior building material . . . roof saving ranges from 14% to 825%.

Ask your architect, your contractor, or your lumber dealer about Edgwood Red Cedar Shingles . . . . . he will tell you why edge-grain shingles are better, and Edgwoods in particular. Fill in coupon now, whether you intend building immediately or not.

EDGWOOD SHINGLES
for roofs and sidewalls

Write for FREE *booklet "Edgwood Homes", containing many examples of delightful modern homes together with expert advice on remodeling and re-roofing. Fill in coupon.*

THE CONSOLIDATED SHINGLE MILLS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA LTD.
907-A METROPOLITAN BUILDING, VANCOUVER, B. C.
Please send me booklet *"Edgwood Homes"*
Name _____
Address _____
I am _____
(State whether home-owner, architect, builder or contractor)

CUT FROM THE MIGHTY CEDARS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

told you that there was a family quarrel going on, he feared that you would not come quickly. You can see for yourself – "

"I can see," I told her, "that you married a rat and got one for a brother as well. He ran away from a little fight and left you there to stand the gaff. If you ask me, lady, a skunk. But let it rest there. It's over and done. Let it rest. But what did Eddie do with that gun?"

"I have it," she said, "hidden away safely. You can have it at any time you wish."

"I don't want it. Every time I think of him running up those stairs ahead of my bullets —— Well, I don't want it. Just keep it away from him, that's all."

Then she told me I had her for a friend till the last drop of water ran over the dam, and even if she was skinny and underfed and carried the lines of suffering and worry under her haggard eyes, I kind of felt like I had a real friend.

The second lesson I learned by watching the breech between Flaherty and Snagel grow and grow. They were in competition. Snagel said that Flaherty used his politics to help his business and hurt his competitors. Flaherty said Snagel was a Dutch pup. The brunt fell on me, because Flaherty was my friend. I always saw that Snagel closed on time nights and stayed closed on Sundays. That made him sore on me.

Finally he made a holler and reported that I let Flaherty stay open while he had to close. Of course I did not have all to do with it anyway. My captain was the man who said what to do. A report went in and Flaherty went downtown and fixed things up, but Snagel still remained closed and he got right sore about it all. I did not blame him, but he could have showed better sense. He got a crowd hanging out in his place that boasted about how tough they were and what they would do if they wanted to. They used to go there and drink Sundays, and Snagel would wink at me over the screen in his front window.

I never bothered him until I got straight orders to close the place. Flaherty fixed it for those orders and they came to me straight from the boss.

The next Sunday I walked past Snagel's and saw that the mob was in there. I knocked on the door and Snagel peeked out and told me to jump in the river. I warned him that I had reason to believe the law was being violated on the premises and that unless he let me in I would force the door. He called me a name no man likes to hear and told me, if I busted the door, that would be the last thing I ever did. I busted the door.

There were six or eight of the gang in there and they were rats that Flaherty would not even have around his place. One of them I had collared once and sent away for thirty days because he hit his old mother when she refused him money. Just as soon as I got in we had a scrimmage.

Any cop will tell you that when the shield and the uniform do not keep people quiet, it is time to swing the shillalah. I worked my club with one hand and my blackjack with the other. There was a lot of noise and a lot of bumps before we finished. I got a split head from a beer glass and a rosy black eye, but I handed out plenty more than that; and when Snagel and three of the mob were tried, the saloon keeper lost his license and three of his gang got sixty days.

One of them was a great friend of Eddie Grady, and Eddie's wife told me later that they were very sore on me and might try to make me all the trouble they could. I let it go at that, because I was not so fond of them either.

Snagel made a stall with Flaherty to get his license back. He told Simon he realized he had been a fool and would be good if he could have another chance. Simon told him to go to the devil and Snagel deliberately went back and sold booze without a license. Finally he began bringing strange men into the district and they were a lot of tough lookers. Rumors went around that they were there to get me and to clean out Flaherty's place if more trouble came.

I had a talk with Snagel. I told him I did not want to bother him and if he kept his mouth shut he might get by.

But he was pig-headed, and swore if I bothered him he would get Flaherty and me too.

The three fellows did their sixty days and came back to the district. They all gave me some pretty nasty looks, and once again Mrs. Grady tipped me off that certain people were planning to "put me in my place." A cop is always hearing that stuff, so I laughed it off.

"They know you won't carry a gun," she explained, "an' if they git to drinkin', they might mob you some night." That part was true. The whole district knew I did not carry a rod, and Simon said he thought that was a good thing, because it would save shooting on both sides. It may surprise you to know that there are lots of the old-timers on the force who seldom carry guns.

When Flaherty thought he was ready to drive Snagel out for good, he passed out the word and the captain staged a pretty little raid on the Dutchman's place of business. Of course they caught him cold. They closed his place and fined him a thousand dollars. They also blacklisted him for any more chances.

He blamed Flaherty and he blamed me, because, he said, the least I could have done was to tip him off that the raid was coming. I never even knew it myself, but he would not believe that.

That situation brought on the climax. Snagel and his gang from other parts of town were to be seen hanging around curbstones, talking very secret. When I passed them they would stop talking and scowl at me. Once one of them snapped a cigarette butt after me as I walked by and it flew close to my shoulder. I turned around and went back. There were three of them. I offered to lick the one who had shot the butt. No one answered. In a hallway across the sidewalk somebody laughed at me. That is a bad sign, that business of being nasty in a small way; and whenever men gather on curbstones and sit on ash cans to whisper it is a sign of trouble.

About a week later Mrs. Grady's brother came to me one night while I was standing on the corner. He said he did not want to get me started again, but had a tip for me if I wanted it. I asked what it was and he said that Grady was getting drunk again and doing it in a store not far away where Snagel had started selling booze. That went deep with me, because I had been tipped off that Simon Flaherty wanted this to be the end of Snagel and he looked to me to see that it was.

I went to the store, and even when I got close to the door I had the feeling that somebody was expecting me. It was too quiet here. There was too nice and friendly a look about the place. When I walked in Snagel was standing by a glass cigar case, and he leered at me and grabbed a license for selling tobacco and held it up for me to read.

"I can't even sell cigars and cigarettes without a lot of wise cops bustin' in my place?" he asked.

I looked around the place and saw that it was divided by a light partition that ran almost to the ceiling. "What's back there?" I asked Snagel. I knew well enough. I could smell the booze and hear whispers.

"You got a search warrant?" he wanted to know.

"You bet!" I said, holding up my club and going for my jack again. "You want to have it read to you, you Dutch pig?"

"I'll stand on my rights," he argued. "You got no power to be runnin' in here an' beatin' folks up just 'cause you don't like 'em."

I walked to the door in the partition and leaned against it. The door stuck, but the whole partition swayed. "Open it up," I ordered Snagel. "If you don't want it broken down, open it up."

"Break it down an' you'll git yourself kicked off'n the force in the time it'll take me to git downtown!" he shouted.

I crashed the partition down and it went in a shower of dust and splinters. Snagel screamed a curse and I saw about eight or nine men ready for me in that back room. Snagel ran to the front door and shot the bolt so no one could come in. Then he bore down on me and there was fight in his eyes. He called me terrible names and shouted to his hired fighters to kick me around plenty.

I took a swing at Snagel and caught him on the neck. He went down like a stuck ox and just lay on the floor and quivered all over. When you hit a beer-soaked fat man right, they do that. I stooped over to slip nippers on him, then walked into the gang and toward a little bar to get evidence against Snagel.

"You guys can have a good break," I told the bunch. "All I want is a conviction for Snagel. Take your chance now and walk out, but don't git crazy enough to start trouble here."

I was at the bar and took a bottle of whisky from behind it. The air was pretty tense when I started for the door to drag Snagel out with me.

The gang kept pretty close together and I saw that they had moved around a little and stood between me and the broken partition.

"What's the big idea?" one of them asked me. "Snagel's an all-right guy, ain't he? Why ride him all the time? He's our friend."

"Don't start nothin'," I warned them again. "If you do, you'll git the short end sure. Take a tip—stand aside!"

"Sock the bum!" somebody behind me called out. "What can he do? He ain't got a gun!"

There were too many of them to watch all at once, and someone threw a chair that caught me across the back. I whirled around and saw them closing in. I threw the bottle of whisky at the nearest, hit his head and down he went. Then there was a scurry of feet and fists and I was in a tangle that swarmed over me plenty. I took a mighty sweet licking for a few minutes. Snagel had come to and he was hollering orders while he struggled to get the nippers off. Others shouted and swore and yelled in glee when they landed on me.

It got so I could not see very well, and all I could do was swing with my club and my free fist. Now and then I would connect with somebody and hear a grunt or a curse or a whine of pain. It was only a question of time though. This thing had been planned and Snagel had offered these thugs good money if they stretched me out. They were after that money and I am ready to swear that they earned it a-plenty. I took a sweet licking and still believe they would have left me a permanent wreck had not a friend come along in the nick of time.

I heard glass shatter, but paid very little attention to it. Anything I had been able to get my hands on, I had thrown in any direction. If a table or chair leg went through a window, that was little enough to heed. It might bring a crowd that would help me, that was all.

But immediately after the crash I heard curses from the gang, and finally, through them somehow, came the form of a woman. Her face was cut and bleeding and her waist was ripped down one sleeve and turning red from a gash on the arm. She battered her way to me with a frenzy that no one could have believed possible. I heard her shouting.

"I will, you dirty dogs! You bet I will! I'll shoot you down!"

Then she got to me and she was sobbing hard, the tears trickling down into the red on her face, her hair disarranged and sweeping in scraggly vines over her skinny shoulders.

"Here it is!" she screamed at me. "Give it to 'em, Mr. Fogarty! You really need it this time!"

The woman was Eddie Grady's wife and she came through that mob with my own gun, waving them aside, her eyes burning with a fire that would make any man step aside. I will never forget the way she looked or the way her voice sounded. Cracked, it was; high and strained and rasping, as though she was forcing it through sandpaper.

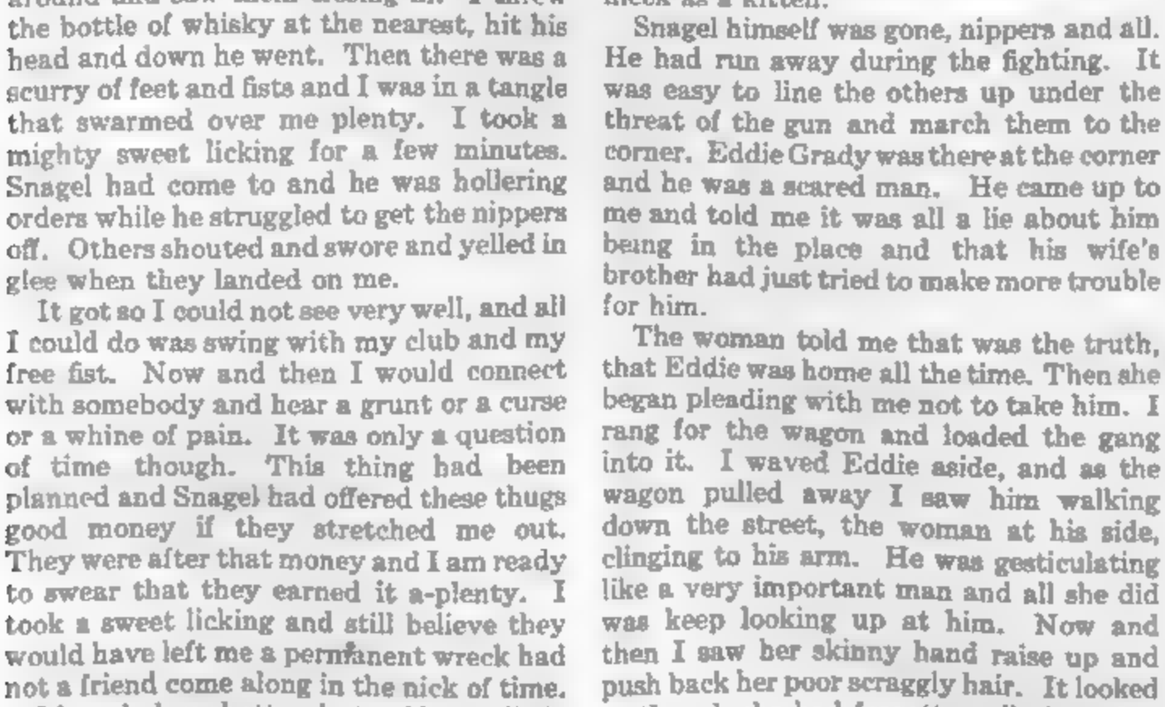
I grabbed the gun and got to my feet. There was a quick rush on the part of the gang for safety. I called out to them to halt, raising the gun to threaten them. Some of them did stop, but others got to the broken window through which Eddie Grady's wife had made her entrance. Even as I looked after the rats, I saw that some of the woman's dress still clung to the shattered glass where she had cut her face and her arm climbing through.

One of the gang drew a gun, but this woman, crazy if ever a woman was, threw herself onto him in a fury and I heard him swear and try to argue with her. Then he let his gun drop to the floor and stood there meek as a kitten.

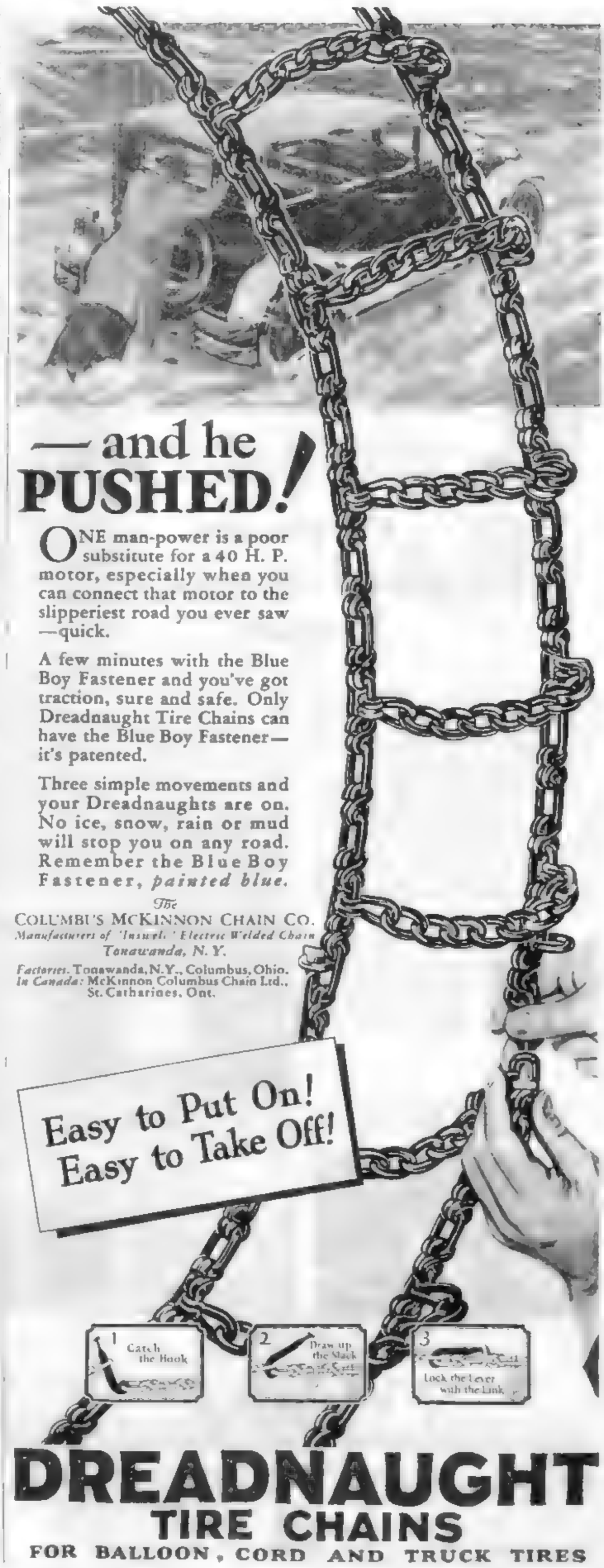
Snagel himself was gone, nippers and all. He had run away during the fighting. It was easy to line the others up under the threat of the gun and march them to the corner. Eddie Grady was there at the corner and he was a scared man. He came up to me and told me it was all a lie about him being in the place and that his wife's brother had just tried to make more trouble for him.

The woman told me that was the truth, that Eddie was home all the time. Then she began pleading with me not to take him. I rang for the wagon and loaded the gang into it. I waved Eddie aside, and as the wagon pulled away I saw him walking down the street, the woman at his side, clinging to his arm. He was gesticulating like a very important man and all she did was keep looking up at him. Now and then I saw her skinny hand raise up and push back her poor scraggly hair. It looked as though she had forgotten all about her cuts—just so long, I suppose, as her precious Eddie was safe.

That completes the story. The experience was the high light of my rookie-cop



Mrs. Rabbit: "What's Your Little Boy Crying for, Mrs. Porcupine?"
Mrs. Porcupine: "He Wants Me to Give Him a Piggyback"



—and he PUSHED!

ONE man-power is a poor substitute for a 40 H. P. motor, especially when you can connect that motor to the slipperiest road you ever saw—quick.

A few minutes with the Blue Boy Fastener and you've got traction, sure and safe. Only Dreadnaught Tire Chains can have the Blue Boy Fastener—it's patented.

Three simple movements and your Dreadnaughts are on. No ice, snow, rain or mud will stop you on any road. Remember the Blue Boy Fastener, *painted blue.*

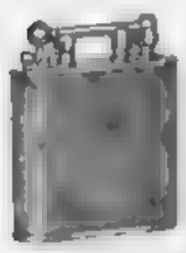
The
COLUMBUS McKINNON CHAIN CO.
Manufacturers of 'Inswel.' Electric Welded Chain
Tonawanda, N. Y.

Factories: Tonawanda, N.Y., Columbus, Ohio.
In Canada: McKinnon Columbus Chain Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont.

Easy to Put On!
Easy to Take Off!

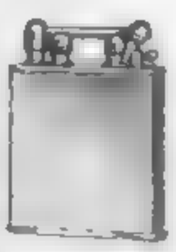
1 Catch the Hook
2 Draw up the Slack
3 Lock the Lever with the Link

DREADNAUGHT
TIRE CHAINS
FOR BALLOON, CORD AND TRUCK TIRES

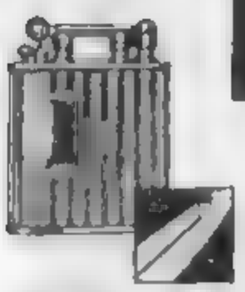


Rich warm brown is the tone of this gold plated Standard Douglass, with coffee colored os trichskin covering, the price, $17.50

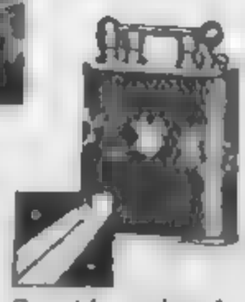
The beautifully thin Silhouette Douglass inspired Wadsworth, master designer of watch cases and jewelry, to produce this case of solid 14 kt. rose gold and turn a shield for its proud possessor's monogram. Price, $165; it comes also in sterling at $35



Long wearing nickel plate encases this most modestly priced Standard Douglass. The same precise working parts, yet it sells for only $5



Sterling! A solid silver case by Wadsworth. Line decorated, with shield for your monogram skillfully moved off center. This is a Silhouette Douglass selling for $35



French brown lizardskin glistens between the gold-plated ends of this Silhouette Douglass, matching the present vogue in shoes, bags and charming accessories. The cost, $17.50

This strategy should win you a Douglass

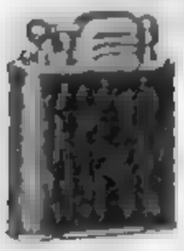
SMOKERS desiring to avoid the commonplace ash-tray-cigarette-case sort of Christmas will do well to begin this plan now. We assume you *want* a Douglass, for the Douglass is an automatic lighter—it lights at the mere press of a trigger.

First, then, commit an occasional *faux pas* with matches. Accidentally break them—to the accompaniment of mild but forceful expletives; obviously cast about for a place to deposit burned sticks; be nearly always out of matches.

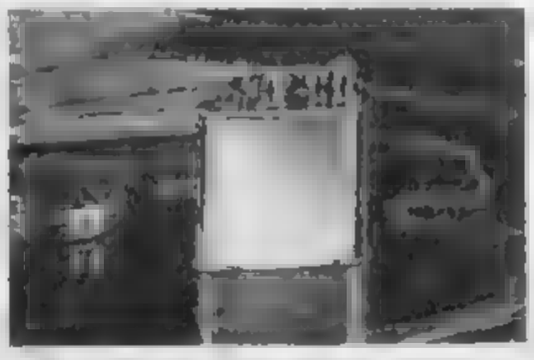
Lure friends past jewelers, department stores and smoke shops. Coming upon a show of Douglasses arrayed in rare leathers, in precious metals, sigh longingly, gaze wistfully, pass on resignedly.

In a gathering, when a Douglass is displayed, ask to see it. Ping a light. Then raise your voice well above the radio and congratulate the lighter owner upon his sound judgment. If it is one of the new Silhouette Douglasses—thin like a modern watch is—decide quickly if you prefer this to the Standard model. Declare your preference in brief, decisive tones.

Heavens! The time to start your strategy is right now. Select your Douglass from the models shown here. Circle the one you want and leave this page exposed!

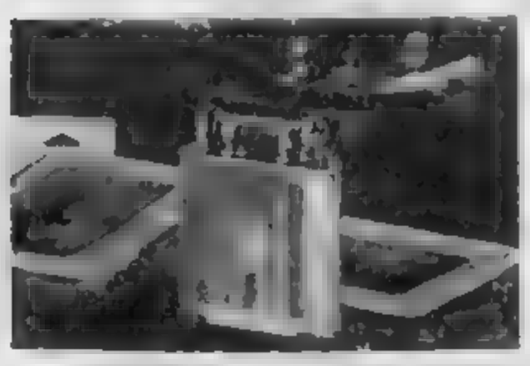


A windshield for your Douglass! Slips on for sports or motoring, and does do its job. Costs $1. The Douglass windshield comes in Standard and Silhouette sizes, in gold and silver finish. Shown here on a silver ended Standard model cased with cocoa sharkskin

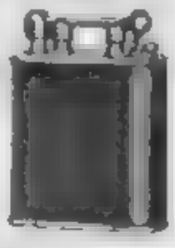


Triple silver plate covers this severe case, much favored by men who go about evenings. You may have it monogrammed at slight extra cost. Silhouette or Standard, $10

Charming in its design of chased lines and round shield, this triple-plated silver Silhouette Douglass is much seen at bridge and at dinner. The price, $10; in similar gold plate, $15



Black lizardskin encases this particular nickel-plated Standard Douglass. A true Douglass, for working parts are the same on all models, the difference is only in material and finish of the cases. Many leathers are shown on this model at $7.50



Press the trigger—there's your light

Use Douglass Lighter Fluid or aviation gasoline

All finishes, except that of the five-dollar Douglass, may be had in Standard or Silhouette models

THE DOUGLASS LIGHTER

SPONSORED by HARGRAFT

WRIGLEY BLDG. CHICAGO

Canadian distributor: A. W. W. KYLE COMPANY 3 ST. NICHOLAS ST., MONTREAL, QUEBEC

days and will always stay with me vividly on that account. It won me recognition by both papers and the department, and really gave Simon Flaherty his chance to fix it for me to get into plain clothes. That took time, but he put it across for me in the end.

I knew the minute I marched that gang into the station that I had made a hit. My face was bruised up plenty and my hat was gone and I looked like I had seen a fight. The fellow I had hit with the bottle was a wreck, showing that I had done my share of the fighting, and three others were banged around the head from my club.

The sergeant booked the gang in just as though it was nothing much, but there was an air around the station house that was plain as gas. Even the captain came out to look us over, and when he had finished he grinned in satisfaction and shook me by the hand, while the other cops looked on and grinned with him.

"You will have to see the department doctor," he told me. "Report sick and go home. The doctor will call on you there. You need a little patching up, but outside that you look great."

I made my report while he stood there listening, and I did not tell about Eddie Grady's wife. Then he laid a hand on my shoulder and said, "There has been a lot of talk about you not carrying a gun."

All I said was "Yes, sir."

"This will teach some smart people different, maybe."

"Maybe, sir," I nodded.

He grinned again and walked me into his private room. There he gave me a big drink of very good whisky and you can bet I took it. When I gulped it down and chased it with some water from his little iced stand, he held a match for me while I lit a cigarette. I puffed deep, inhaled, then smiled at him.

"You did a great job for a kid," he said frankly. "I will tell Simon tonight that what he wants is all his, and that you did it." I did not answer, and he stood there toying slowly with my own gun which he had taken from me outside. After a minute he went on: "And about this gun, Fogarty," he explained—"I'm glad to find it on you. It's very much against regulations not to carry a gun on duty. It is a fine thing to be able to show that you were unjustly criticized."

As he said that he laughed a little and broke the gun in his fingers, and there was not a single cartridge in it. I knew right away that that fool woman had taken the shells out when she hid the gun away, and then, when she came to me like Joan of Arc, had been fool enough to forget all about it. That's just like a woman!

THE VAN LANDINGHAM DIAMOND

(Continued from Page 27)

beckoned Mr. Van Landingham to a corner and spoke in a low voice. "Let's leave the crumb-chaser to amuse himself in his own peculiar way," said Colonel Baffin.

"Then you have a plan?" inquired Mr. Van Landingham.

"Sir," said Colonel Baffin, "I have."

"Yes?"

"It is a course of action I invariably pursue in all criminal cases," said the colonel, "and it seldom—I may say practically never—fails."

"Indeed? What is it?" asked Mr. Van Landingham, plainly impressed.

The colonel sank his voice to a dark whisper. "*Cherches la femme!*" he said.

"A woman?" exclaimed Mr. Van Landingham. "But where does a woman come into this?"

"That," said the colonel, "remains to be seen."

He took Mr. Van Landingham's elbow and steered that gentleman out of the room. Cooksleigh, absorbed in his investigation, paid no heed to their going. Outside the room, the grip of the colonel's hand on Mr. Van Landingham's arm tightened.

"Look!" he said huskily, and held out to Mr. Van Landingham a white object.

"A handkerchief," said Mr. Van Landingham.

"Yes. But whose?"

"Blessed if I know," said Mr. Van Landingham.

"Nor do I—yet," said the colonel. "But mark my words, sir, I'm going to find out! Mr. Van Landingham"—the colonel was quietly dramatic—"I found this handkerchief lying on the floor in your wife's boudoir!"

"No!" gasped Mr. Van Landingham.

"Yes!" said the colonel. "I picked it up while you and the microscope addict were listening to Duggan. So I repeat—*cherchez la femme.*"

"But," said Mr. Van Landingham, "that looks like a man's handkerchief to me."

"Ah, yes—precisely." The smile of the colonel was profoundly knowing. "It does, to be sure. It does, because it is. My dear sir, don't you see what it means?"

"Somebody dropped it," ventured Mr. Van Landingham.

"True. But to a trained criminologist it has a far deeper significance than that. Do you get it?"

"I'm afraid I don't," said Mr. Van Landingham humbly.

"It means, sir," said Colonel Baffin tensely, "that we are dealing with a most subtle and diabolically clever intelligence."

"That's beyond me," said Mr. Van Landingham. "I had always thought that a man who dropped his handkerchief in a lady's boudoir was not considered very bright."

"But this is a stroke of genius," said the colonel. "She—the woman in the case—carries a man's handkerchief!"

"Why on earth should she?"

"Finesse, my dear sir, finesse! She drops it—and simpletons like Duggan and that other blighter, who see only the obvious, assume that a man was the thief. Gad, sir, this is getting interesting! This is going to be a duel of wits, sir, with a foeman worthy of our steel."

Mr. Van Landingham scratched his ear. "If she's that smart," he remarked, "it won't be so easy to catch her."

"Ah, we'll see, we'll see," said the colonel. He became briskly businesslike. "Mr. Van Landingham, this is a case for the dogs."

"What dogs?"

"Bloodhounds."

"I have some Pomeranians, a setter and two great Danes," volunteered Mr. Van Landingham.

"No use. I must get Arthur."

"Arthur who?"

"My bloodhound."

"Where is he?"

"At my place—just across the golf links."

"I'll send a car for him."

"No," said the colonel, "Arthur cannot abide cars. I'll go myself. It's only a mile, and a walk in the moonlight will help me think. Believe me, sir, there's more in this business than meets the eye."

"Suit yourself," said Mr. Van Landingham.

The colonel departed and Mr. Van Landingham went down and consumed a hasty dinner. He found his wife calmer.

"I knew something like this was going to happen to me," he found her declaring. "Only last week I dreamed that I was in a desert somewhere, and six men, dressed as Arabs or Turks or something, were robbing me."

Presently, while they were having their coffee in the drawing-room, Colonel Baffin reappeared, perspiring mildly as the result

(Continued on Page 168)

Chimes rich—resonant

Welcome . . . this Christmas . . . a new voice to your snug family circle. Through your light socket let it delight you with the full-throated cadence of carols and chimes; let it be . . . ever after . . . the cheery companion and entertainer of your fireside hours. The Electric Sparton, "richest of radio voices", which has earned overwhelming preference in the homes of musical artists and connoisseurs of things that are fine . . . awaits an invitation to your home, too.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY
Pioneers of Electric Radio without batteries of any kind
JACKSON, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

SPARTON RADIO

"The Pathfinder of the Air"

Sparton Radio is made by the organization that for 27 years has maintained Sparton automobile warning signals as leaders in the fine car field.

C & L EVEREDY

For the Boy or Man

Who Likes to Work with Tools

Every man or boy who has his own little workbench—who enjoys tinkering with his motor car or radio or doing odd jobs about the house or garage—Every farmer who has farm equipment to service and repair—needs this new C & L Everedy Torch.

The Everedy was designed for these particular purposes. It is a general utility tool—the best blow torch, we firmly believe, that was ever made to sell to you—for a little less than $5.00.

No more welcome Christmas Gift could be found for the boy or man who likes to work with tools.

For three generations skilled mechanics the world over have used Clayton & Lambert Blow Torches and Firepots—And during all these years in the trades and in industry the Clayton & Lambert name has stood for the Standard of Quality.

And now the new Everedy—a torch created especially for home workshop or farm—a quality product at a popular price—Uses ordinary motor fuel, generates quickly and produces a perfect blue flame of intense heat. Full quart size—seamless brass tank—made to meet every requirement of home or farm use—and to last a lifetime.

Your hardware or electrical dealer should have C & L tools. If he does not, write the factory—

CLAYTON & LAMBERT MFG. CO.

6282 Beaubien St., Detroit, Michigan

Largest Manufacturer of Firepots and Blow Torches in the World

(Continued from Page 166)

of his brisk walk across the links. "Arthur will be here directly," he announced.

"Who's Arthur?" asked Mrs. Van Landingham.

"A bloodhound," said the colonel. "He never fails. Panzer, his trainer, is bringing him over here."

"How thrilling!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Landingham. "I dreamed of dogs a couple of nights ago."

There was a plaintive, long-drawn whimper outside. "Arthur!" cried the colonel.

They went to the door, where a tall, morose Teuton was holding on a leash a small, brown, wrinkle-faced hound of melancholy mien and flopping ears.

"Panzer," ordered the colonel, handing the man the handkerchief, "give Arthur a sniff of this. Follow the trail wherever it leads, and when it stops, telephone me here at once. As for me, it is high time I had my dinner."

Panzer dangled the handkerchief before the hound's nose, and suddenly Arthur emitted a long throaty moan of joy, bent his muzzle to the earth and was off down the pathway with Panzer at his heels.

"We'll be hearing some news very soon," promised the colonel. "She, crafty though she may be, cannot escape Arthur. . . . May I have my dinner now?"

The colonel, having dined, had rejoined Mr. and Mrs. Van Landingham and the ladies in the drawing-room, when the butler entered. "Telephone for you, sir," he said to Mr. Van Landingham.

"Panzer, no doubt," said the colonel. "Arthur has made good again."

Mr. Van Landingham returned to report that the call was not from Panzer, but from Duggan in New York. "Duggan," announced Mr. Van Landingham, "has caught his man—Dress-Suit Charlie, or whoever he is—and has him in a cell. The fellow says he did not take the Van Landingham diamond, as this evening he was in East Orange, New Jersey, purloining some silverware from a house there. Duggan regards this as a phony alibi. He says he is working on the man and expects to wring a confession from him any time now."

Colonel Baffin audibly sniffed. "Crude work," he said. "Medieval methods. They catch a man who looks as if he ought to be guilty and force a confession out of him. They manufacture evidence, if necessary. Well, we'll see. Unless I'm mistaken, Arthur has returned."

It was not, however, Arthur who entered the drawing-room, but Cooksleigh, of Scotland Yard. He was somewhat disheveled and his shirt bosom bore green stains and he had apparently sat in mud recently; but he carried himself with a quiet dignity befitting a man of his place in the world of criminology and his social position as the brother of a baronet, and in his gray eyes was the light of triumph.

"Well," said Mr. Van Landingham, "have you discovered anything?"

"Rather," said Cooksleigh.

"What?"

"The man," said Cooksleigh simply.

"No!"

"Yes!"

"Who is he?"

"Permit me," said the Scotland Yard man, "to describe the steps by which I arrived at my conclusion."

"Go ahead," said Mr. Van Landingham.

"Some persons," began Cooksleigh, allowing his eye to rest for half a sarcastic second on the colonel's mottled nose, "make derisive remarks about my magnifying glass, microscope, thumb-print camera, test tubes and other scientific paraphernalia. I have but one answer for them—results! My first step then was to make a thorough examination of the scene of the crime. I do not mean a mere cursory look-round. I went over the room inch by inch and I found—these!"

He produced three small envelopes, which he exhibited to Mr. Van Landingham and the others. One contained a pinch of blackish powder, one a few grains of sand and the third a small lump of wax-like substance the size of an adult pea.

"You found those on my floor?" Mrs. Van Landingham looked shocked. "I'll give that maid such a talking to!"

"No," said Cooksleigh with a tolerant smile. "The maid is not at fault. Her cleaning was impeccable. These were left after the room had been tidied. I took them to my room and examined them under a high-powered microscope. And what did I discover?" No one hazarded a guess. They all listened with interest. "This black powder is soot. But what kind of soot? There are soots and soots, but an expert can differentiate among them. This is soft-coal soot from the particular sort of bituminous coal used on the little branch railroad which passes through this town. Now the tracks are a goodish distance from Greycaster Towers—a mile or more, anyway—so it struck me that the soot was not blown here, but brought in on somebody's clothes—somebody who had been on or near the railroad recently. It could not have been Mrs. Van Landingham, as she never uses the trains, but invariably travels in one of her limousines. It could not have been a servant. None of them have been off the premises for two days. Who was it then?"

"Yes, who was it?" asked Mr. Van Landingham.

"In good time you'll know," said Cooksleigh. "Now examine this sand. It is no ordinary sand. My tests showed that it is composed largely of microscopic shells—Foraminifera, you know—which proves that in reality it is powdered chalk. Now I ascertained that there are no chalky deposits of this nature in the immediate vicinity of Greycaster Towers. *Ergo*, these grains were brought here by an outsider. Mixed in with the chalk I found a number of minute yellow grains, which I was able to identify as pollen; and furthermore, as the pollen of the hollyhock; and, moreover, as the pollen of one particular species of hollyhock—the giant Jupiter, which is extremely rare. Therefore I concluded that this sand fell from the clothes or boots of some person who had recently come from a chalky region in close proximity to a bed of giant Jupiter hollyhocks."

"Very interesting," said Mr. Van Landingham; "but who was it?"

"Patience," said Cooksleigh. "We will now scrutinize the third exhibit—this tiny pellet." He held it aloft between thumb and forefinger. "Research—and the application of the Buxbaum test," he said, "showed the presence of chicle, a viscid substance derived from the sapodilla, or from the *Mimusops globosa*—called the bully tree, you know—and also a trace of oil of wintergreen. So I am reasonably sure this is a bit of chewing gum of wintergreen flavor. Now—he pointed a finger at the hostess—"do you chew gum, Mrs. Van Landingham?"

"I do not," she returned emphatically. "Besides, I don't like wintergreen."

"Just as I surmised," said Cooksleigh. "The gum was scraped off the sole of the boot of a stranger. It was still comparatively soft. Therefore it had been chewed and deposited on the rug within the hour. Our thief, one may state without fear of successful contradiction, is a gum chewer.

"Now here is another find." He exhibited in the palm of his hand the end of a cigarette. "I found it in an ash tray in the boudoir," he said. "My microscope tells me it is a Samboulia Special—of strong Turkish tobacco—a man's cigarette. Do you smoke them, Mrs. Van Landingham?"

"No, indeed. I smoke ——"

"Don't tell me," said Cooksleigh. "I know. You smoke gold-tipped, scented Dagma-Dagmas, and you take only a few puffs on each one before you throw it away. You smoked three in your room before dinner."

"Uncanny," said Mrs. Van Landingham.

"Not at all. I studied your ash tray," said Cooksleigh. "You leave a faint touch of Bois de Boulogne Rouge, Lacquer Red Number 2, on the cigarettes you smoke.

There is no rouge on this stub. It might seem to some just an ordinary cigarette stub casually extinguished, but to me it tells a story, creates a picture—the picture of the man who took the Van Landingham diamond."

"Does it really?" exclaimed Mr. Van Landingham. "Let's have it then."

"He," said Cooksleigh, "is a man of masterful appearance, with large, irregular teeth, not very white; his nature is a violent one, and yet is thrifty; his complexion is florid ——"

"Merciful Peters!" exclaimed Mr. Van Landingham. "How can you tell all that?"

"By the teeth marks," replied Cooksleigh calmly. "He bit the cigarette fiercely. That is always the sign of a choleric temperament and a strong jaw, which gives a man a masterful look. He smoked it just as long as he could—to the cork tip in fact—which indicates his thrifty habits."

"But his complexion?" queried Mr. Van Landingham.

"Violent nature—high blood pressure. High blood pressure—ruddy complexion," said Cooksleigh. "Now to complete my picture of him. He is exactly six feet two and three-tenths inches tall and weighs sixteen stone—or, as you would put it, two hundred and twenty-four pounds. He is fifty-six years old and slightly bald, with sandy hair. He did not enter the room by climbing up the ivy, but came through the door, leaving a hand mark on the knob which shows him to be left-handed. Furthermore, he has not yet left the premises."

"Heaven save us!" cried Mr. Van Landingham. "Where is he?"

Cooksleigh did not reply to this. "Let me continue my analysis, please," he said. "First, I state positively he did not climb the ivy and enter by the window. Nobody climbed the ivy. It can't be done. I know. I tried. It isn't strong enough. I fell into a geranium bed."

"I suppose that eliminates Duggan's man, Tuxedo Tommy," said Mr. Van Landingham.

"Of course. Duggan described him as small and wiry. This man is big, slow and hefty. I know how tall he is because he leaned against the wall and his hair dye left a faint mark. Statistics show that a man begins to dye his hair at fifty-six. The impressions of his feet in the thick carpet proved him to be a heavy man, and, as I knew his height, it was a matter of simple mathematics to arrive at his poundage. So now you know exactly what he looks like."

"Very clever—very clever, indeed," said Mr. Van Landingham. "But I don't want a picture of the rascal—I want my diamond."

A saturnine smile slit the lean visage of the Scotland Yard man. "You have the man. Doubtless he has the diamond."

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Van Landingham.

"Think," said Cooksleigh. "Think. You have the picture. Who fits it?"

Mr. Van Landingham's eyes widened. He looked inexpressibly amazed and shocked. "Why—why—it's ——" He gulped and stopped abruptly and grew peony-red.

Colonel Baffin bounded to his feet. His prominent jaw protruded ominously. His eyes glittered. He faced Cooksleigh. "How dare you make such an accusation?" he roared. "You—you whippersnapping popinjay! You—you carpet-sniffing dunderhead! You—you ——" Rage choked the colonel.

"Facts," said Cooksleigh crisply, "speak for themselves."

"What facts, you doddering idiot—what facts?" thundered the colonel.

"You were in that room?"

"Yes; but ——"

"You chew gum?"

"Yes—dyspepsia."

"Your house is near the railroad track, so soot is sometimes on your clothes. Also, your land is chalky and you are the only person on Long Island who raises giant Jupiter hollyhocks. Do you dare deny it?" demanded Cooksleigh.

"Numskull!" bellowed the colonel. "Of course I was in the room! I went there for the first time in my life with you and Van Landingham. Why, you—you—you ——"

The colonel advanced toward Cooksleigh with doubled-up fists. But before he had taken two strides a tremendous noise sounded in the hall—the staccato baying yelp of a dog.

"It's Arthur!" cried Colonel Baffin. "Now we shall learn something with some sense in it."

The drawing-room door was pushed open and the baying hound darted into the room, hauling Panzer after it. The bloodhound made straight for the startled Cooksleigh and, pointing its black muzzle at the Scotland Yard man, sent out a succession of short, satisfied yowls.

"So!" trumpeted Colonel Baffin. "So! Accuse me, will you, you squirt? Panzer, the handkerchief!" Colonel Baffin seized the square of linen from Panzer's hand and thrust it under Cooksleigh's nose. "Yours, I believe?" snapped the colonel.

"By Jove, so it is!" said Cooksleigh. "I must have dropped it."

"You did!" shouted the colonel. "In the boudoir! Hand over the diamond!"

"I haven't the diamond, you bally ass!" said Cooksleigh hotly.

"We chased all over the golf links," put in Panzer, "and hit a hot scent which led straight back here to him."

"I played eighteen holes of golf this afternoon," said Cooksleigh. "I never set foot in the boudoir in my life till I went there with Mr. Van Landingham. No doubt I dropped the handkerchief then."

"Tosh and tommyrot!" rapped out the colonel.

"Tosh and tommyrot yourself!" returned Cooksleigh. They seemed to be about to do each other harm, when a loud rap on the door drew the attention of everyone in that direction.

The door was flung open and Professor Throgmorton stood there, smiling blandly. "The mystery is solved," he announced. He took a seat. His tranquil confidence caused them all to rivet their eyes on him. "A neat but not difficult problem," he said. "It soon yielded to a knowledge of psychology plus a faculty for logic. My conclusions are inescapable, and I shall state them briefly, painful though they may be to some of you. This is no time for tact. The truth must be told, though the heavens fall."

With great deliberation, he took a pinch of snuff from a tortoise-shell box. "My train of reasoning," said Professor Throgmorton, "followed a fairly straight course. I considered first the psychology and basic characteristics of the owners of the diamond, with a scientist's complete impartiality. What sort of people were the owners? What did their surroundings tell of them? Remember, I am being frank. So I must confess that I find this house too magnificent. It has a grandiose air. Everything is overdone. There are too many chairs, statues, pictures. The uniforms on the servants are too fancy and—a point I consider of great significance—most of the old masters are spurious."

"What?" barked Mr. Van Landingham.

"Pray do not interrupt," said the professor, as one addressing a small boy. "You may say all you want to when I am finished. Your Rubens is a copy. I entertain serious doubts as to the authenticity of your Fragonards, your Corots and your Titian."

"They cost ——" broke in Mr. Van Landingham, half irate, half dazed.

"No doubt—no doubt," said the professor. "The point I am making is that this house indicates an exaggerated desire for display and show, a wish to impress, to dazzle the world. This is a fairly universal human trait, though found more conspicuously in those who, from comparatively humble beginnings, have attained to great wealth in a comparatively short time—a category into which I am reluctantly forced to place the owner of these premises, whose

What Gift could be lovelier than a *Buss Light* *with its vivid oil paint colors*

How to describe these little gems of beauty and color is a problem, for there has never been any lamps like them.

The shades, done in genuine oil paints, are so vivid that even when unlighted they are brilliantly colorful. And when the light shines through, they are simply radiant.

The bases are as handsome as the shades. Finished in lustrous Ivory or Statuary Bronze Metal, with decorated borders in dainty colors.

Used as decorative stand lamps in any room, these little beauties are a treat to the eyes. When you see them, Buss Lights will win you just for their beauty alone

And when you learn how much more useful this *convertible* stand lamp is than the ordinary rigid stand lamp, you will want to give Buss Lights to everybody.

None of these *useful* features show when you use a Buss Light as an ornamental stand lamp:—

On All Buss Lights
The shade tilts and stays—a joy to read by.
The lamp bends to any angle. (Think of it on radio or piano.)
Base plate screws out to form a clamp—converting it into a beautiful bed lamp

And there is a slot in base to hang it by [as a wall bracket beside mirror, for example].

Wherever you are you'll find department stores and electrical stores featuring this new line of Buss Lights. See them the first chance you get. No description can equal the lamps themselves—they're adorable.

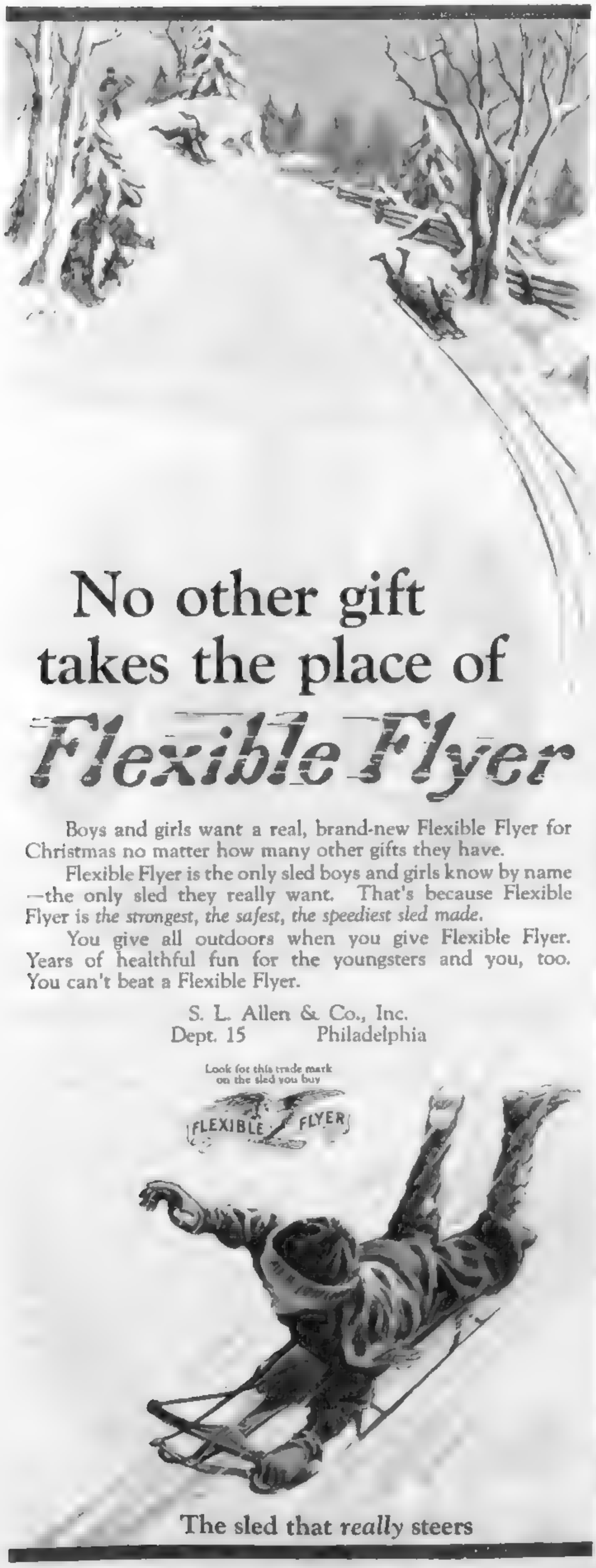
Only $3

complete, with shade, base and cord

$3 Buss Lights are also made with metal shades in Ivory and Bronze finishes—some people prefer them to the translucent shade lights.

There is also a $2 Metal Shade Buss Light for work use in home or shop.

If you can't find Buss Lights nearby, order from us. Send money order and specify Buss Light wanted. Bussmann Mfg. Co., 2543 University St., St. Louis, Mo.



No other gift takes the place of

Flexible Flyer

Boys and girls want a real, brand-new Flexible Flyer for Christmas no matter how many other gifts they have.

Flexible Flyer is the only sled boys and girls know by name—the only sled they really want. That's because Flexible Flyer is *the strongest, the safest, the speediest sled made.*

You give all outdoors when you give Flexible Flyer. Years of healthful fun for the youngsters and you, too. You can't beat a Flexible Flyer.

S. L. Allen & Co., Inc.
Dept. 15 Philadelphia

Look for this trade mark on the sled you buy

FLEXIBLE FLYER

The sled that *really* steers

meteoric rise to wealth by means of speculation in oil is a matter of recent financial history."

"Well, I never!" sputtered Mrs. Van Landingham. "You impudent old dodo!"

Ignoring her, Professor Throgmorton went on: "The purchase of a famous diamond of great value would necessarily attract a deal of attention in the fashionable world, which nowadays is the moneyed world. I observed that when the news of the loss of the jewel was first broken to him, Mr. Van Landingham's first thought was to inform—not the police, but the press. Already he had derived considerable publicity as a result of its purchase, and since this was a private transaction, it seemed patent to me that the newspapers must have been given information about it by the purchaser of the gem. Gem robberies are considered chic this year, I understand, and any lady of social aspirations feels out of it unless she has been the victim of a spectacular robbery. I noted also Mr. Van Landingham's statement that this very costly bauble was not insured ——"

"Didn't have time," growled Mr. Van Landingham.

"—— which singular negligence," pursued the professor, "in a man of Mr. Van Landingham's undoubted business shrewdness and care furnished me with a clew which led to the heart of the mystery of the disappearance of the diamond."

He sneezed and continued: "Now nobody but its owners has seen the diamond. They alone can vouch for its presence in this house. My verdict was inevitable. The diamond did not disappear."

"What's that?" cried Mr. Van Landingham.

"It did not disappear," said the professor, "and there was no theft—because there was no diamond."

Mr. and Mrs. Van Landingham's tongues sought for words, but found none.

"The Van Landingham diamond," said the professor, "is a myth. I state that with every confidence that I am right. The chain of my logic has no weak links. My deductive method is tested by time and experience. It leads me to the truth, however unpleasant that truth may be. Forgive my candor. Logic knows no rules of etiquette. Now if you will excuse me, I'll bid you all good night."

The professor rose to go. Mrs. Van Landingham jumped to her feet with furious vigor. "Stop," she cried, "you horrid old man! Pish-tish for you and your logic! Why ——"

There was a sharp, smacking sound on the floor. A glittering object, the size of an egg, had fallen at Mrs. Van Landingham's feet. She stared at it. She began to titter hysterically. "Well, I never!" she cried. "It's it!"

"I deduce," said Mr. Van Landingham, "that the chain broke and it slipped down your dress and caught on your corset."

He bowed to the others. "Now," said Mr. Van Landingham, "will you detective gentlemen join me in a highball—and then go and jump in the lake?"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

Rita stepped upon the starter,
Never motor started neater.
But alas a moment later
Peter murmured to his daughter,
"Rita, see that motor meter!
Stop! I think you'll overheat her!
Quick, your motor's getting hotter."
"Gosh," said Rita, all aflutter,
"Dad, I quite forgot the water."

All at once there came a sputter,
Then a rattle and a spatter,
Then, like lava from a crater,
With a rumble and a clatter
Crashed the motor, all aclutter,
Bent and battered in the gutter.

Sadly home walked Peter Carter,
With his tearful daughter Rita
And her portly weeping mater.
"But," said he, "I won't berate her.
Never mind. It doesn't matter.
But I think you hadn't oughter
Have forgot to put in water."

—*Newman Levy.*

Married Life in High Society

Story Told in Captions From the Picture Pages of the Daily Papers

MISS FIFI SPEEDHAM, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. Moore Speedham, of New York and Newport, snapped walking with her fiancé, Mr. Van Isching Coyne, on Park Avenue, Sunday.

The Speedham-Coyne wedding. Mrs. Van Isching Coyne—Miss Fifi Speedham that was—photographed on the terrace of the Speedham villa, Newport, immediately after the ceremony.

Society honeymooners. Mr. and Mrs. Van Isching Coyne waving adieu to friends as they sailed yesterday aboard the Boomteraria. Mrs. Coyne was formerly Miss Fifi Speedham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. Moore Speedham, of New York and Newport.

Notables at Deauville, *apéritif* hour. Reading from left to right, the Hon. Mrs. Hyphen-Blank, Mrs. Van Isching Coyne, formerly Miss Fifi Speedham, Sir Vermuth Tatlew, Mr. Van Isching Coyne, Miss Wumpus.

Among those to return yesterday on the Rahrahia were Mr. and Mrs. Van Isching Coyne. Mrs. Coyne is the former Miss Fifi Speedham.

Society in Florida basks in friendly sun. Mrs. Van Isching Coyne and Mr. Halibut Pinkham among the bathers at popular Palm Beach.

Society at White Sulphur Springs. Reading from left to right. Mrs. Ornery Oofles, Mr. Van Isching Coyne, Miss Mimi Truffles enjoying a brisk morning canter.

Mrs. Van Isching Coyne, who before her marriage was Miss Fifi Speedham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. Moore Speedham, of New York and Newport, sailed yesterday for Paris aboard the Bombastic.

Mrs. Van Isching Coyne, who returned yesterday aboard the Boomteraria, having been granted a divorce in the French capital. She left at once for the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. Moore Speedham, of New York and Newport.

Mrs. Van Isching Coyne, formerly Miss Fifi Speedham, snapped walking with her fiancé, Mr. Halibut Pinkham, on Park Avenue, Sunday.

The Coyne-Pinkham wedding. Mrs. Halibut Pinkham—Mrs. Van Isching Coyne that was—photographed leaving St. Croesus' immediately after the ceremony.

Society honeymooners. Mr. and Mrs. Halibut Pinkham waving adieu to friends as they sailed yesterday aboard the Hectic. Mrs. Pinkham, well known to society as Miss Fifi Speedham, recently obtained a Paris divorce from Mr. Van Isching Coyne. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. Moore Speedham, of New York and Newport.

The reader may finish this for himself by consulting the daily papers. Very little imagination is necessary.

—*Arthur H. Folwell.*

De Profundis

THERE was a hole in our town,
And it was wondrous wide.
The traffic barely managed to
Get by on either side.
And when they'd finished with the hole
And covered up the main,
Contractors jumped upon the street
And dug it up again.

—*Fairfax Downey.*

Gifts in Silver the Gift metal

RICH, yet unostentatious; precious, yet not too costly; gracious, thoughtful—the gift in silver is always in good taste.

Your jeweler has a wonderful selection of silver gifts from which to choose—gifts to delight and serve your friends of every age, gifts to be a lifetime's reminder of your Christmas thought.

When you make your selection, look for the name of Reed & Barton, master craftsmen in silver for more than a century—the name revered by generations past, present and to come.

TAUNTON, MASS. REED & BARTON NEW YORK, N.Y.

REED & BARTON

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS

STERLING SILVER PLATE

Dad, it's great!

Meccano builds *Thousands* of models *—all different and in colors*

The NEW "OO" OUTFIT—$1.00

The World's Best Value

EVERY boy wants a construction toy and naturally he wants the best. Meccano is the system that builds models on real engineering principles. With it any boy can build fine engineering models that work just like real machines. There is no fun like the thrill of building models with Meccano, and there is no limit to their number—the Meccano boy can have a new model every day in the year if he likes. All these models are in color and, of course, this gives them an added charm.

Meccano model-building requires no study—it is dead easy and anyone who can use a screw-driver can build Meccano models. No tools are necessary.

Meccano parts are made from the best steel and are beautifully finished in bright colors. All parts are accurately made and the Gears are *cut* from solid brass so that they work smoothly and correctly, which they would not do if they were *stamped* from sheet metal.

This year we are introducing a brand new Outfit (it costs $1) and with it hundreds of splendid new models can be built—in colors. This No "OO" Outfit includes many additional parts and is the best value in the world. With it there is a fine new Instruction Manual illustrating scores of new models that it has hitherto not been possible to build with any construction toy.

The "OO" Outfit is a fine present that will gladden the heart of any boy.

Send for This Book—It is Free

This splendidly illustrated book explains the Meccano System and shows scores of models that may be made with Meccano

A copy will be mailed to you free in return for the names and addresses of three of your chums. You can send the names on a postcard if you like and we will send you the book by return mail. For reference write number S-3 after your own name and address.

MECCANO COMPANY, Inc.
Div. S-3, Elizabeth, N. J.

SPECIAL
$10.00
OUTFIT
No. 3 X

This fine Outfit contains a full assortment of Meccano parts—many of them beautifully enamelled in shining colors—packed in a strong wooden box. The illustrated Book of Instructions included with it shows how to build 425 superb models, but the Outfit will build hundreds of others in addition to those shown. The Outfit also includes a powerful Meccano reversing patent Electric Motor with which you can make the models work like real machines

Other Outfits from $1 to $45. Buy them from your dealer, but if he cannot supply you we will mail direct on receipt of price

Win $500 Cash

Send for particulars and entry blanks for our Grand new Model Building Competition—first prize $500 in Cash.

This Wrecking Car with Electric Motor is one of the 475 models made with a $10 set.

MECCANO

Engineering for Boys

AMERICAN TRAVELS OF A GEM COLLECTOR

Continued from Page 23

would begin to pour in on me. Never, by any chance, were they found in my graves—oh, never—and I can truthfully swear that, stand for days on end as I might, watching my natives delve into those graves, I never saw them bring up a single ornament. Nevertheless, a day or so later, other natives with other faces—but often, I discovered, with the same family names—would come to me from the other side of the mountain bearing ancient treasures to sell me. And if I stopped excavations for a few days this supply would immediately cease. Well, I paid twice for my grave treasures, that's all. But I have them."

Many of these prehistoric bits of jade I picked up myself in Mexico, wonderfully rich in color and beautifully carved by skillful hands centuries before the advent of the white man. And here, as I found later in Russia, the finest things were not always in the possession of the wealthiest, but frequently of the poor; for here the natives dug the jade from the ancient graves, and the opals—well, there would always be someone in every little adobe village who was interested in opals and had gathered a little hoard and would gladly bring them out for my inspection—jade and opals and obsidian—a black volcanic glass beautifully worked by prehistoric man. I remember one hut that I entered which was ingeniously built of cactus plants so closely planted that they formed a solid wall, over which the roof was neatly fitted.

Loot From Peking

While on the subject of jade I must speak of the Bishop Collection—the finest collection of jade that exists anywhere in the world—to which I was instrumental in adding, purely as a matter of friendship, about one-third of the thousand items. This constitutes the most comprehensive and exhaustive and, I think, most beautiful collection of a gem material in existence. Nothing more exquisite than the delicate, translucent bowls and vases and *coupes*, polished by the slow, ceaseless efforts of ancient yellow men, carved by tools as fine as a wasp's sting, traced with legendary story and symbol, suggesting somehow—though these have left no physical traces—the hundred adventures of love, religion, bloodshed and rapine through which they have passed. There is, for example—and this was the piece that first aroused Mr. Bishop's interest in jade and incited him to begin his collection—the famous Hurd vase purchased from Tiffany and Company in 1878. This vase was obtained in China by Mr. Hurd, a Boston tea merchant, and was part of the loot of the armies of the Anglo-French expedition of 1860, when the forty buildings that comprised the world-famed Summer Palace of Peking were sacked and the imperial treasures—triumphs of the lapidarian art of many centuries—were dispersed throughout the world. No finer example of jade ware exists than this imperial vase; a vase in lantern shape in many varying shades of green, carved in foliage and garden scenes, seeming to live and move when one places a lighted candle within.

Via Sir Walter Raleigh

When this collection was finally completed—when the last exquisite bit had been hunted down and set in the niche reserved for it—Mr. Bishop, who had spent thirty years making this collection, gave it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. But he loved it so much that he wanted its exquisite beauty to have the same perfect setting it had had in his own home, and so he had an exact reproduction of the Louis XV salon of his house made for the museum by the great Allard of Paris, a *chef-d'œuvre* that has been pronounced by the greatest foreign architects to be the finest Louis XV room anywhere in the world, with the possible exception of those at Versailles and Potsdam. The identical Louis XV cases in which the collection had been kept at Mr. Bishop's own house were transferred to the museum.

It's rather strange that the first mention of jade in European literature should be immediately after the discovery of America in 1492, and that the name should come into our language via Sir Walter Raleigh at the time he introduced his famous "tobacco."

"What is it, Sir Walter?" his friends inquired when he showed them the new green stone; and he answered: "*Hijada*—the Spanish word for colic. They use this stone over there as a cure for that ailment."

"Do tell, Sir Walter!" they said, and went about telling their friends of this new "jade" thing, not bothering with their *h*'s.

And in addition to all its other mysterious and mystic qualities, jade adds still another—its sonorousness. It is the only musical gem. "Full indeed is the heart of him who beats the musical stone like that," said a passing peasant, hearing Confucius draw mournful music from his instrument of jade. A series of twelve, sixteen or twenty stones gives all the musical tones,

PHOTO BY HERBERT PHOTOS, INC., N. Y. C.

A Tent Village in One of South Africa's New Diamond Fields

of a silvery, bell quality, when struck with a hammer.

Not even in China, throughout all its eighteen provinces, has jade yet been found *in situ*—that is, in the place where Nature formed it. So venerated was this stone that men searched for it as for nothing else, leaving no morsel of it unearthed. Still there *are* places where jade may be dug out of the rock today—but of that later. The conclusions of science at present are that wherever jade is now found, though handled and rehandled by primitive man, there it was originally mined, for the jade of each country differs markedly from the jade of all other countries, and no fabulous tale of Chinese junks ferrying it across the Pacific in umpty-ump B.C. is going to live that down.

The World War stimulated the demand for jade, on the principle that what we can't get we want. As both France and Germany, where most of the semiprecious stones are worked up, were participating in the struggle and these supplies of fancy stones were therefore cut off, the Chinese found this an excellent opportunity to introduce their own gem stones into the United States.

A necklace of very fine jade of the coveted true emerald green will sell for as much as fifty thousand dollars. These beads are sometimes hollowed out to make them more emeraldlike in intensity of color and more translucent. It is better, of course, to get the jade that is naturally of this depth and intensity without hollowing it out—jadeite, or imperial jade, as it is known as distinguished from the other form of jade known as nephrite. A translucent necklace made in the length of the Oriental rosary of one hundred and four beads will sometimes sell for a hundred thousand dollars.

Opal, jade and, of course, turquoise—one can't neglect the turquoise of Mexico. Indeed, it was one of the principal objects of my search while I was there. No more fearful and wonderful objects exist than those astounding turquoise skulls, some of which I saw in Mexico, which are real human skulls solidly paved with turquoise chiefly, then obsidian and other stones. And that reminds me of one of the most amazing men I ever knew—Eugène Boban, who did more than any other one man to show us the wonders of Mexico.

Skulls are dreary things at the best, even if studded with gems, but to Boban, so saturated in archæology that I have no doubt he thought, when he saw a pretty woman, what a beautiful skeleton she would one day make—to Boban a skull was merely an interesting ornament for a room. I shall never forget my first visit to his home in Tenth Street, where I went to see a wonderful sacred painting depicting gems, the Marriage of Joseph and Mary, in life size, which he had unearthed for me from an ancient Mexican church.

The Changing Fashions

Boban's room! A tiny cot placed between two mummified women which he had dug out of the walls of that same church, and at the foot of this bed, that he might, on retiring and rising, contemplate its never-ending archæological wonders, the head of a man which, during burial, had been transformed into adipocere, a sort of natural hard soap.

As to the gem painting Boban had for me, it still hangs on the wall of my living room. Most interesting it is to note that the ring with which Joseph is wedding the Virgin Mary contains a large diamond in its natural octahedral form; for the artist, judging rightly that diamonds would not be cut before the Christian Era, painted the natural uncut stone, quite overlooking the fact that diamonds were probably not known at all at that time. This and the many other interesting gems worn by Mary and the high priest make this one of the most unusual sacred gem paintings I have ever seen.

But to return to our turquoise. It was mined by the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico centuries ago, but one still sees them working today and looking not so very different from what they did when, ages ago, they built fires against the rock to crack it and free the bright blue gems with which they studded their personal adornments and their household goods. With the governor of New Mexico I attended their great fiesta one fourth of August and saw these Pueblos, wearing earrings, necklaces and silver belts incrusted with turquoise from the mines of Los Cerrilos, do their age-old sun, moon and snake dances. At small value do they hold these lovely gems, for after the dance they passed among the audience offering them for the usual price a mouthful for twenty-five cents. Yet in the old days of the Aztecs, their forefathers, when the Spaniards received tribute from them, "each gem was worth a load of gold," or approximately fifty-seven thousand dollars. Thus do fashions change!

It is the daily and not always pleasant duty of the gem expert to bear witness to the genuineness or falsity of gems. Pathetic it often is. One glance at the highly valued stone; one look into the tense, waiting face of the owner—so much depends on the answer.

The Tragedy of False Gems

"It's quartz," one says, and the hope of a son going to college or of a much-needed operation being paid for vanishes. I have known of cases where a stone has been kept in hiding for years against a rainy day and then, when the need of money was urgent, brought to me for valuation, when it became my hard duty to reveal to the owner that it was a worthless water-worn or gizzard-worn bit of glass. I remember the case of a maiden lady who had for more than thirty years secretly possessed a stone she firmly believed to be a diamond, but which, when at last she brought it to me, I instantly knew to be nothing but a crystal quartz. What a story of lifelong deception, of deferred hope, and pathos, as tragic in its way as the great De Maupassant's story, The Necklace.

Yes, it's every day's work to the gem expert to examine stones brought in for determination or to be reset, and to report to the unsuspecting owner that, although he bought it as a perfect stone, flaws exist, cleverly concealed by the setting or the forcing of hot oil into the crevices, which make it practically valueless; that a bit of colored foil has been placed between the setting and the stone, imparting an enhanced color to the sapphire, emerald or ruby which actually has little color of its own; that a sapphire has been so cleverly set that it seemed of deep, homogeneous color, but on being removed from its tricky setting was seen to have only a tiny tip of blue at the lower, or culet, end; that a so-called black opal seemingly of great fire is really an opal of a quality too poor to be sold which has gained its color by being heated in oil, which, turning black, filled the crevices of the stone; that a string of lapis-lazuli beads is in reality composed of an agate so inferior that it has been boiled in a solution of Prussian blue which it has readily absorbed and so imitates lapis; that a supposedly valuable emerald bracelet consists of stones—mineralogically emeralds, it is true, but of wretched quality—into the crevices of which coloring matter has been forced and, in addition, the outside perhaps coated with a green chemical made to adhere to the stone by a kind of varnish; that an off-color pearl has been bleached or given a beautiful black luster by the insertion of silver nitrate.

And so on and so on till the expert is aweary and a bit heartsick for the people who have made the mistake of buying from an unscrupulous dealer. No one—we might as well state it flatly—no one not an expert can trust his eyes in this matter of selecting gems; for if all else be well, how shall he know whether a certain stone, undoubtedly genuine, is worth ten or a hundred or a thousand dollars a carat? This is a matter of expert judgment of perfection of color

These Gifts Will Be Remembered Months After Christmas

OF course, whatever you give, folks will *say* they like it—but what will really happen a month after Christmas? Will your gift be forgotten or—worse—discarded?

You won't need to worry if you choose wisely. Here are three gifts that are sure to bring Christmas joy all through the year—gifts that grow increasingly welcome, cost you very little, and save you the trouble of shopping, wrapping, mailing. Every year public favor grows stronger toward gift subscriptions for:

The Saturday Evening Post	The Ladies' Home Journal	The Country Gentleman
52 issues $2	*One year $1*	*$1 for 3 years*

You know how much you enjoy the weekly visits of The Post. Surely you have friends who would enjoy it no less—who would look forward to every Thursday if you send them a gift subscription

And for your women friends there is the one magazine which two and a half million buyers welcome every month—*The Ladies' Home Journal* The year ahead promises them 7 complete $2 novels *plus* 70 or more magnetic short stories *plus* a complete household and fashion service. All for a single dollar!

The Country Gentleman makes an especially fine gift for Country folks. Wherever you send it, the whole family will read it. For *The Country Gentleman* offers so much of personal interest to Dad, to Mother, to the boys and the girls!

To every friend whom you remember in this sure-to-please way, we will send, *in your name*, a colorful Maxfield Parrish announcement card. The small black and white reproduction at the right but suggests the beauty of the full-color 11 x 14 in. original

That the card announcing your gift may arrive in the Christmas mail, send your order today, either through one of our authorized representatives or direct to the address below. Then your Christmas worries will practically be over.

The Curtis Publishing Company

300 Independence Square Philadelphia, Penna.

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

High Shoes
Cold, wet days ahead call for the added comfort and protection of FLORSHEIM High Shoes. Sturdy, to meet all kinds of weather. Snug around the ankles.
The MODE—Style M-276
Ten Dollars worth and MORE
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers Chicago
The Florsheim Shoe

The Joys of Christmas Music

Price
Type 2, with manual control switch, $35.00
Type R, with automatic switch, $37.50
Price includes Type BH Raytheon Tube

And Kingston—the Perfect Gift

A Kingston B Current Supply Unit means a gift for every day in the year—the gift of perfect reception, of clearer, finer programs, of a new and rich satisfaction in your radio evenings. With the Kingston your set is always at its perfection peak. Beautifully and expertly built, finished in satin black, the Kingston has three different voltage terminals, each adjustable over a wide range, making possible any voltage from 5 to 200—an unusual flexibility. Size: 9 inches long, 8¼ inches high, 5¼ wide. Here is the ideal gift.

Make this a Kingston Christmas
If your Dealer can't supply you, write us
KOKOMO ELECTRIC COMPANY - Kokomo, Indiana

Kingston
B CURRENT SUPPLY UNIT

and quality. The amateur's eyes may give him its beauty, his jeweler must give him its value.

However, the discovery of falseness is not always an unpleasant duty. On the contrary, the discouragement of fraud is one of the most satisfying and valuable contributions the gem expert can make to fair dealing and sound business. For example, among numerous parcels of these New Mexican turquoise which I examined on one occasion were several lots of exceptionally beautiful color—and perfection of enduring color is one of the chief requisites of this gem, which is so susceptible to alteration that even the washing of the hands with the ring on causes discoloration. The true Persian blue with no tinge of green and without inclusions of matrix is the ideal; and when this pure color is found the value of the stone is hundreds of times higher than that of the off-color stone.

There on my desk lay a quantity of perfectly colored stones—not usual from the New Mexican mines. True turquoise they undoubtedly were, of the correct specific gravity, and cutting, when tried with a knife, with the characteristic soapy, ivory feel. But I had a strange feeling that this perfect color could not be genuine. So I took my knife and began scraping the back of one. Blue—blue—true blue; then suddenly a streak of green, and in a few moments I had reached the depths to which the Prussian-blue dye had penetrated, giving the whole stone a lovely blue cast instead of its original green, and a gem valued at two hundred dollars instantly dropped in price to two dollars.

But how about the layman who, buying from an unscrupulous dealer, pays $200 for such a stone? If Marie Antoinette and her jewelers could be so deceived, how can the average buyer hope to escape? A magnificent set of supposedly genuine turquoise set in diamonds possessed by the Queen and included in the sale of the French Crown Jewels was later found to be merely fossil bone naturally stained by copper salts. And not the least of the harm worked by such deception as this regarding the New Mexican turquoise, is that suspicion is thus cast upon any fine turquoise which may later come on the market from this country. The layman's best, indeed, his only guaranty is to buy from a thoroughly reputable firm. It is far too easy to deceive him who judges only by the beauty that meets his eye, for in jewels, as in women, such beauty is often only skin-deep.

I recall another—the most flagrant case I have ever personally dealt with—of such deception. I had frequently heard rumors of the rarity and beauty of a necklace of colored diamonds, reputed to be one of the most remarkable in Europe, which was held for sale by a certain jeweler in Moscow. So on one occasion, being in that city, I naturally made a point of seeing this wonder and feasting my eyes upon its beauty. A string of colored diamonds is not met with every day. And though jade, or turquoise, or lapis lazuli, being comparatively soft and porous, is susceptible to dyeing, a diamond is more difficult to tamper with. So I had no doubts of the genuineness of the wonder I was about to behold.

A Prospective Customer

The dealer, seeing in me only a possible customer, had no hesitation about bringing out his celebrated necklace. He laid it before me with an air as of one who says, "There, little father, let your eyes be blessed with this rare vision."

And indeed I was dazzled. Lovely as were the browns, yellows and whites, the chief beauty and value of the necklace lay in its exquisite pinks, blues, aquamarines and greens, and in the blending of one tone with the next, which made it a truly masterly piece of work. The eye of the connoisseur was delighted, and, for the moment that the necklace twinkled between the jeweler's fingers, it was almost deceived.

"Let me see," I said, stretching out my hand, more desirous of bringing this beauty closer to me than of examining it with an expert's jaundiced eye. But the instant I held it in my hand I had a sudden incontrovertible conviction that all was not as it seemed.

"Very beautiful," I murmured and managed, unobserved, to dig one of the gems, which had no mounting on the back, sharply with my nail. A slight, an almost imperceptible scratch appeared. I then proceeded more deliberately to examine it, and all the while the jeweler, who now saw he had to do with a customer more knowing than the average, hovered uneasily near, not daring to interfere. Finally I laid it back on its velvet bed with the reverent gesture its fame deserved.

"Very pretty," I said. "How much are you asking for it?"

The jeweler hesitated, uncertain how much I had discovered—if anything. A ticklish situation for him. Had he deceived me as he had so many others? Should he quote the price he had always quoted—not too high a value to set upon so extraordinary a necklace if it were all he pretended? Or should he, as one connoisseur to another, tacitly admit the deception and give a correspondingly lower price? A long moment—a long, bad moment for the jeweler.

To the Knowing Eye

"Well ——" he said, and stopped.

"Come," I said gently. "You have a price."

"Certainly—certainly. The price is——" and he named the figure its reputation had given it.

I looked long at him.

"Really? Well, after all, that's not a high price for it"—I paused, the dealer beamed—"if it were genuine." I leaned over the table, lifted and dropped the necklace disdainfully. "What do you mean by asking such a price for a flagrant forgery?"

"But, sir ——"

"No use," I said. "Look at that." And I gave one of the pink stones a dig with my thumb nail.

He saw the game was up and laughed uneasily.

"I see the gentleman is a connoisseur," he said. "Well, well, there's no use trying to deceive so expert a gentleman. However, as you can see for yourself, they are genuine diamonds."

"Yes, but what color? Wretched off-color stones cleverly doctored."

"Well, one has a right to improve on Nature, not so? I am not trying to palm off imitation stones as genuine. They are genuine diamonds—every one. But from what would otherwise have been a collection of unpleasing, unmatched stones, I have created a thing of beauty."

"And are asking for it many times its actual value," I added. "That's the point."

Thus was disclosed the deception that had made this one of the celebrated diamond necklaces of Europe. To the back of each stone this man had skillfully applied a bit of transparent coloring matter which gave it a lovely color and glow—a trick so cleverly managed in this case that it would have fooled anyone but an expert.

There is a look about a stone which has in any way been tampered with that flashes its falseness to the expert's eye instantaneously. No need for minute examinations and chemical tests. The true nature of the stone is revealed in that first glance, though tests must follow to prove the judgment correct. I know that for the layman it is often impossible to distinguish even between a genuine pearl and an imitation; whereas to the trained eye there is as much difference between a genuine Oriental pearl and a genuine American pearl, between the pearl of India and the pearl of China, as there is between a negro and a white man. The texture, the whole look and feel of the two gems, are entirely different. Not for a moment would one be deceived. Yet even people who should know better frequently attempt to pull the wool over the expert's eyes.

(Continued on Page 176)

Identify Libbey-Owens "A" quality glass by the manufacturer's label appearing on each individual sheet.

Libbey-Owens

FLAT-DRAWN CLEAR SHEET GLASS FOR WINDOWS

YEAR by year more of the world's windows are being glazed with Libbey-Owens flat-drawn clear sheet glass—unmistakable evidence of a growing public demand for superior quality in glass for windows.

Libbey-Owens flat-drawn sheet glass is made by an exclusive Libbey-Owens process. Drawn in a flat, continuous sheet from the molten state, it is absolutely without bow and always uniform in thickness.

Furthermore, the slow annealing process perfected by Libbey-Owens insures the absence of strain and brittleness, and at the same time produces that brilliant, sparkling lustre which immediately identifies every Libbey-Owens window.

For new buildings, and for all re-glazing, be sure to specify Libbey-Owens flat-drawn clear sheet glass for windows. Ask for it by name.

THE LIBBEY-OWENS SHEET GLASS COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

Distributed Through Representative Glass Jobbers, and Used by Sash and Door Manufacturers Everywhere

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

For over fifty years "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has had the unqualified endorsement of physicians and dentists.

"Phillips Milk of Magnesia" is markedly efficient as an Antacid, Laxative, and Corrective.

Always insist upon genuine Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Each bottle contains tested and proved directions; also authoritative list of uses.

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

The Training Your Boy Should Have

A boy's man, and a man's boy—how wonderfully well they get along together!—especially in the clean-cut rivalry of target practice.

Deep down in your heart, don't you believe that nothing is more important than the training of your son? Your own companionship in his sports—that is the best possible guidance for the growing boy. Spend more time with him at rifle practice, too—and you'll be truly gratified by the results.

Perhaps your boy has shown you the messages he reads—letters from leading athletes—saying that "target practice makes vision, nerves and muscles click together." It's true!—as shown by the excellent training which millions of boys have received with Daisy Air Rifles the past 40 years.

The rifle illustrated is the famous Daisy Pump Gun—a 30-shot repeater for $5. Ask your dealer to show you this, and other Daisy Air Rifles, a model for every age, from $1 to $5, or sent direct upon receipt of price.

BOYS! Get your FREE Copy of the Daisy Manual from nearest hardware or sporting goods store. It tells you how to make a rocket sled!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Plymouth, Michigan, U S A.

DAISY AIR RIFLES

(Continued from Page 174)

On one of my trips to Little Miami River, where the wonderful pink American pearls were found, I visited a well-known banker to see certain celebrated agate pearls which he had bought locally and which I had hopes of adding to my collections. The finest one ever found there was in this gentleman's possession, as well as some two dozen others only less reputed. These pearls were most courteously laid out before me by my host and I immediately saw that there was not a true pearl among them. All these large, dome-shaped affairs, the smallest of which measured one-half inch across, were merely rounded mother-of-pearl objects, practically worthless. Yet this gentleman had paid a high price for them and they would have been worth an extraordinary figure had they been real.

I glanced up.

"Where is the famous agate pearl?" I inquired, thinking that surely he had kept for the last, as a surprise, this gem whose reputation for black iridescence and special hardness had traveled all the way to New York.

With perfectly natural pride, considering the wonder he was supposed to possess, my host laid a finger on the largest of these worthless mother-of-pearl buttons.

"That is it. Don't you consider it unusually fine?"

I gazed in amazement. How could such a scandalously obvious fraud impose upon the least sophisticated? I felt sorry indeed for this gentleman, whose pride and community spirit as well as whose purse would be so deeply injured by the exposure of this hoax, but there are no two ways about the truth. I told him what they were and left him crushed.

And then I looked up the person who had sold my banker these pearls. At first glance I was willing to grant that he, too, far from perpetrating a fraud, had likewise been taken in by the spurious glitter of these pseudo pearls. Surely an honest man, I thought, as he advanced toward me, his kindly, homely face beaming with pleasure and interest. He was himself, he told me, the pearl fisher who had brought up these treasures from the river bed, not a middleman. And then, as his eye and hand met mine, I had that sudden electric certainty that rings a bell inside me whenever I see a false stone. Yet for one moment more his disarming naïveté made me hesitate.

The Mountain to Mohammed

"And what do you think of my agate pearls, doctor?" he inquired heartily.

"Think?" I said. "What is there to think? There can't be two opinions about those lumps of mother-of-pearl."

And apropos of this digression concerning deceptions in stones, I remember the evening on which—it seems so long ago—I went to see the celebrated Li Hung Chang. There's a noted diamond in the possession of Tiffany and Company on which no price has ever been set, as it was bought merely as a magnificent gesture by the founder of the firm and is kept as a show piece. This quite extraordinary stone measures very nearly an inch across, weighs 128.5 carats, and is the largest fine yellow diamond known. A connoisseur, after one glance into its limpid, golden depths, would as soon think of questioning its genuineness as that of the Koh-i-nur itself.

Li Hung Chang had heard rumors of the phenomenon and on one occasion expressed to me a wish to see it. It had never, for one moment, been out of the possession of the owners since the day of its purchase from the De Beers Company, and so the desire of the Viceroy of China to see this stone, he being somewhat too much of a procession to go about like an ordinary human being, was rather a problem. There was the greater-than-emperor of China waiting regally in his suite at the Waldorf, and one doesn't lightly offend the man of whom General Grant, after a trip around the world, has said: "There are three great men in the world today—Gladstone, Bismarck and Li Hung Chang; but the greatest of these is Li Hung Chang." It was Mohammed-and-mountain situation over again, and this time the mountain went to Mohammed.

After due conference it was decided that I should take the stone myself to the home of this greatest of Chinamen. I remember the light that leaped to his eyes when I lifted it from its velvet case and placed it in his palm. His lips parted for an astonished moment and then, with that childlike naïveté and frankness one finds in almost all truly great people, but also with a charm that was inimitably Oriental, he looked up and said, "But, my dear Doctor Kunz, it is surely not all one diamond?"

I nodded, though I thought perhaps I had not heard correctly.

Not Even a Ring

The great man was childishly delighted.

"All one piece," he murmured reverently, then clouded again. "You are quite sure it isn't three or four pieces somehow stuck together?"

I laughed and reassured him, and thereafter his delight in it knew no bounds.

A love for the beauty of gems one would naturally suppose to be so universal that no one able to indulge it would forgo the pleasure of possessing one at least of these masterpieces of Nature; but as a matter of fact, I have more than once been surprised—shocked, really—to find that some celebrated man or woman hadn't the slightest feeling of admiration for gems, just as one sometimes meets very cultured people who care nothing for music or painting. One of the most surprising cases I ever knew was that of Theodore Roosevelt. I wished a photograph of some ring he possessed to use as an illustration in a book. I had already obtained the impression of Woodrow Wilson's seal ring on which was engraved his name in shorthand, and awaited the right opportunity to ask President Roosevelt for his.

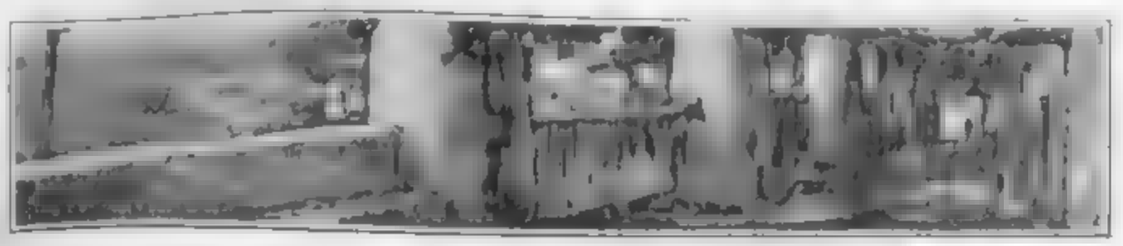
The occasion presented itself one evening when I accompanied him to a club in New York where ex-Secretary Root was speaking and where the ex-President was to speak after receiving a medal for his discovery of the River of Doubt in Brazil. Mr. Root had not yet finished his address when we arrived, and Mr. Roosevelt with that lovable and characteristic modesty which I had so many occasions of noting, refused to enter the lecture hall for fear that his appearance might divert public attention—which it undoubtedly would have. I drew up a large chair in the lobby of the club for him, but before I could request him to be seated he motioned me to the chair and said, "Do be seated, Doctor Kunz, and I'll sit here," placing himself on the broad arm.

During this few moments of waiting I spoke to him of my desire for a photograph of his ring. He laughed.

"I don't own even a ring, Doctor Kunz," he said. "Frankly, I haven't any use for jewels. I have a different hobby. Ivory's the thing, Doctor Kunz. You can't beat ivory. I'd go a long distance to procure an interesting bit of elephant tusk."

So, as far as President Roosevelt was concerned, I'm afraid I've practically wasted my life.

Editor's Note—This is the second of several articles by Doctor Kunz and Mrs. Ray. The next will appear in an early issue.



WHAT CAN A CITY AFFORD?

(Continued from Page 17)

reach a sound judgment with such sentimental arguments hurled at him.

I was once asked to speak before the Rotary Club in a small city, and chose to talk on the subject of income and inheritance taxes.

I was not familiar with local conditions and intended making no reference to them. But it appeared that a school-bond election was to be held shortly, and I was called upon by a delegation of leading citizens who urged me to say nothing which might prejudice its passage.

In Indiana ten taxpayers in any division in the state may bring before the State Board of Tax Commissioners for review the budget for any bond issue in excess of $5000. The state board has a measure of control over the contract price, purpose of the expenditure, character of improvement and whether it can be afforded. Speaking recently, William A. Hough, a member of the board, said:

"We have before our board bond issues for the construction of schoolhouses, and they always tell us about the wonderful advantages of education, and how we should look to the welfare of these fine little boys and girls who are to become the future citizens of the great state of Indiana. They never tell you anything about what their schoolhouse is going to cost. They talk in these glittering generalities. I never saw a contract that was full of fraud and graft but what it was masquerading under the banner of progress."

A Hand on the Purse Strings

"We had a schoolhouse project before our board like this—and we have had hundreds of them—out in Blank township, right near the city of ——; they proposed to build a school to take care of about 480 pupils, and they came before us with a proposed bond issue of $190,000. We thought it was too much money. They advertised for bids, and the lowest bid was $185,000, and we said it was too much money; and they brought in fifty or more taxpayers from that neighborhood, with the tears rolling down their cheeks and praying for the relief of their overcrowded condition.

"We told them it would cost too much. They said, 'This is our money, and we ought to spend it the way we please.' But we were adamant, and we compelled those people to advertise for bids again. The first time they had three bidders and the next time they had eleven, because we wrote a lot of letters to contractors that this school building was going to be let, and without any change in the plans and specifications, with the exception of reducing the width of a stone cornice, they let the contract for $115,000."

There is another and entirely different type of generality in favor of increased public expenditures which needs to be closely examined. It is used oftenest in behalf of educational expansion. I refer to the well-known and quite fallacious luxury comparison. We are told that Michigan, California or some other state spends only $20,000,000 on its university and ten times that sum on tobacco, gum, cosmetics, and the like.

A Link Missing

It is calmly assumed that the problem of the economic limitation upon educational expenditures is disposed of when statistics are cited regarding the amounts spent on soft drinks or tobacco as compared with the amounta spent on education. The only trouble with this is that one entire link in the chain of reasoning is missing. Yet great influential national associations, with impressive headquarters and extended secretariats in Washington, issue whole bulletins based on this *non sequitur*.

In the first place, even if such money spent privately is wasted, that does not condone or justify public waste. But this is not the main point to consider. We speak of the wealth or income or the assessed value of property in this or that state and city. But these do not represent resources fully or immediately available to any new want which may arise.

They do not represent so much cash, so many dollars in coin. They stand rather for goods and services, already largely pledged and unavailable for alternative uses. To a considerable extent they are specialized in character and ill adapted to any other use.

If resources now being used for so-called wasteful consumption are to be shifted over or diverted to the support of such objects as public education, the community must be brought to a point, as Professors Strayer and Haig, of the Educational Finance Inquiry Commisaion, remark, "where it is willing to steel itself to the abstinences and costs involved in the diversion."

If every person in New York State voluntarily gave up cosmetics, gum, candy, tobacco, soft drinks and similar luxuries, and permitted the money to be taken from them in taxes, it would seem as if the schools might be much better off. But who is going to bring about this revolutionary change in popular habits?

Begging this point, however, Strayer and Haig show conclusively that if the public

A New High School in Hibbing, Minnesota

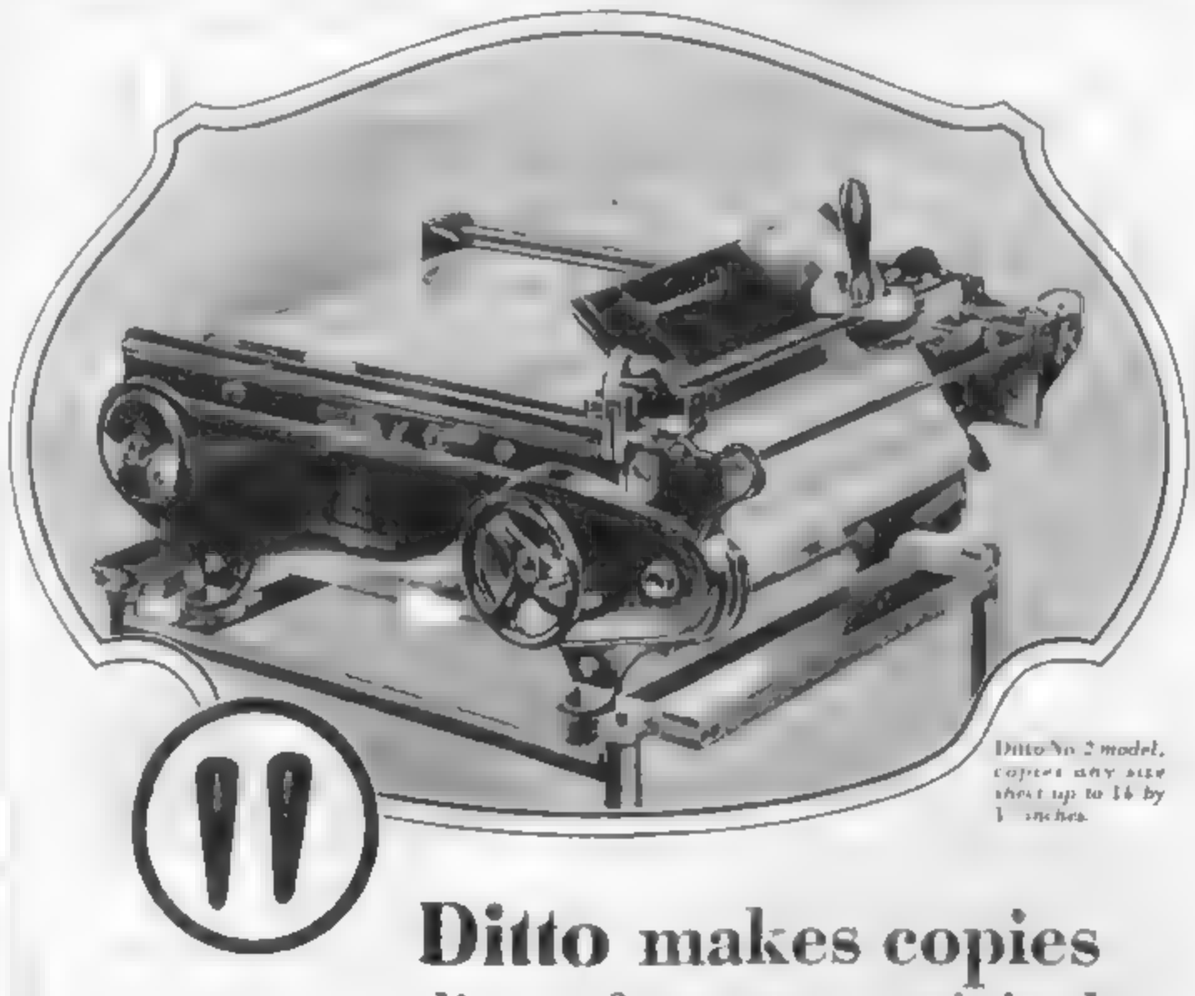
Ask your dealer for an Eagleknit Cap. It fits well, holds its shape, and is all-wool. Avoid imitations — get the genuine, patented Eagleknit Cap.

EAGLE KNITTING MILLS
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

For Good Weather or for Bad Weather.

Eagleknit CAPS

Also Makers of the popular-priced Eagleknit Eskimo Cap.



Ditto No. 2 model, copies any size sheet up to 14 by 1[illegible] inches.

Ditto makes copies direct from your original writing, typing, or drawing; use paper or cards, any size.

Statements, reports, or drawings, as large as 18 x 32 inches, easily copied on Ditto; five colors in one operation.

Write for booklet "Cutting Costs with Copies"; tells fully how Ditto will save money for your business

Ditto Incorporated

Manufacturers of Duplicating Machines and Supplies

131 West Austin Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

ORLANO

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

IMPORTED MUFFLERS

HAIL to the new Muffler! It had to come—a combination of warmth and light weight—handsome and *different* too.

Today men dress lightly because of steam heated interiors, closed motor cars. They need protection about the neck—they get it from the Orlano—a lightweight WOOL scarf of lamb's fleece softness.

Orlano Imported Mufflers are the talk of the fashion world. It all started at St. Moritz last winter where the Orlano was an immediate success. Made in a wide variety of striking color patterns.

This year give Orlanos for Christmas. See them at the better shops and department stores. Look for the Orlano label.

GUEST NECKWEAR CO., INC.
Makers of Orlano Cravats
Rochester, N. Y.

Canadian Distributors
GRIMSBY NECKWEAR LTD., Grimsby, Ont.

Can You Afford to Pass Up This Cash Offer?

UNLESS you have all the money you want you can't. For we will pay you liberally in cash, month after month, for easy, pleasant work that need not take one minute from your regular job. Your profits will be just so much *extra* money—to help with regular expenses, to buy things you want that you can't quite afford—to squander, if you like.

$100.00 Extra In One Month

Right now many local subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are earning well over $100.00 *extra* every single month. The commissions and bonus that we pay them will enable them easily to hold this average throughout the entire year. And one hundred extra dollars, earned during your first month's trial, would be starting right, wouldn't it?

Our Cash Offer Brought Him $4.00 in Five Hours

Ever since Roy E. Warren, of California, sent us a coupon like the one at the left, he has made extra money. Just recently he earned $4.00 in less than 5 spare hours.

Supplies, Equipment, Instruction Without Charge

You need not invest a penny. We tell you HOW to make money, supply everything you need to do it, and pay cash from the moment you begin work. A two-cent stamp brings our big cash offer—no obligation involved.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON FOR OUR OFFER!

The Curtis Publishing Company
317 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please send me your cash offer

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT)

Street

Town State Age

suddenly stopped buying these luxuries there would be a shrinkage in economic resources involved in diverting labor and capital to other fields and therefore a failure to render immediately available for public education an amount precisely equal to that spent for luxuries. These authorities say further:

"The community simply cannot produce all it would like to consume, and it cannot continue, over an extended period, to consume more than it produces. It may desire an educational product which involves larger expenditures, but it also desires more automobiles, more motor roads, better houses and clothing, and many other things. A selection is necessary."

A sound point may often be illustrated by an extreme, even a preposterous, assumption. Suppose New York City decided to spend all its revenue for education.

The children would probably be murdered by bandits or killed by automobiles on their way to school, and then there would be no need of schools at all.

But in addition to schools and traffic regulation, New York requires more water supply to cost nearly $1,000,000,000, an incredibly costly sewage-disposal system, a great chain of garbage incinerators, and a huge network of new parks, playgrounds, boulevards, streets, subways, tunnels and bridges. It is foolish to talk as if all public expenditures were waste, but it is just as foolish and vicious to talk as if all public expenditures were possible.

Beyond question many of these improvements in New York City are highly desirable, but the costs of rapid diversion are simply unthinkable. If attempted, New York's position would be like that suggested by the Oxford student's dream. In his sleep he thought he had died and gone to hell, and he went to a don to have the dream interpreted.

"Oh, it might be worse," said the professor.

"Well, it was worse," said the young man—"you were there."

"Well, my boy, it might be worse."

"How could it be worse?" asked the student.

"It might be true."

If we consider the country's taxes as a whole, Federal as well as state and local, it is doubtful if more than two cents out of each dollar of national income goes for education or more than eleven cents for all taxes. This may seem like very little. Indeed, an effective but fallacious way to minimize and render insignificant the amount spent on schools is to refer alightingly to one and a half or two cents.

Benefit and Burden Balanced

But according to the last report of the National Industrial Conference Board there has been an increase since before the war in the percentage of national income consumed by taxes from 6 or 7 to 10 or 11. There are European countries which probably devote to taxes as much as 20 per cent of their income. No wonder they are poor! As Prof. William B. Munro, of Harvard, authority on municipal government, says, in calling attention to such facts as these:

"It is only by exercising good judgment that we can keep from getting in the same predicament. Government is essential; democratic government is expensive under the most favorable conditions. Only by the exercise of unremitting vigilance can its tendency to extravagance be kept within bounds."

Most people think exclusively of the benefits from public improvements, such as schools and hard-surfaced roads, or of the burdens of taxation. The only logical way to reason is to keep both sides in mind at the same time. Benefit and burden must always be balanced one against the other. A new highway is a fine thing to have, provided only we count the cost.

There is a point beyond which public improvements tend toward diminishing advantage, and beyond which it is better to stop and leave the people in possession of their incomes. No matter how complex or significant the ramifications of a public improvement may be, there is no less need for ordinary prudence and restraint than in the simplest private expense. In 1776 the people of Pennsylvania inserted in their constitution a tax proviso which holds just as true today, despite the rise of the public school and the motor highway:

> The purpose for which any tax is to be raised ought to appear clear to the legislature to be of more service to the commonwealth than the money would be if not collected.

The two extremes of thought to be avoided are clear. Not all public expenditures are wasted, while on the other hand not all are possible even though theoretically desirable. But much of the increase in government cost has been unavoidable. This is true even if public officials are inefficient and extravagant or actually corrupt. It is true even if tax systems and administration are ineffective, faulty and unjust.

The cost of living has gone up for government just as it has for private business and for individuals. The business man who makes two or three times the income he had in 1913 can hardly expect a policeman to live on the same number of dollars as he did fourteen years ago.

The New Right of Way

It is often said that many officeholders do not earn even the small salaries which some of them still receive. This may be true, and if so it forms a challenge to government efficiency. But no one can seriously argue that taking government, the third largest business in the country, as a whole, there is any chance of conducting it at the same cost as before the war.

Then, too, much of the increased cost of government is due to the sudden emergence of road building as a problem, with its unceasing pressure not only for extraordinary initial outlay, and with subsequent interest and amortization charges, but for equally great maintenance expenses. The impossibility of hurriedly building enough roads to keep up with the voracious demand of the automobile is sure to mean extravagance and waste such as characterized the railroad-building era which followed the Civil War.

The motorist wants roads as smooth as velvet and as costly as railroads of twenty or thirty years ago. Like everyone else, he prefers that someone else pay for these improvements. Yet every pound of sand and gravel and cement must be hauled and mixed and poured and smoothed. We forget that, except in its feeblest beginnings a century ago, the railroad train has provided its own track out of private capital. If private capital provided runways for automobiles, taxes would obviously be far lower than now.

The automobile has come almost entirely since 1913, but in that time it has brought with it the necessity of traffic policemen, mechanical systems of control, wider and stronger streets and bridges, and abolition of grade crossings.

From the first year of Gov. Hiram Johnson's administration in California to the first year of Governor Richardson's, the expense of the state's motor-vehicle department increased about eightyfold. Yet without its activities chaos would reign supreme. There is no reason for believing that the earlier governor was more economic-minded than the later one. Neither had anything to do with the increased use of automobiles.

Only a small percentage of taxes goes for the original purposes of government. It is upon the basis of constantly increasing general services that the mounting volume of public costs finally rests. There are those who argue that this is inevitable in a democracy. As compared with the older monarchies, where the needs of only a small group were considered, the appetite of the people in a democracy for public services seems to be indefinitely expansible.

(Continued on Page 180)

Tiny, Twinkling MAZDA LAMPS *sing a carol of joyous light at* CHRISTMAS TIME

On the children's tree; throughout the house; on the porch and outdoor tree, Noma Decorative Lighting Outfits proclaim the spirit of good-will and peace on earth.

Noma Decorative Sets, strung in series of eight lamps to a set, are fitted with tiny Mazda Lamps that come in all colors of the rainbow.

Each set is equipped with a double-duty plug to fit either a lamp socket or wall outlet.

Also, by means of an extension device, a feature patented and exclusive on Noma Outfits, you may attach one set to another and have a number of strings of tiny lights radiating from a single outlet.

Noma Tree-holders are designed to add to the decorative scheme, as well as for utility. And to all can be added, for greater beauty and brilliance, Noma Reflectors in shapes and colors of stars and flowers.

As Mazda Lamps for household use give greater brilliance, longer life and economy of current consumption, so do these tiny Mazda Lamps, which are standard equipment on all Noma Outfits.

Decorative outfits equipped with carbon filament lamps are often unsatisfactory and a disappointment both in brilliance and reliability.

Noma Outfits mean no blown-out circuits, no hasty calls for the electrician; for Noma Products are made to meet the highest standards of electrical manufacture.

Noma Outfits may be used over and over again as table and room decorations on gala occasions—parties, weddings, lawn fêtes, dances, and especially for gladdening all holidays.

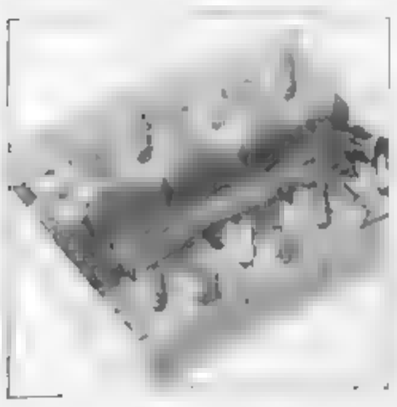
New and distinctive star and petal-shaped metal reflectors, combined with a Noma Outfit, give a beautiful color effect, doubling lighting efficiency of the lamps. Non-rusting and non-tarnishing. Equipped with 15-volt Mazda Lamps in assorted colors

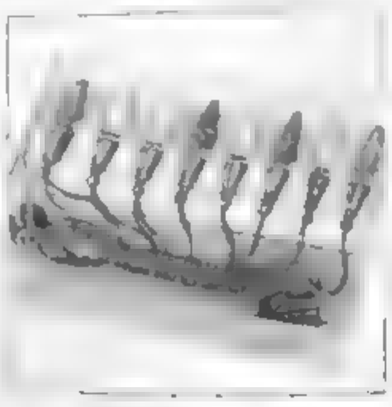
This string of eight colorful tiny Mazda Lamps can be securely fastened in any position on your tree A sliding red bead below each attractive octagon-shaped socket does the trick The exclusive features of this set are fully covered by U. S. Patents.

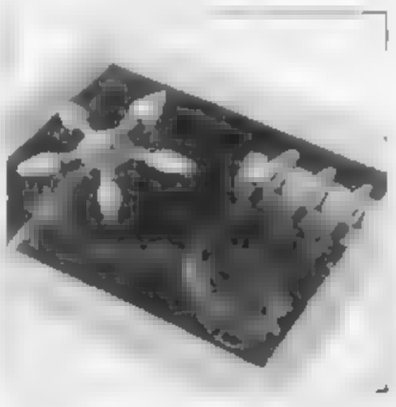
The Kristmelite is the symbol of the Christmas Spirit and gives the cheery effect of Christmas lights where conditions do not permit an actual tree. Most effectively used in the window, on the mantelpiece or table in the home. Equipped with 15-volt Mazda Lamps, assorted colors

Noma Tree-holder illuminates the base of tree. Heavy enough to hold tree securely, its snowy base holds water, keeping tree fresh Gard-n lite Sectional Fence adds decoration at base of tree and can also be used as a children's toy

The Star of Bethlehem, a Noma decorative outfit especially designed for the top of the Christmas tree, provides a beautiful finishing touch Also may be placed over an entrance doorway.





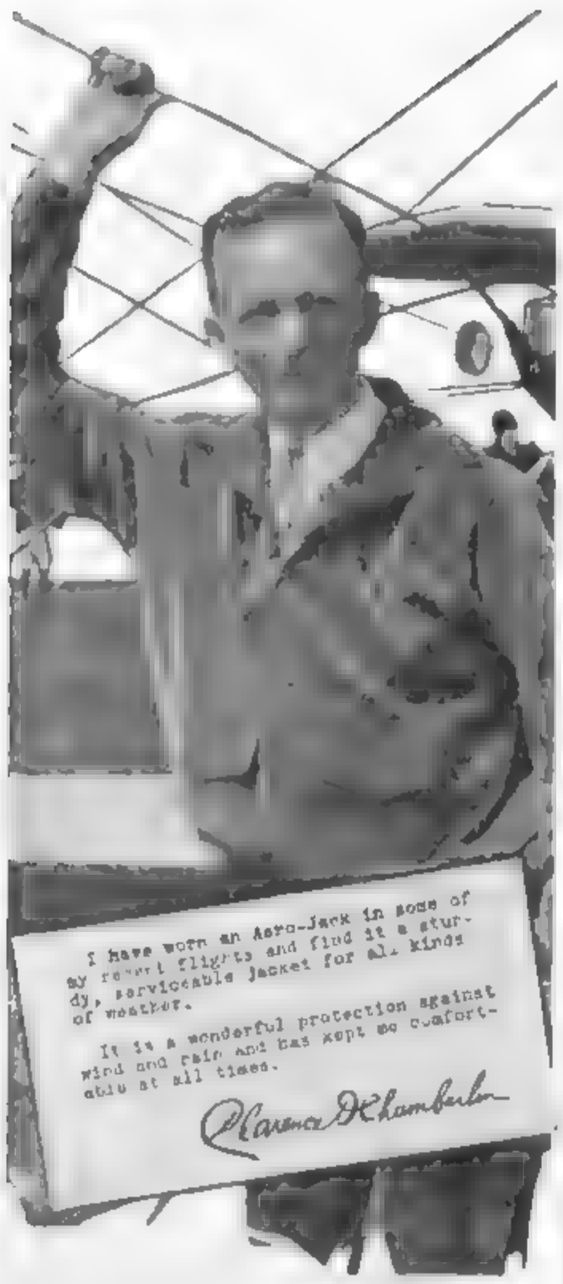


NOMA *Decorative Lighting* PRODUCTS

FOR ALL FESTIVE OCCASIONS

Noma Electric Corporation, 340-44 Hudson Street, New York

'Dealites' 'Usaittes . M Propp Co.—Licensed under Noma patents.


I have worn an Aero-Jack in some of my recent flights and find it a sturdy, serviceable jacket for all kinds of weather.
It is a wonderful protection against wind and rain and has kept me comfortable at all times.
Clarence D. Chamberlin

Clarence Chamberlin

wears an

Aero-Jack

The Perfect All-Weather Jacket

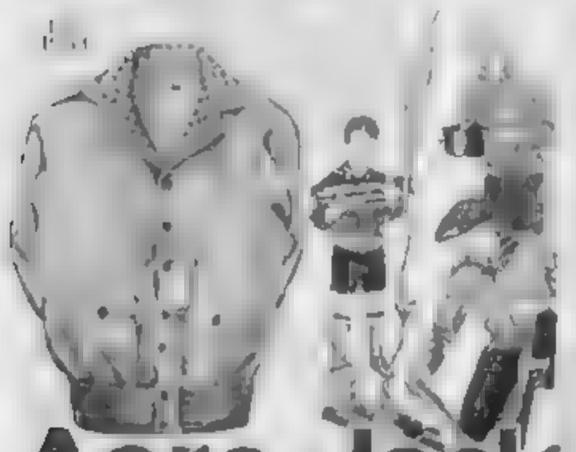
An Aero-Jack, packed in an attractive box, is the ideal Christmas gift for those who love outdoor sports. There is nothing finer for skating, skiing, hockey, or any other winter sport. Slip into an Aero-Jack and enjoy the great outdoors this winter.

Aero-Jacks have an impervious sheen outside that is guaranteed windproof and waterproof, and a warm soft cloth inside. Colors: red, blue, tan, grey or green. Boys' and Girls' Sizes—$3.50. Men's and Women's Sizes—$5.00.

Insist on seeing the Aeroplane guarantee tag to insure your getting a genuine Aero-Jack. For your own protection accept no substitutes.

FREE *Send for "Famous Aeroplane Flights" and Flying Aeroplane booklet (plane flies as booklet opens).*

Ask your dealer for an Aero-Jack —if he hasn't them, write us.



Aero-Jack

The new all weather jacket for men, women, boys, & girls

Aero-Jack, 75 Leonard St., Dept. D, New York

(Continued from Page 178)

Montesquieu, the French philosopher, said that liberty increases government expenses. Whether this be true or not, thoughtful students of the subject agree that the two outstanding ways in which total government expenses can be radically cut are: First, by doing away with war, and second, by a deep gash in social-welfare functions. War is a subject with which this article is not concerned. Whether we can or will go back to the standards of welfare and convenience acceptable in the early part of the past century is debatable.

Seventy-five years ago roads and bridges were built by private capital largely, and in any case tolls were collected. Education was provided privately and largely paid for by those who received the benefits. There was hardly a beginning of sanitation or in the care of dependents, defectives and delinquents.

In one Western state public-health work cost $57,000 a year at the time of President Roosevelt. It now costs $500,000 and has only begun. But meantime all manner of state inspection has been set up, of eating houses necessitated by increased auto travel, and of meat, fruit and milk. Laws against the common drinking cup and towel must be enforced. As one experienced California legislator has said:

"The farming interests are making ever-increasing demands. We require the protection of livestock from Texas fever. We have the great fruit industry. It could be wiped out in a moment if the Mediterranean fruit fly came through our port here in San Francisco. So we have quarantine service at the port and along the coast. We protect ourselves by quarantine against the alfalfa weevil from Nevada and the potato pest from Wyoming and Idaho. We quarantine against nursery stock and against bulbs from foreign countries. We provide standardization laws for fruit—a standard pack for melons, grapes and apples, passed at the request of the marketing interests of the state."

This same legislator, Senator Herbert C. Jones, then described the change in state hospitals. The old-fashioned kind was "a great four-story building with iron bars at the windows. As one went by, the unfortunate inmates screamed and screeched at him. The new type of institution is on the cottage plan and no one is under restraint."

The Third Cause of High Taxes

"It is a good deal like an old people's home. They have an auditorium with hardwood floors where they can have dances among the attendants and the inmates. They have their baseball team, their band and their theater. It is an institution with a splendid group of buildings. Some Eastern visitors mistook their directions, and when they got opposite the grounds of the hospital, one of the members of the party, commenting on the beauty of the buildings, said, 'Well, then, this is the Stanford University we have heard so much about.'"

Local government especially seems to be subject to a law of increasing costs. Cities, with their dense populations, intensify the older problems. Professor Munro pessimistically declares that the common hope indulged in by most people that as their town or city grows, with more population, more factories and more building, taxes will come down, is utterly futile. This statement seems borne out by observation. The larger the city, the more difficult instead of the more simple are its fiscal problems.

As population increases, more must be done by government not only for the collective group but for the individual. One may not even cross the street of a large city without consent from a public official. As cities grow, other affairs of daily life may be regulated just as precisely as street traffic.

I do not wish to underestimate the laxness of government methods as a reason for increased taxes. Professor Lutz, a serious and unprejudiced student of public finance, cites this as "a third general cause of increasing cost of government," and he says "the characteristic attitude of the typical official is to find means of spending the surplus."

For just how much of the cost of government the officeholder and politician are really responsible, it is impossible, of course, to say. The budget is a very new thing in American government. In the past, at least, logrolling for river-and-harbor improvements and public buildings was common in Congress, and it has no doubt existed in state legislatures. Expenditures for rivers and harbors were often made in driblets, apparently to keep the district in the party column.

For a long period the party spoils system reigned triumphant, and even now many employes and officials change every few years because of elections, a proceeding which is wholly unjustified from the standpoint of economy, whatever other reasons may explain it.

The Legacy of the Past

When James Bryce wrote his book about us a generation ago he spoke of the low standards of our city governments; and Andrew D. White, president of Cornell University and later ambassador to Germany, said that with a few exceptions they were the worst in Christendom—"the most expensive, the most inefficient, the most corrupt."

As the cost of government is nearly always met in part by bond issues, the legacy of waste and corruption in the past comes down to plague a later generation. If taxes are high in New York City today, one reason is found in the graft of the Tweed Ring.

Yet I think this aspect of the subject may easily be exaggerated. Not that everlasting vigilance is not the price of good and economical government. But so much of the recent increase in cost is the result of direct vote by the people. In one state it is said that nine-tenths of the enlarged school costs are to be traced to popular vote on bond issues.

The limits within which government officials can economize are very narrow, not more than 10 to 15 per cent of the total budget at the outside, according to Professor Munro, or more than 20 per cent according to other students. What with absolutely necessary expenses; with mandatory state laws providing that certain amounts be used for education, and with bond issues voted by the people, an economy governor cannot accomplish much, no matter how glowing his promises or good his intentions. The legacy of the past must be met. Interest, sinking funds and serial payments have to be cared for.

But I cannot see that increased public expenditures are necessarily wise or justified merely because they have been assented to by the voice of the people. We know all too well how crude is the machinery for registering these decisions. Often only a small fraction of the voters are sufficiently interested to register or to vote either yes or no on a bond issue.

In a Western city it was proposed that a group of public-spirited citizens contribute $800,000 to buy an art collection, and the indorsement of the chamber of commerce was sought. This was given, but upon condition that an independent appraisal of the art objects be made prior to the indorsement and prior to any purchase. At about the same time the chamber's approval was asked for a $35,000,000 city bond issue, which was given without any thought of independent checking up, although the amount involved was forty times as great.

Why this difference? Simply because government is everybody's business, and everybody's business is nobody's business. That is the fundamental difficulty in discovering what a city can afford.

We shall never know where we stand in regard to public expenses and taxes until we cease to be detestable hypocrites, denouncing the Federal or state government or some other far-off entity for being extravagant,

Could You Use $6.30 a Day EXTRA?

"I have made as much as $6.30 extra in one day," writes Mr. Norman E. Richardson, of Colorado, "and that seems to me as good a spare-time proposition as one could wish." Mr. Richardson has been representing us in odd hours for seven years and enjoys many an easy, generous commission from new Curtis subscribers and renewal profits from those who have been with him ever since he started.

Your Spare Hours Are Worth Dollars

Why shouldn't you, quietly, in your spare time, begin to pick up subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*? We will offer you liberal commissions, and bonus too, if you will merely say that you'll do what you can. You need absolutely no experience—just the willingness to try. The earnings will pleasantly surprise you!

Mail This Coupon Today

The Curtis Publishing Company
321 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I'm interested. Please tell me, without obligation, all about your plan.

Name (PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Street

City

State *Age*

Infections find those

SHAVING NICKS!

Even the most careful razor leaves your skin open to germs of infection. Embarrassing skin blemishes are the result.

It is easy to give your skin the antiseptic care it needs. Simply dash Pinaud's Lilac over your face right after the shave.

Pinaud's Lilac is a real antiseptic, yet it is healing, too. Its first quick tang is followed by a smooth coolness, refreshing, delightful. For the same wonderful ingredients, newly processed, make Lilac blander than ever.

Buy Pinaud's Lilac at any good drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S LILAC

[*Lilas de France*]

Copr., 1927, Pinaud, Inc.

Towels for Soft White Hands

Good-looking hands need care. They must be dried quickly, softly and thoroughly. That is why the particular woman prefers Boott Towels.

Boott Towels are on sale where you shop, or send us twenty-five cents [stamps or check] for a full-sized sample. Boott Mills, Dept. S1210, Lowell, Mass.

Makers of Boott Scrim and Scrim Curtains

BOOTT MILLS TOWELING AND TOWELS

while at the same time urging our local congressman to get a new post office for the old home town. Says Carl C. Plehn, professor of public finance at the University of California:

"A short time ago a business man of large affairs gave me a half-hour lecture on excessive taxation, showing how it was ruining his companies—a lecture which I should be glad to have you hear. Then ten minutes later he gave me with glowing pride a description of two schools in districts controlled by his corporations. In each the teachers, he boasted, were paid larger salaries than in other districts in the state because they were the best. In each the school buildings were the very finest, the laboratories, the gym, the toilets had the latest facilities, and the finely upholstered auto busses which assemble the children each day were housed in a garage, under a most skillful master mechanic, finer and better equipped than any private garage.

"His state of mind was characteristic of the confusion which exists in many cases."

The late John W. Weeks, one-time Secretary of War, said that, generally speaking, the citizen cares little about economy except in the abstract. "But he is intensely interested in securing from the Treasury money to bring improvements to his own town or community, especially if he thinks he will not have to provide any portion of the funds thus expended."

A Thin Slice of Bacon

Each locality and each group wants its own appropriations granted, but it is very insistent upon national economy, state economy and general economy. Newspapers print cartoons and editorials on the editorial page in favor of lower taxes, and on another page recommend voting yes to all the proposed bond issues at the next election.

The pressure upon the legislature for each local and specific demand adds up to a much larger sum than the theorizing and preaching for lower taxes subtract therefrom. Says Fred Breen, who for some thirty years has been in intimate touch with public affairs in a Far Western state as Federal officeholder, state senator, editor and property holder:

"We all praise the fellow who brings home the bacon, but God only knows how much the thin slice costs his people. The people could have bought a carload of hogs, salvaged the spareribs, had sausage, pork chops, head cheese, pickled pigs' feet, extra lard, a few hams, worked the pigs' tails up into whistles—then had the bacon he brought home left over, all at a less price than the bacon he brought home cost his people."

The writer is not taking any holier-than-thou attitude. I am as bad as anyone. At one time I lived for three years in a little city where there was much talk of building a new elementary school. The methods used to secure passage of the bond issue seemed to me wholly sentimental and emotional rather than logical. I have a vague memory that one member of the school board said that $20,000 could be saved in construction, but no one seemed to pay much attention to this remark.

The election carried for the larger sum, and I personally was delighted for the simple reason that I had a small child who would attend the beautiful new school, perfect in every detail. Not being a property holder in the town, paying no taxes directly and not being a permanent citizen, I never spent even a moment trying to think out who would pay for the improvement. All I knew was that my own family was being benefited for the time being.

In the same state an "economy" governor was elected by unanimous support of the business interests. He really tried to cut expenses, and he vetoed nearly every appropriation. Among others, he vetoed a bill providing for a state park system which I was anxious to see established in that state. As a student of finance, I approved theoretically of his action; but as a lover of Nature, I could feel myself daily losing my admiration for him. When he left office he had hardly a friend in the state, partly because other human natures reacted just like mine.

"At every session of the legislature," says a former member of that body in Michigan, "this organization and that would come before the committees and request something new of government, and if we did not grant it we were publicly damned, and if we did grant it we were condemned for extravagance. I have in mind one concrete example in the session of 1921. The university came before us with a budget nearly twice as large as two years before. I never received so many telegrams and so many letters from the business interests of my state urging me to support the budget sent in by the university as I did during that session.

"We cut the budget about 40 per cent, and when we got through, the same business interests publicly damned us for extravagance."

This false, inconsistent attitude into which so many people have fallen is largely due to the development of a highly complex industrial civilization and a shift in the forms of wealth. When the citizens of a small Colonial New England hamlet voted $300 to build a new town hall, the money had to be raised right then and there out of the property and hard-won incomes of the few settlers. No one escaped a direct levy.

But under modern conditions so many people avoid paying taxes directly that they do not realize they are paying them at all. There is not the slightest doubt that one of the principal causes for increased taxes is the fact that people do not think they are paying and do not care if the other fellow does pay.

"There are some who are eager for additional educational advantages," is the guarded way in which Professors Strayer and Haig express this idea, "only because they expect that someone else will make the effort or assume the abstinences and wastes of diversion."

State and local revenues come largely from corporation taxes and from the old general property tax on realty. There are states in which a few great utility and other corporations pay scores of millions. They seek to pass on, and are quite largely successful in doing so, substantial sums to the consumer.

But the consumer merely knows that the cost of living is going up. He thinks of it in that way, and knows that railroad fares are higher than they were. But the fact does not seem to come home to him that he is paying more because at the last election he voted for a bond issue, the interest and serial payments of which must be met out of taxes which sift down upon the consumer. We are all very much limited when it comes to understanding any but simple relationships.

Not on the Tax Bill

Millions of men and women, just because they receive no actual tax bill, assume that government is no concern of theirs. A slight rise in rents or car fares agitates them far more than a big increase in taxes. A five-cent fare in New York City constitutes a great political slogan of inestimable value, and there are hundreds of thousands who would almost fight for it who are utterly unmoved by an increase in the tax budget of $40,000,000 or $50,000,000. Our reasoning powers are feeble as compared with our sense of sight and touch.

City rent payers are like ostriches, calmly assuming that property owners alone are affected. Less than 10 per cent of the citizens of New York City own property there. No thinking man would deny that taxes reflect themselves in rents, but the implications of this fact are too complicated for the average mind. Most renters merely regard landlords as robbers. If every adult in New York City lived in his own home and paid taxes directly upon it, we know as a mathematical certainty that the budget would be smaller.

What a Christmas!

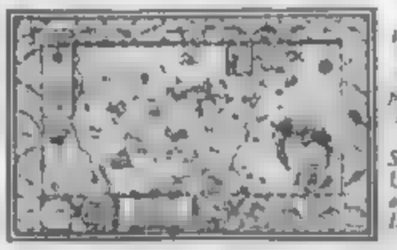
THIS YEAR—for the youngster whose heart knows *You* are his real Santa Claus all year round! Isn't he old enough to deserve the very best?

You know the *Inspiration* of a really fine fishing rod and that: Fishing is good for the soul....."It is the greatest"—said the late James Oliver Curwood—"of all character-building activities. The world loves the man who loves to fish."

Give the boy—this year—a wonderful casting rod of the finest split bamboo—a genuine Montague by the creators of the rods loved by famous fishermen for half a century. Montague makes more than half of the whole world's supply of split bamboo fishing rods.

And for yourself! Such a gem of a Fly Casting rod as the Montague Red Wing described below justifies any knowing fisherman in putting himself at the head of his own gift list!

Featured by Best Sport Goods Stores



A Fine Wall Map of Montague Trail fame. Shows streams and lakes and where to catch 'em

Sent anywhere in U. S. upon receipt of 25c. Address Dept B

MONTAGUE TRAIL CASTING ROD

Short butt, double cork grip. Selected brown Tonkin split bamboo, 18" nickel silver reel seat and hand welted, six agate guides. All guides and top large genuine agates. Reel wound with yellow and dark red silk. Packed in heavy partition canvas bag. 4½ feet, 5 feet, 5½ feet. Price $12

RED WING GLT ROD

Highest quality 4 pieces and extra tip—six months seasoned selected Tonkin cane. Ferrules serrated, welted and with hand made reel seat of 18 nickel silver. Agate and lignum vitae guides and tops. Partition canvas bag, aluminum rod case with water tight screw cap. 4 lengths. Price $25

MONTAGUE ROD AND REEL COMPANY

MONTAGUE CITY MASSACHUSETTS

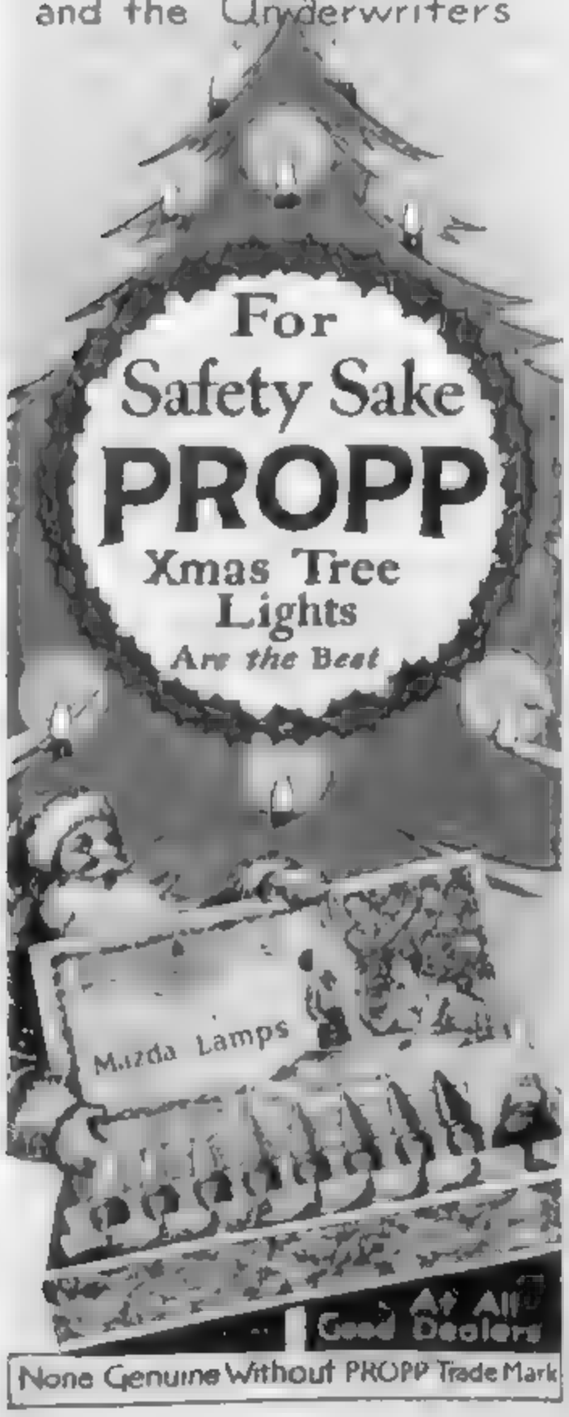
Hungry as a Bear?

Ask for these big, brown, crisp peanuts. Hunt for the glassine bags, with the famous MR. PEANUT on them. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY
U. S. A. and Canada

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

Approved by Santa Claus and the Underwriters



None Genuine Without PROPP Trade Mark

Governor Smith, of New York, who ought to know if anyone does, has said in one of his speeches that the rent payers in the metropolis represent more than 90 per cent of the population and yet vote great improvements and debts with the cheerful idea that a small number of real-estate owners pay, "whereas the fact is that the burden is directly upon them."

The fact that taxes are paid directly, at least in the large cities, by such a small group, confuses and obscures the situation. It camouflages the actual cost of government. Thus the real cost never seems to come home to the average citizen, and he blithely demands new functions of the government, each one adding to the total expense.

Even those who pay taxes directly and in large sums become hopelessly befuddled. They, too, are vaguely confident that someone else may hold the bag. This results partly from the increasing difficulty in distinguishing between proper Federal and state functions, or between state and local.

Once the various political subdivisions operated within definite lines. Certain functions were recognized as belonging properly to the Federal Government, others to state, county or municipality. But these lines are rapidly breaking down. If the hamlet cannot build a high school, a district is organized for the purpose. The county steps in to help the village, and the state then aids the county and the municipality. If the county and state together find road building too much for them, the Federal Government comes to their rescue.

Government functions are shifting all the time. Twenty-five years ago New York did not spend a cent on highways, and now it spends some $40,000,000 a year, and there is Federal aid besides.

Mr. Stuyvesant Knickerbocker, who owns a country estate, and Mr. John Johnson, who operates a dairy farm to support his family, both bitterly resent the increase in local property taxes for road-building purposes, but when the state and Federal governments come along and do the work, they promptly forget that someone must pay the piper.

A well-known newspaper political writer once wrote an article for a business magazine on the pleasing theme that the business man is a boob. That is, the tax dollar is the only one which he does not follow through, or for which he fails to demand a dollar's worth, or which escapes the cold scrutiny of commercial analysis. The business man is far more alert on matters which affect him much less.

Public and Private Funds

Each of us knows how much he owes personally, but not one in ten thousand knows how much he owes as a citizen. Yet it may be a much larger sum, and it must be paid. We all rush to the defense of our country in wartime to repel outward danger, but a greater danger is disintegration, which is sure to come unless people can be awakened to study and understand the functions of government.

Undersecretary of the Treasury Mills, who in his career in public life in New York has probably had as much to do with state and local taxation as any man in the country, recently remarked that a solution of the problem depends upon a willingness on the part of the people "to devote to their government that intelligent consideration and active interest without which, in the long run, no popular government will function adequately, or, for that matter, endure."

Mr. Mellon has said that when the average citizen is as careful about how public funds are spent as he is about his private salary, "we will hear no more of government extravagance."

"For the seven years when I was in charge of the New Jersey state budget," says H. B. Fernald, an accountant, "there were only two instances in which there appeared any citizens to oppose a proposed expenditure or an increased expenditure, or to urge a decreased expenditure, and those two instances were when the individuals appearing desired another expenditure in place of the one which had been proposed.

"Recently, in the city of Newark, there was a hearing advertised in accordance with law, to be held on the state budget, and not a single citizen appeared."

Perhaps the different methods and systems of taxation may themselves be so altered as to make the burden rest more fairly upon all classes. I am not considering that question now, and it is of less importance than an interested and informed citizenship. No mechanism of government, no reform in taxation and no epigram to the effect that the way to economize is to economize, will give us good economical government so long as the electorate remains inert, uninterested and uninformed.

A Dutch Treat

Government has suffered from clumsy, complicated apparatus, from a jumble and entanglement of duties and responsibilities. The constant effort must be to make it simple and intelligible. There has been a lack of proper reporting methods, with a weakening in the contact between citizen and government.

"It is only of passing interest to the voters whether there has been state economy or not," says Ray L. Riley, controller of the state of California, "and usually a mass of conflicting claims so confuses us that all interest is lost in the controversy. The counties and cities accuse the state of extravagance, and the state says that local taxes are to be blamed. It is the old army game of passing the buck. If the whole story was told, if state appropriations were reflected in the tax bills, there would be a far different sequel."

Here is a tentative suggestion in the right direction. If only there were some way to send every adult a bill in black and white for his share in the cost of all government, not merely the taxes on local real estate but his individual part of the aggregate cost of all government, Federal, state, county, district and municipal! No doubt he pays quite a little of it in the form of rent, car fare, electricity, groceries, and the like, but what is needed is the cold type of a billhead, the slap in the face of a simple, nontechnical, nonstatistical total.

I do not quite see how this is going to be done with such a multiplicity of taxes, with such uncertainty in their incidence and with so many different, separate and independent subdivisions of government all taking a hand in performing more or less similar functions. Yet something of the kind is imperative.

Walter B. Brockway, controller of a paper company in Portland, Maine, who has made a study of government costs in that state, says that the remedy is comparatively simple but fundamental.

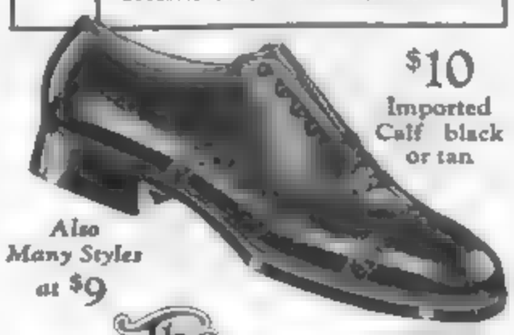
"It consists of awakening in the people an economic consciousness about government equal to their present political consciousness. Every voter generally has some idea of his political contact with government, but in the course of a year and a half I have found practically no one who had any clear idea of his economic contact. This statement applies to both rich and poor. It will get worse before it is better, because the Federal Government has just taken from some 2,000,000 people most of the little direct financial contact that they had with government by exempting them from the income tax."

Mr. Brockway suggests that the cumbersome financial and other reports of government must be taken out of their present wholly defensive frame of construction and made short, interesting and readable. Each citizen should receive direct by mail a short clearly worded report of government functions and costs. What is needed, he says, is "simplicity, within and without, and fresh, prompt publicity."

Editor's Note—This is the first of several articles by Mr. Atwood. The next will appear in an early issue.

and Shoemaking!

1	$10.00's WORTH of shoe—in looks, leather, and craftsmanship.
2	FINEST GRADE of Imported and Domestic Calfskins and Cordovans, best of soles, "solid leather" shoes throughout
3	CUSTOM STYLING—distinctive Hand-Craft touches in youthful and conservative models.
4	SATISFACTION—shoes pre-moulded to fit all of the foot at the first step. Snug to the instep, snug to the ankles—shapely all over.
✓ 5	and SHOEMAKING! Special "right and left" patterns on perfected lasts—stainless calf linings, smooth heavy insoles—and expert workmanship.
6	ASK YOUR SHOEMAN for Crossett Shoes, or write to us for nearest dealer's address. Lewis A. Crossett Co., No. Abington, Mass.



$10 Imported Calf black or tan

Also Many Styles at $9

The CROSSETT Shoe

MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY

Send for Your Group Photo of 413 Film Stars

ON EVERY BOX of Movie World Sweets is an actual group photo of 413 leading movie stars, directors and producers, including Billie Dove. *The only picture of its kind in existence.* Every head is numbered. Amuse yourself and friends. How many can you name?

Movie World Sweets is a delicious assortment of California fruits and nuts, caramels, creams, nougats, brittles and chews. *Right from the heart of Hollywood* . . . Wonderful quality—guaranteed to please.

Send $1.50 with correct name and address, and a box of Movie World Sweets will be sent postpaid in a carton built to carry any place in U. S. or Canada.

THE IDEAL GIFT

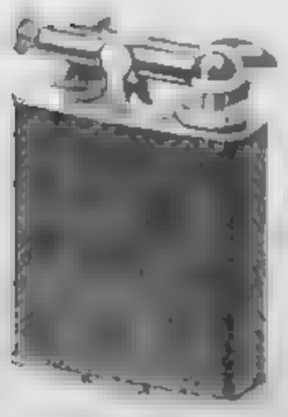
JEVNE'S LOS ANGELES

H. Jevne Co., *Los Angeles*

DEALER INQUIRIES SOLICITED

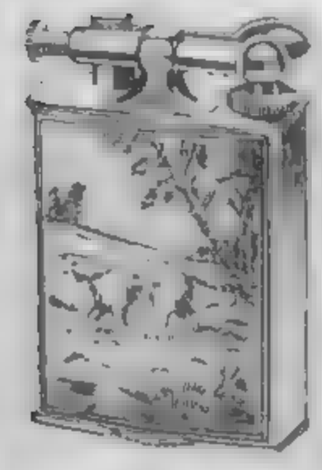
BLUE CALF
Regimental Stripes
Price $10.

Engine Turned
Price $12.50.

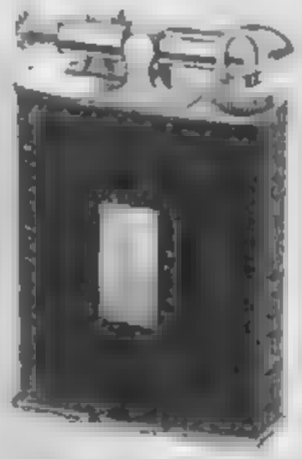


LIZARD
Price $10.

MOROCCO
FLORENTINE
Price $10.

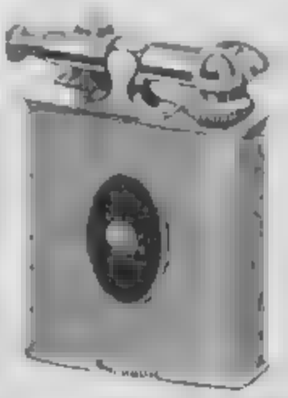


Etched setter on
sterling silver
Price $30.



Lizard with extra De
Luxe finish and 14 K
shield
Price $18.

MOTHER-OF-
PEARL
Price $18.



Enameled with shield
Price $12.50.
In set with cigarette
case, $20.

TUXEDO
Price $10.

OSTRICH
Price $10.

CLARK
LIGHTER

CLARK
LIGHTER
Here we have a few of the many large and small dress lighters
On this side the Windodger — the outdoor lighter that works in the wind

This Matchless Gift

What present that you can give to someone who smokes could be more acceptable than a Clark?

Many times a day every day of the year and for many years, a Clark Lighter will be a useful reminder of your thoughtfulness at this festive season. It is the one article of jewelry, besides a fine watch, that any man of any taste is proud to own.

And what a lovely variety you have to choose from when you buy a Clark. This page only gives you a few ideas of the many kinds of house and pocket lighters we have made for you.

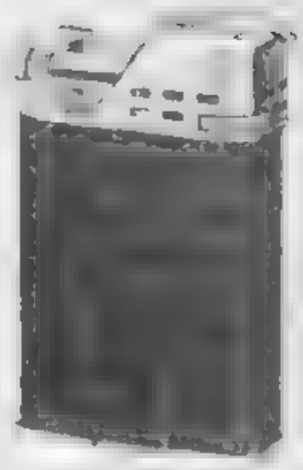
Go to your favorite shop where lighters are sold. If you don't know where Clark Lighters can be bought, write to us.

The Windodger

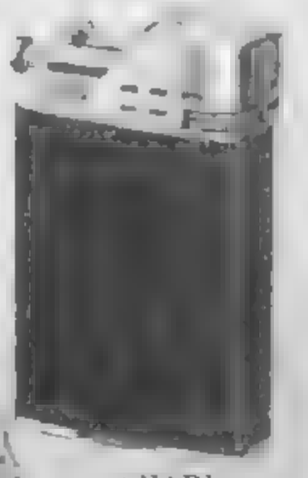
In the right panel we show you several Windodgers—the lighter that works in the wind. This is made especially for outdoor use. Even if a man has a regular lighter he would like one of these—the sporting edition of the Clark Lighter.

W G C

W. G. CLARK & CO., INC.
North Attleboro, Mass.
Showrooms: 584 Fifth Avenue, New York

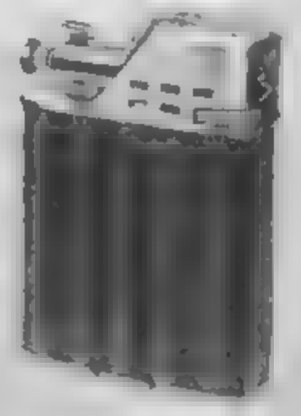


ALLIGATOR
WINDODGER
Price $15.



SHARK
WINDODGER
Price $15

Engine turned
Windodger, Platinum
Finish, Price $17.50



DEAUVILLE
WINDODGER
Price $15.

Use this *always*

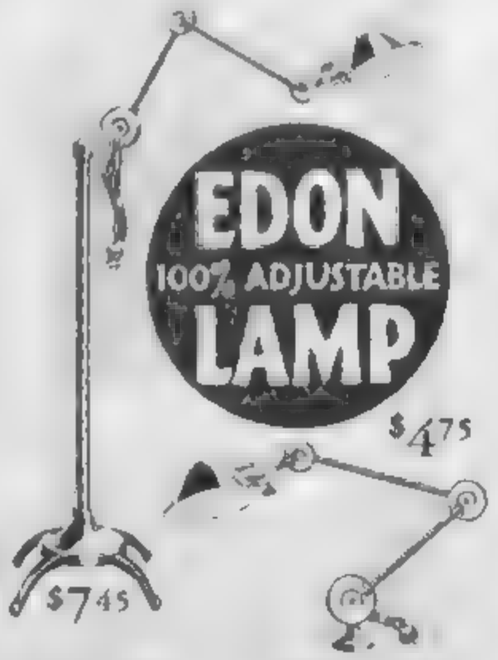
Use only Clark fluid in Clark Lighters (or any other lighters). We know of no other fuel that is as good for any lighter as this. Your shop will get it for you if you ask for Clark fluid . . very firmly.

Tower Adventurer
CONE SPEAKER

There is no need to hunt further—this new ship model speaker combines all the latest developments in radio acoustics. Due to the super-powered armature type unit, it reproduces voices and music in full, clear, natural tones. Add beauty of appearance—a real full-rigged ship model, finished in OLD IVORY—and you have the ideal cone speaker—quality plus beauty. A demonstration is all that is necessary—ask your dealer.

Created by the
TOWER MANUFACTURING CORP.
122 Brookline Ave., Boston, Mass.

NOW—
a lamp that is
100% ADJUSTABLE



THE Edon 100% *Adjustable* Lamp places the light exactly where you need it. Absolutely adjustable to all positions—in home, study, office, or factory. Prevents eye strain. Handsomely finished in black Duco. *Mail the coupon today.* Your Edon Lamp will come C.O.D Satisfaction guaranteed.

Dealers: Write for full information. Many territories open. *Edward Holt Co., 6915 South Chicago Ave., Chicago.*

Edward Holt Co., 6915 S. Chicago Ave., Chicago
Please send me C O D Edon Lamp High [ ] $7.45, Low [ ] $4.75. I will pay postman on receipt of lamp.

Name _____

Address _____

ACCELERATING SENTIMENT

(Continued from Page 29

the railroads sell to promoters represents the asthmatic wheezers which can no longer pull their own weight and are so old and delicate that they must use a beauty parlor for a roundhouse. It is dangerous to fire these old boilers, because they are liable to blow up in the engineers' laps.

I went shopping for the engines in Topeka and picked out two docile old birds which had long gray beards where their cowcatchers should have been. The foreman of the roundhouse wept bitterly over the sale, as those engines had been with him so long that they were like kinfolk. They cost me $2000 apiece on the hoof and I ran them into K. C. over the Sante Fe and Missouri Pacific. The older engine of the two had often seen Jesse James, and the younger was no springer, either. I was now in the bag for $7000 and there was no turning back.

Then the ballyhoo began. Twenty-four-sheets in spasmodic colors soon depicted the educational advantages of a train wreck from every fence and wall in Missouri and Kansas. Three miniature locomotives were built up on the framework of flivvers, each one run by a man in regulation engineer's uniform who introduced himself to pedestrians by saying, "I'm Casey Jones, the brave engineer; in a hundred wrecks and never lost a button."

I offered $1000 in gold for the best article written around the writer's personal experience in a wreck and the greatest act of personal bravery witnessed therein. Another $1000 in gold was to go to the engineer of the locomotive who stuck to his post the longest, for each one of the old locos was to start with a man at the throttle and they would stick in the cabs until the moment preceding the crash.

The amount and color of the purse is another pointer for embryo promoters. Never offer less than $1000 for any prize or ballyhoo, and always offer it in yellow gleaming gold. In addition to the prize, each engineer was to get $100 for his services. They were good men who pulled throttles for rival roads and each had his following. The result was daily arguments between their adherents over the comparative gameness and sticking ability of the two favorites.

Cautious Valor

The next step was to build a track inside the grounds. I was forced to hire 150 laborers at fifty cents an hour. These birds claimed they were working ten hours a day and managed to lay the track in three days under the lash of Will H. Pickens' sneering comments. I was the surveyor who laid out the right of way, with the result that the track looked as if it had contracted colic. The engineers later claimed that the track was so wavy they got seasick. The track was a spur running from the main line into the speedway and across the infield, three-quarters of a mile in length and built at a cost of some $2000.

We backed Engine 88 into the grounds and parked her up against the far end. Then Engine 102 was trundled carefully in and bedded down for the night at the other terminus of the Pickens Short Line. No promoter could ask for a prettier day than that Fourth of July. The crowd started jamming the turnstiles at nine in the morning. The big barbecue was served at noon, and various sports occupied the day up to four o'clock, which was the time set for the spectacular crash of the giant dreadnoughts of the rail. Steam was up in the two old relics by three o'clock and the crowd forgot everything else in anticipation of this nerve-curdling event.

These exhibition crashes are made all the better as spectacles by dosing the engines with dynamite as invalids are charged with quinine. An expert is imported for this purpose and he supplies the real punch. Barrels of gasoline and kerosene are poured over the engines. The sticks of dynamite are planted all over the rusty iron horses, connected up with wires and electrically operated caps. In order to insure the chances of everything going right, an extra stick of dynamite is fastened to the nose of each engine. Some weak-hearted promoters use only fifty sticks of explosive, but I was liberal and told my dynamite expert to quadruple the dose. A few minutes before the engines started, this expert came to me and implored me to get the crowd back, as the force of the explosive would probably blow Kansas City loose from its municipal charter.

Promptly at four o'clock an aerial bomb was shot into the sky and exploded with a reverberation that shook the state and curdled all the milk in Missouri dairy farms. This was the signal for the engineers to step on it. Each engineer jerked his throttle wide and opened the whistle of his engine as a shrieking warning of the catastrophe about to happen. All the spectators were shivering in the stands as the engines gathered speed. The boys at the throttles must have had the wrong idea about the nature of the prize and thought that the grand went to the first fellow to jump. They leaped together. It was a dead heat.

The Management Regrets ——

The riderless steeds continued, but not in exactly the same manner pictured on the screaming twenty-four-sheets. They seemed to wander aimlessly in an attempt to follow the meanderings of the Pickens Short Line. The smoke was pouring from their stacks, their ears were laid back flat, and their driving rods were snapping back and forth like elbows in a crowded street car. But somehow they didn't seem to cook up much momentum. I wasn't worried about that, as I knew the dynamite would more than atone for the lack of impact. When the engines were ten feet apart I put my fingers in my ears, for I knew what was coming.

They crashed! It was a soundless greeting, like the meeting of twin souls crossing the Styx. Instead of cotton in my ears, what I really required was an ear trumpet. Those two trains kissed without a sound, like maiden aunts. Then they ran backward a few feet and sat on their haunches like a couple of Airedales.

There was no noise except the gentle whisper of escaping steam. It seemed that those two patriarchal curios were hissing each other. The tender of 88 jumped the track, but that was the extent of the catastrophe. Old 102 was as good as new. The crowd started a community chorus of catcalls and derisive buzzers. Three special cameramen who had come on from Hollywood in the hope of getting a sensational picture of a wreck to be used as the climax of a six-reel thriller quit grinding in disgust. Then they got a happy thought and turned their cameras on me, for by this time the crowd was moving out in my direction.

They were disappointed on this wreck picture, also, for I started to go away from there. I scooted under the grand stand and met the dynamite expert, who seemed to be training for the Olympic Marathon team. We chatted pleasantly on the run. I learned that he had forgotten to connect the juice with the caps, but that it would surely explode the next time I tried it. I suggested that we go back the next day and give it a fair trial, one train to be engineered by the dynamite expert and the other to be chauffeured by Will H. Pickens, neither man to jump until after the explosion.

I ran him into Kansas City, but couldn't catch him. It was an even contest, for the crowd couldn't catch me. There were only two casualties listed. One engineer had sprained his ankle and my professional pride was shattered into bits. This was one time I didn't have to make a regrettable announcement.

OF HIM

A CHRISTMAS NOCKABOUT—the quality sport jacket all men like to own. Individually cut; shaped shoulders; double bar-tacked buttonholes; reinforced pockets; full sizes; guarantee tag in the pocket—read it, then buy with safety.

Also made in exclusive velour stripes and krinkle fabrics.

Retail up to $10.00.

At your dealer's, or write us for descriptive illustrated folder

GRUSHLAW & SICHEL
345 Broadway Dept. S New York

NOCK-A-BOUT
KNIT JACKETS

A $10 BILL
Gets a New and Improved Insurance Policy with Most Liberal Coverage for You and Your Family for a whole year. Protects up to
$10,000
No Dues or Assessments
Reliable Old line Insurance against
ACCIDENT
AND
SICKNESS
NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION
Anyone 16 to 70 Years Accepted

$10,000 Principal Sum
$10,000 Loss of Hands, Feet or Eyesight
$25 Weekly Benefit for Stated Accident or Sickness
Doctor's Bills, Hospital Benefit, Emergency Benefit and other new and liberal features to help in time of need—all clearly shown in policy

LOOK OUT! [illegible] would [illegible] appendicitis and [illegible] which are prevalent [illegible] cause serious financial loss to you [illegible] Now. Don't wait for misfortune to overtake you

MAIL THE COUPON NOW
North American Accident Insurance Company
999 Bonnell Bldg., Newark, New Jersey
Gentlemen:
At no cost to me, send details of the NEW $10 PREMIER $10,000 POLICY
Name
Address
City State

AGENTS WANTED for LOCAL TERRITORY

It's hard to go wrong!

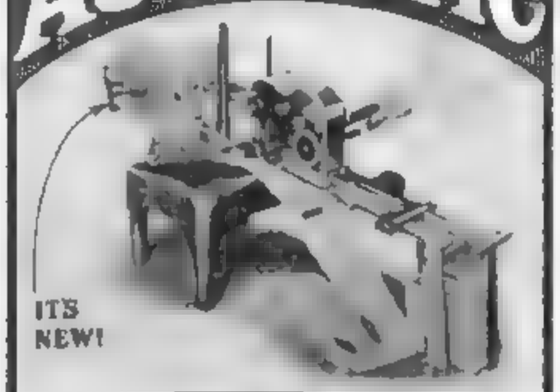
TODAY you can get a flawless, fadeless, full-fashioned Iron Clad hose—pure sheer silk to the hem—powerfully reinforced with mercerized foot and garter top—in the season's latest lovely shades—with an Iron Clad guarantee on every pair—for only $1.50!

It's hard to go wrong when you buy an exquisite, full-fashioned, sheer silk stocking with features such as these—at a price as low as this—with an absolute *guarantee* of satisfactory service—and behind it all a 50-year-old reputation such as Iron Clad's!

14,000 STORES are selling Iron Clads. If your dealer can't supply you, mail us your remittance of $1.50 a pair, with a request for style 907, and we'll mail your hose direct. State size (8 to 10½) and color (black, white, gun metal, mauve taupe, French nude, parchment, atmosphere, champagne, blonde, grain, silver grey, moonlight, skin, peachbloom, Aloma, sandust, rose blush, pearl blush, pastel parchment, flesh, pink, evenglow, Manon, light gun metal). We'll pay the postage!

COOPER, WELLS & CO.
212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Mich.

AUTOMATIC



NO more slow hand-feeding of envelopes into an addressing machine one by one!—Get a demonstration of this wonderful new popular-priced addresser.—It automatically feeds envelopes into itself as fast as you can turn the crank.

DOES A DAY'S WORK IN 5 MINUTES

Four times faster than other addressing machines of similar size and price.

For complete information and a FREE BOOK on Direct Mail Advertising, pin this ad to your business letterhead and mail to us

ELIOT ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.
148 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

Help Yourself

I will tell you how you can help yourself to big spare-time profits,—as lots of other men and women subscription representatives are doing.

Another promotion which was a success from the financial end, but from an artistic standpoint must be written in red ink on debit side of the ledger, was the Milwaukee Greater Aviation Meet, starting on Decoration Day, 1912, and lasting three days. The first day was to be good, the second day better, but the third and last day was to be the greatest gathering of aviators ever seen under one sky. For that purpose I had collected the Curtiss-Wright aviators, numbering eighteen in all—more aviators than had ever been crowded into any previous exhibitions. The great Sure-shot Kearney and Farnum Fish, the first aerial mail carrier, were among them. Among the remainder were several students with new-mown diplomas from the Pickens School of Overhead Disaster.

There was a big crowd the first day and they got a run for their money, for seven of my roughriding pilots smashed up their machines on cow barns and telegraph poles. Nobody was killed, but the accidents created a sensation. Managers of big Midwestern fairs wired me for first call on my remaining aviators and notified me they were coming to Milwaukee to sign contracts. They wouldn't arrive before the third and last day, which would be a red-letter date for gate receipts.

I started the second day with only eleven flyers, but the immense audience didn't mind, as they were lured in by the charitable hope of piping a crash. They got their wish, but my lads overdid it somewhat, as ten of them flattened their planes out in landing or trying to get up. There was every kind of flying accident that the heart could crave. And to put a bonnet on the climax, the crowd was treated to the sight of two airplanes smashing into each other while attempting to land.

The crowd was delighted, but Will H. Pickens was in the bag again. The third day of the meet was about to dawn and he was reduced to one aviator and one plane. The horde of fair managers who would arrive for the final day would see only seventeen wrecked planes and the expected crowd of 25,000 would see nothing, as my lone surviving aviator got cold feet from flying too close to an ice factory and resigned. It was a tough spot, as the reputation of the House of Pickens was at stake.

Sufferings From Sudden Ideas

The only aviation that Milwaukee would see on June 1, 1912, would be the near-by Wisconsin kids flying kites. The thing that worried me most was the loss of reputation which would result when the Midwestern fair managers got to town and found that I had nobody to fly. I went down to the taproom of the famous old Plankinton Hotel to figure out the answer in a manner made historic by more illustrious Southerners than myself. Along about the fourth or fifth tap I heard a newsboy shouting an extra in the street. I bought a paper to get a line on the scandal and found that Wilbur Wright had just died.

Twenty minutes later the same paper got out another extra stating that, out of deference to the memory of the father of aviation, there would be no flying in Milwaukee the next day. My respectful attitude was commended by all and I was able to sell contracts to the Midwestern fair officials when they arrived. They understood—or thought they did—why I had canceled the meet, and I convinced them of my flyers' ability by taking them around town and showing them the pretty pictures on the twenty-four-sheets.

It was a narrow squeak, but an outdoor promoter must do some quick thinking. Now quick thoughts are not necessarily correct. I had suffered from some sudden ideas the year before, when I went after the Hearst prize of $50,000 offered for the first airplane to fly across the country before November 10, 1911. That was too much money for Will H. Pickens to overlook and I went after it, lock, stock and barrel. I figured that the most reliable overland flyer in those baby days of aviation was Phil Parmelee, the crack flyer of the Wright Brothers' company. I entered into a contract with the Wrights on August 25, 1911, whereby I purchased two Wright pusher biplanes and secured the services of Parmelee. Then I began to ballyhoo Parmelee for the flight.

In the meantime Cal Rodgers, cousin of the late Commander John Rodgers, U. S. N., had started in a Wright pusher and had suffered several smash-ups, but might make the coast eventually if the Wright factory didn't run out of spare parts. Rodgers' flight was exceedingly grammatical, being punctuated at frequent intervals by accidental commas, unfortunate parentheses and inevitable question marks. He was in the repair shops on an average of three days out of four. While Rodgers was making this turtle tour westward there came some sensational news from Boston. Earl Ovington, who had learned to fly a Bleriot monoplane at Pau, France, had won the Boston Globe prize of $10,000 for a 150-mile cross-country race, starting from the Squantum Field, near Boston, then to Nashua, on to Worcester, to Providence and back to Squantum. He wired me, telling me that he was the man to win the transcontinental flight and that his Bleriot was far superior in speed to the Wright pusher.

By-Products of Flying

That's where my quick thinking went wrong. I switched from Parmelee to Ovington overnight and the switch plunged Will H. Pickens into plenty of grief. The flight would cost about $30,000 to finance, and I enlisted the support of Mr. McCornick, a New York banker, interested in aviation.

I chartered a train on the New York Central, consisting of three baggage cars, a hotel car and a sleeper. This train was to follow Ovington westward with two extra monoplanes stowed away in the baggage cars. The third baggage coach carried spare parts and a machine shop. The tops of the coaches were painted black with white stripes, enabling Ovington to pick the special out while he was flying at a high altitude. This special was not made up by the New York Central until I had planked $7500 down on the line. It was parked on the tracks alongside the Hudson River. Newspapermen, mechanics, chefs, waiters and surgeons were living on this train, the engineer had steam up ready to pull out at the signal and everything was ready—but Ovington.

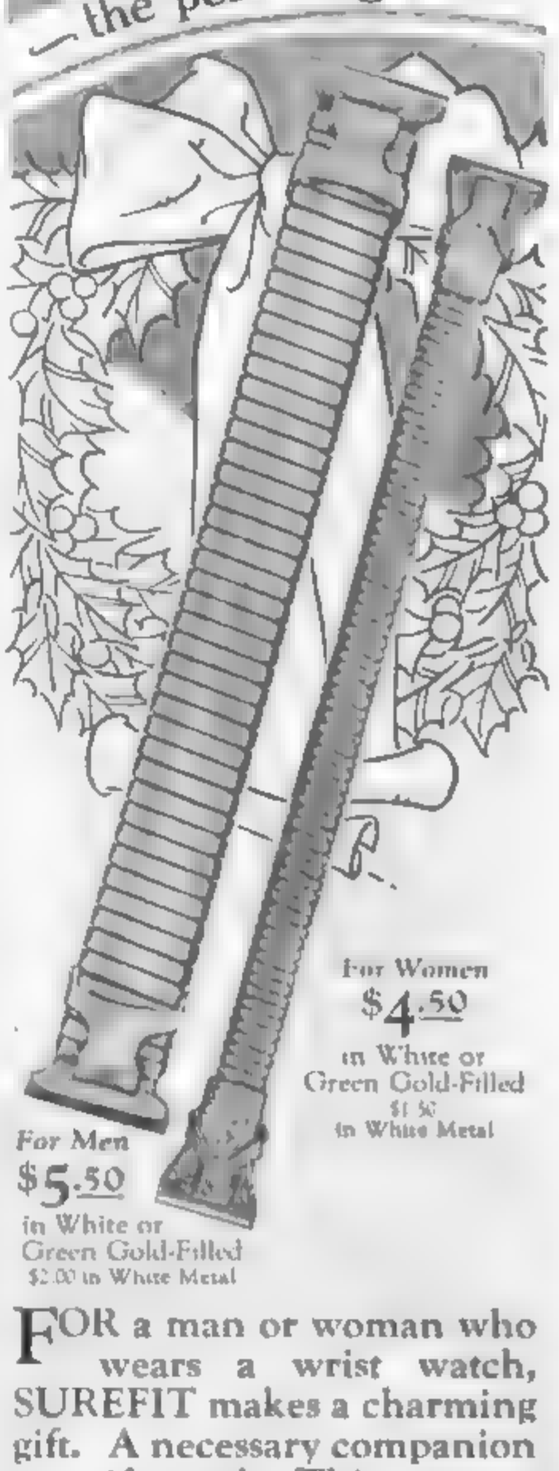
Ovington ran into some obstacle every day. It wasn't his fault, as he was anxious to get off. But every day was getting closer to the zero hour for competitors hoping to grasp the $50,000 prize, the conditions clearly stating that the start must take place before October 10, 1911. After starting, the flyer had thirty days to complete his journey, otherwise his effort was invalid.

The Bleriot was a fast machine, once it got off the ground. The delay grew exasperating, for there was big dough in sight. The Hearst prize of $50,000 was the least part of the profit. This may sound confusing to the reader who knows nothing of the by-products of promotion. By the word "by-products" I mean the money derived from hook-ups with companies supplying equipment. There were also other sources of income not generally known to the public.

The biggest money involved was that gained by the aviator's appearance in exhibitions after the successful flight. Then we got $20,000 from a big shoe manufacturer. Ovington was to deliver a pair of their shoes in every town he struck on the way. He used a certain brand of gasoline which meant a bonus for his backers. His oil, his wearing apparel and even his goggles were highly subsidized. He got $1000 for carrying a certain fountain pen. I cannot remember all the by-products, but there was $250,000 involved. Chambers of commerce in cities along the route agreed to pay from $200 to $1000 to Ovington in return for making their towns a port of call.

The SUREFIT Metal Watch Strap

—the perfect gift —



For Women
$4.50
in White or Green Gold-Filled
$1.50 in White Metal

For Men
$5.50
in White or Green Gold-Filled
$2.00 in White Metal

FOR a man or woman who wears a wrist watch, SUREFIT makes a charming gift. A necessary companion to a gift watch. This smartest of watch straps is the safest and most comfortable as well. Made of flexible metal without links or springs.

Your jeweler sells SUREFIT

Made by
Bliss Brothers Company
ATTLEBORO MASS.

JOLLY TIME POP CORN

Guaranteed to Pop

If You Can See This

You've found the way to spare-time cash. Write today. Box 1624, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST 325 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

It's Fun Now to Shave

You simply wash your face, spread MOLLÉ on with your fingers, shave once over with a keen razor (any type) and then dry your face—that's all!

And it's one jim-dandy shave—slick, quick and smooth as velvet.

All Druggists

AMCODATER

work and promoting accuracy. All-metal. Self-inking. Light and sturdy. Finished in red or green.

MAY 15 '38
JUL 30 '37
DEC 30 '30

(Slightly higher in Canada)

$2.95

Dates reproduced actual size

AMCODATER

American Numbering Machine Co., Brooklyn, N. Y

In the Xmas Stocking

Gem Clippers

Gem Jr 35c

In addition, Postmaster General Hitchcock appointed Ovington the first transcontinental mail aviator and authorized the plane to be designated United States Mail Airplane Number 1. If Ovington completed his flight he would be the Lindbergh of the year 1911. But he didn't finish. He never even started. Accidents kept popping up until the final day arrived. He must qualify on October tenth or quit. He got off the ground late in the afternoon amid great cheering from crowds on Nassau Boulevard Field on Long Island. He circled the field for about three minutes and then straightened out toward the setting sun.

Ovington made only one record in that flight. He set before the setting sun. His monoplane fluttered like a scorched moth, shook its wings wearily and decided to prove that Newton's law of gravitation was more influential than Will H. Pickens' idea of quick dough. The plane jabbed its beak into a well-kept lawn in Garden City. I rushed over in the same speedy roadster which was to have carried me to the waiting special on the New York Central tracks. One look told me that Ovington was out of the race. It was too late to assemble another plane, the time limit was almost up, and $250,000 profit was shot to pieces.

Cal Rodgers finally completed his flight, but not within the thirty-day limit. He didn't get the prize, but had the consolation of being the first man to fly across the continent. He crashed a few weeks later at Long Beach, California, and was killed.

Occasionally the wheel stops on a winning number and the promoter cashes in on a mistake. I contracted with a St. Paul newspaper to furnish aviator Laddie Laird to perform a unique stunt in broadcasting the news of the Hughes-Wilson election in November, 1916, before radio was in general use. Laird was to go aloft at ten in the evening, fire an aerial bomb to attract the attention of the populace and then ignite colored magnesium flares, red signifying that Wilson was elected and green conveying the news that Hughes was successful.

A Lucky Accident

This was an innovation and I went to St. Paul to supervise it. The sum involved was $3500 for the single flight. I was on the roof of the newspaper building with the publisher on election eve. A blinding snowstorm came up. It looked as if Laird would be unable to fly; therefore no chance of collecting the money. While I was on the roof the news came in that Hughes was elected. This information was flashed to Laird at the flying field. I also heard the news from a reporter who had climbed to the roof to consult his employer. We were about to descend, as there didn't seem a chance of Laird flying in the blizzard, when the boom of an aerial bomb caused us to jerk our heads upward. The intrepid Laird was flying somewhere overhead. When we heard the explosion, the publisher and myself shook hands in the dark and waited for Laird to break out the green flare in honor of Hughes.

The only color illuminating St. Paul that evening was red. The mechanics had made a mistake and attached the wrong color magnesium flares to the plane. The publisher was panic-stricken, as Laird's error would make him the laughingstock of the town. I realized that Laird had blown the $3500, and escaped from the building before the indignant publisher could take a punch at me.

The next day was different. They added up the election totals with another lead pencil and discovered that Mr. Wilson was the proper President. Red was the right color and the mechanics had made the correct mistake. Laird and I went into the publisher's office with our chests stuck out like bay windows to collect the money. We collected.

The huge aerial preparedness spectacle which was to feature Lincoln Beachey had not quite reached concrete form when Beachey plunged into San Francisco Bay in March, 1915. I didn't drop this scheme. Instead, I looked for another flyer to carry on the work. This man would have to be ballyhooed to the public as a superairman, as good as Beachey, a stunt flyer, courageous, but with judgment. In other words, I was selling recklessness, but I wasn't buying it. It would cost me $50,000 to build up this man, before I turned a cog in the wheel of profit. I found the man in De Lloyd Thompson, a young chap from Washington, Pennsylvania, one of America's pioneer flyers.

The War College had just installed a powerful searchlight to light up the night and protect the capital against enemy raiders. Thompson approached the officials with the idea of testing the new beacon. He was to fly over Washington at night and the War College was to endeavor to spear him with its blinding beam. This would be a good test of the light, and Thompson suggested that if the light didn't locate him, then he would simplify matters. They could hold the beam steady and he would fly through it, making everything serene and official. The offer was accepted and the date set. I placed a photographer on the roof of the Munsey Building with a camera trained on the Washington Monument.

A Sharpshooting Bomber

The War College's new all-seeing eye stabbed the heavens in a vain effort to pick out Thompson's plane, which was playing hide and seek far up in the clouds, with no intention of getting tagged. He was waiting for the theater crowds to come out on the streets. Just as they emerged, a welcome buzzing told me that Thompson was skimming down over the city. He dropped an aerial bomb that shook those happy theater crowds loose from their enjoyment. It was an echo-cracking blast which rattled all the loose teeth in the District of Columbia and caused the equestrian statues to rear up on their hind legs.

Thompson let another aerial shell loose, then another and another. The panic was on. Nobody knew what it was. The bombs kept on bursting every few seconds for fifteen minutes. It was the loudest racket ever heard over any unsuspecting town.

Only the War College knew that the noise was an airplane laying eggs in the sky, until Thompson cut on his white magnesium flares directly over the Washington Monument. With the magnesium flares trailing him like blazing ostrich feathers, he looped a series of fantastic convolutions in the sky, spun a web of sparks around the monument and ricocheted through the clouds like a crazy comet trying to escape from its own red-hot tail. Then he blacked out just as suddenly.

He left a bewildered District of Columbia in his wake. The city was shaken to its hubs, not knowing why, how or what it was all about. On Saturday evening, April 15, 1916, an American city was first raided by a bomb-carrying airplane.

When early risers went to their doors to collect the milk the next morning they found one of the bombs on their doorsteps. Venomous black fuses protruded from these bombs, which were paper bags stuffed with excelsior. On each bomb was printed:

THIS "BOMB" IS HARMLESS
SUPPOSE IT HAD CONTAINED NITROGLYCERIN AND WAS HURLED BY THE ENEMY INSTEAD
OF BY
DE LLOYD THOMPSON
WHO FLIES THE AMERICAN FLAG
WAKE UP AND PREPARE!

It was the general impression that Thompson, by careful sharpshooting, had managed to drop these excelsior missiles on every doorstep. Instead, they had been placed there by Will H. Pickens, who canvassed Washington that night in a fast motor car. They were dropped on the front lawns of the consulates and tossed over porch railings in the exclusive residential

(Continued on Page 190)

Guaranteed Genuine Leather 98¢

23-Karat Gold Name Engraved Absolutely FREE

(City 30c Street No. 30c, Fraternal Emblems 40c Extra.)

Send No Money

Don't send us a penny in advance! Just send your ... you wish ...

U. S. Leather Goods Co., 564 W. Monroe St., Dept. Post, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Genuine Leather ... Bill Fold ... I am not more than satisfied I will return the ... book and you will return my money, including ...

Name ...

St. No. ... ☐ 30c extra

City ... State ... ☐ 30c extra

Initials ... ☐ 40c extra

Be sure to check engraving you wish in addition ...

Cash! Cash! Cash!

Lots of it!

Deduct your own big commissions. Added bonus paid to real workers. Additional profits possible. Working equipment supplied. No investment required. Experience unnecessary. Find out today about selling some of your spare time. You win if you like our plan. If you don't, you lose only a postage stamp! Take the chance.

Mail This Coupon Now

Box 1624, c/o The Saturday Evening Post
315 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mail me your offer. I'll look it over.

Name ...

Street ...

City ...

State ... *Age* ...

CALLOUSES

Quick, safe relief for callouses and burning on bottom of feet.

At all drug and shoe stores—35c

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

LAW STUDY AT HOME. Become a lawyer. Be independent. Earn $5,000 to $10,000 annually. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 108 page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW. LaSalle Extension University Dept. 1271-L, Chicago. The World's Largest Business Training Institution.

Your hands will *still* be warm at the end of the *coldest* drive

Ten above or ten below—don't worry about the weather. Just slip your hands into a pair of *Parkway* or *Biltmore* motor gloves and you're all set for a comfortable drive.

The Parkway and *The Biltmore* have every essential of perfect motor gloves. Made of fine imported cape leather or horse hide, in the season's favored shades. They're lined with Nature's best protection from cold winter blasts—soft, warm Lamb's Wool or Fur. Sturdy and durable, roomy and well proportioned without bulk. Their characteristic free and easy fit prevents cramped and chilly fingers.

If you want to make cold weather driving a pleasure, just ask your nearest dealer for *The Parkway* or *The Biltmore*. More than fifteen thousand leading merchants in all parts of the country are now showing Osborn Gloves—at prices anyone can afford.

As Christmas gifts, Osborn Gloves are always appreciated.

C. D. OSBORN COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The BOULEVARD
knit lined
$4

A smart, knit lined dress glove that's really warm. "Silvertone" or brightly colored "Polar Plaid" lining

The GENTLEMAN
Unlined $3.50
silk lined $4.00

A smart dress glove for mild weather or formal wear

Osborn Gloves

25 Clear Days in JANUARY — Average Temperature 50°

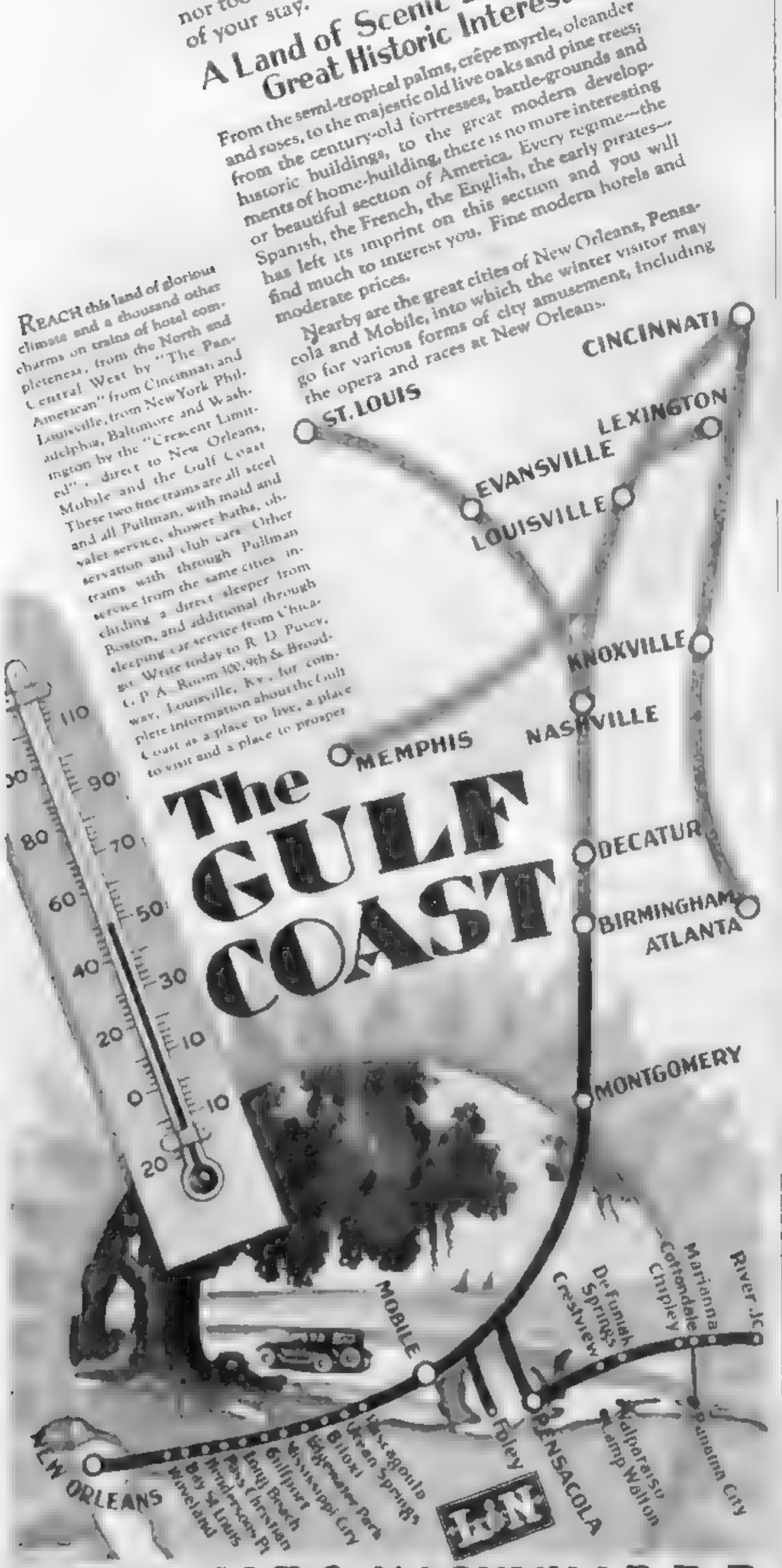
That's last January's record on the Gulf Coast. Just cool enough to enjoy outdoor sports, and just enough rain to keep vegetation green, golf courses in shape, and to vary the monotony of a never-changing climate. Snow and ice are unknown at this great winter playground, and it is neither too hot nor too cold for you to enjoy every minute of your stay.

A Land of Scenic Beauty and Great Historic Interest

From the semi-tropical palms, crêpe myrtle, oleander and roses, to the majestic old live oaks and pine trees; from the century-old fortresses, battle-grounds and historic buildings, to the great modern developments of home-building, there is no more interesting or beautiful section of America. Every regime—the Spanish, the French, the English, the early pirates—has left its imprint on this section and you will find much to interest you. Fine modern hotels and moderate prices.

Nearby are the great cities of New Orleans, Pensacola and Mobile, into which the winter visitor may go for various forms of city amusement, including the opera and races at New Orleans.

REACH this land of glorious climate and a thousand other charms on trains of hotel completeness, from the North and Central West by "The Panamerican" from Cincinnati and Louisville, from New York Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington by the "Crescent Limited", direct to New Orleans, Mobile and the Gulf Coast. These two fine trains are all steel and all Pullman, with maid and valet service, shower baths, observation and club cars. Other trains with through Pullman service from the same cities including a direct sleeper from Boston, and additional through sleeping car service from Chicago. Write today to R. D. Pusey, G. P. A., Room 400, 9th & Broadway, Louisville, Ky., for complete information about the Gulf Coast as a place to live, a place to visit and a place to prosper.



The GULF COAST

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R.R.

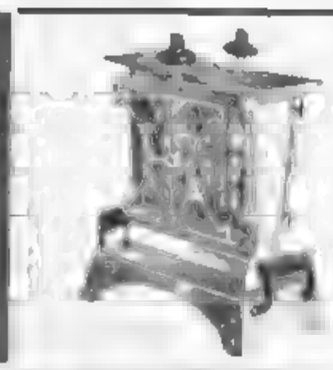
Index of Advertisers

December 10, 1927

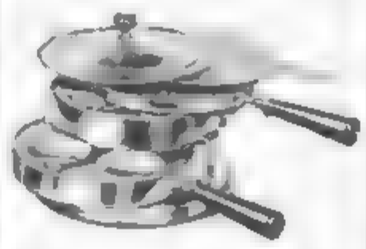
	PAGE
Aero-Jack	180
Allen-A Company, The	59
Allen & Co., Inc., S. L.	170
American Chain Company	138
American Numbering Machine Co.	186
American Pop Corn Company	185
American Pulley Co., The	48
Amity Leather Products Co.	190
Amrad Corporation, The	157
Ansonia Clock Company	148
Arnold Shoe Co., M. N.	158
Bell & Howell Co.	104
Berkey & Gay Furniture Company	116, 117, 118, 119
Bird & Son, inc	109
Bliss Brothers Company	185
Bohn Aluminum & Brass Corporation	144
Boott Mills	181
Brown & Sharpe Mfg. Company	133
Bunte Brothers	130
Bussmann Mfg. Co.	169
Buxton, Inc.	123
Campbell Soup Company	33
Carter's Ink Co., The	86
Celotex Company, The	55
Chandler-Cleveland Motors Corporation	67
Check-Neal Coffee Company	89
Chicago Flexible Shaft Company	152, 153
Chicago Solder Company	155
Chrysler Sales Corporation	128, 129
Clark & Co., Inc., W. G.	183
Clayton & Lambert Mfg. Co.	168
Collins & Aikman Corporation	35
Columbia Phonograph Company	100, 101
Columbus McKinnon Chain Co., The	165
Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Co.	136
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	44
Conklin Pen Company, The	88
Consolidated Shingle Mills of British Columbia Ltd., The	164
Continental Motors Corporation	92, 93
Cook Co., The H. C.	186
Cooper, Wells & Co.	185
Corbin, P. & F.	72
Crofut & Knapp Company, The	51
Crossett Co., Lewis A.	182
Daisy Manufacturing Company	176
Detroit-Leland Hotel	139
Ditto Incorporated	177
Dodge Brothers, Inc.	149
Douglass Company, The	166
Eagle Knitting Mills	177
Eastman Kodak Company	81
Edison Electric Appliance Co., Inc.	76, 77
Edison, Inc., Thomas A.	147
Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.	94
Elliott Addressing Machine Co.	185
Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.	140, 141
Farber, Inc., S. W.	71
Fitzgerald Mfg. Co.	189
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	174
Ford Motor Company	65
Fox Gun Co., A. H.	103
French Battery Company	115
General Electric Company	47
General Tire & Rubber Co., The	62
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	46
Great Northern Hotel, Chicago	63
Grushlaw & Sichel	184
Guest Neckwear Co., Inc.	178
Hart Schaffner & Marx	2
Hickok Manufacturing Co., Inc.	124, 125
Holeproof Hosiery Company	1
Holt Co., Edward	184
Hoover Company, The	134, 135
Hudson Motor Car Company	60, 61
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	53
Hutto Engineering Company Inc.	162
Ingersoll Watch Co., Inc.	160, 161
Jevne Co., H.	182
Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, Iver	107
Johnson & Son, S. C.	111
Johnston Company, Robert A.	192
Karpen & Bros., S.	156
King-Seeley Corporation	122
Kokomo Electric Company, The	174
LaSalle Extension University	185
Lehn & Fink, Inc.	57
Libbey-Owens Sheet Glass Company, The	175
Lincoln Logs	110
Long-Bell Lumber Company, The	64
Louisville & Nashville R. R.	188
Mabie Todd & Co.	150
Marchant Calculating Machine Company	142
Marland Refining Company	143
Mason Tire & Rubber Company	99
Meccano Company, Inc.	172
Miller Rubber Company, The	70
Montague Rod & Reel Company	181
Moorhead Knitting Co., Inc.	113
Nash Motors Co.	87
National Carbon Company, Inc.	40
National Confectioners' Association and Allied Industries	132
National Jewelers Publicity Ass'n	159
New Jersey Zinc Company, The	162
Noma Electric Corporation	179
North American Accident Insurance Company	184
North Bros. Mfg. Co.	120
Oh Henry!	45
Ollendorff Co., Inc., I.	112
Osborn Company, C. D.	187
Packard Motor Car Co.	82
Parker Brothers, Inc.	127
Peckham-Foreman, Inc.	191
Perfect Circle Company, The	91
Phillips Chemical Company, The Charles H.	176
Phillips-Jones	137
Pinaud Incorporated, Ed.	181
Planters Nut & Chocolate Company	182
Pratt & Lambert-Inc.	75
Propp, M.	182
Pryde Wynn Co.	186
Quaker Oats Company, The	II Cover
Radio Corporation of America	68, 69
Raytheon Manufacturing Company	80
Reed & Barton	171
Reo Motor Car Co., The	56
Reynolds Tobacco Company, R. J.	42
Rogers & Son, Wm.	III Cover
Scholl Mfg. Co., The	186
Sikes Company	98
Simmons Co., R. F.	145
Simoniz Co., The	85
Sinclair Refining Company, Inc.	78
Smith Shoe Company, J. P.	131
Sparks-Withington Company, The	167
Splitdorf Radio Corporation	151
Stearns & Company, Frederick	126
Steinway & Sons	84, 85
Superba Cravats	108
Swift & Company	37
Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation	50
Timken Roller Bearing Co., The	49
Tower Manufacturing Corp.	184
Trico Products Corporation	146
United States Gauge Co.	79
Universal Pictures	43
Upson Company, The	154
USL Battery Corporation	54
U. S. Leather Goods Co.	186
U. S. Playing Card Co., The	52
Vacuum Oil Company	39
Valentine & Company	109
Varsity Underwear Co.	105
Victor Talking Machine Co.	IV Cover
Willard Storage Battery Company	73
Williams Co., The J. B.	121
Willys-Overland, Inc.	90, 97
Zenith Radio Corporation	163

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

The famous STAR-Rite Reversible Toaster $4.50; in Canada $5.00.



Compact Electric Grill, cooks a complete meal, nickel finish, $5.95; in Canada $7.75.



The "Ambassador" 9-Cup Percolator with creamer and sugar set and tray, $21.50; in Canada $24.00.

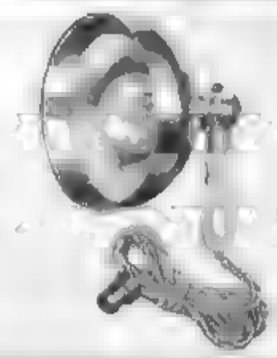
Hair Dryer, delivers hot or cold air as desired, $9.00; in Canada $12.00.

The "Aristocrat" Heating Pad, soft, heavy wool, [illegible] $10.00; in Canada $12.50.

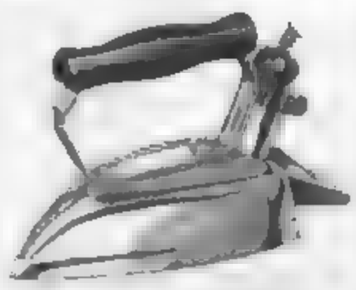
Model B Curler, Circassian walnut [illegible] $4.00.

"Lightning" Waffle Iron, [illegible] aluminum grids, $10.00

Vim-Ray, a convenient home therapeutic lamp, $6.50; in Canada $7.75.



The Original STAR-Rite Waffle Iron, rustproof, $9.00; in Canada $12.00.



6-Lb. Electric Iron, perfectly balanced and shaped to make ironing ea[illegible] $9.95; in Canada $3.00.

Model A Master Waver, finished in Circassian walnut, $5.50; in Canada $4.50.

Model A Curler and comb—Circassian walnut or ivory finish, 2-piece swivel handle, curler $3.50, comb $1.00; in Canada $4.00 [illegible]

Lightning Waver and Curler, complete $4.50; Curler $3.00; in Canada $3.95; Waver $1.50; in Canada $2.00

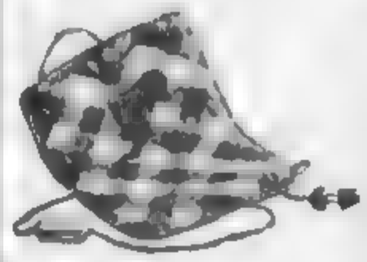
Lasting Gifts for your Christmas List

STAR-Rite

ELECTRICAL NECESSITIES

FITZGERALD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, TORRINGTON, CONN.
CANADIAN FITZGERALD COMPANY, 95 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

Makers of Never-Leak Automotive Gaskets

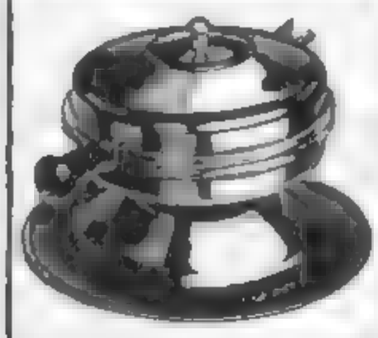


Heating Pads in plaid—blue and cream, dark brown and tan, pearl gray and crimson, $7.50; in Canada $9.00.

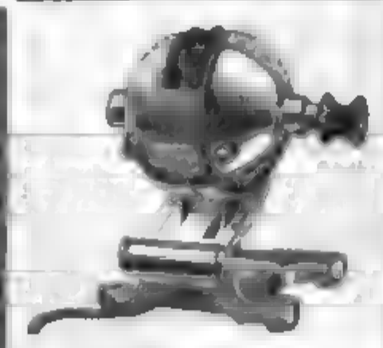
Junior Curler, finished in blue [illegible] and pink, $1.16; in Canada $1.50. Rosewood 96¢; in Canada $1.[illegible]

Junior Master Waver, finished in polished rosewood, $2.00; in Canada $2.[illegible]

Model C Heater, 14-inch polished copper reflector, $6.50; in Canada $6.95.

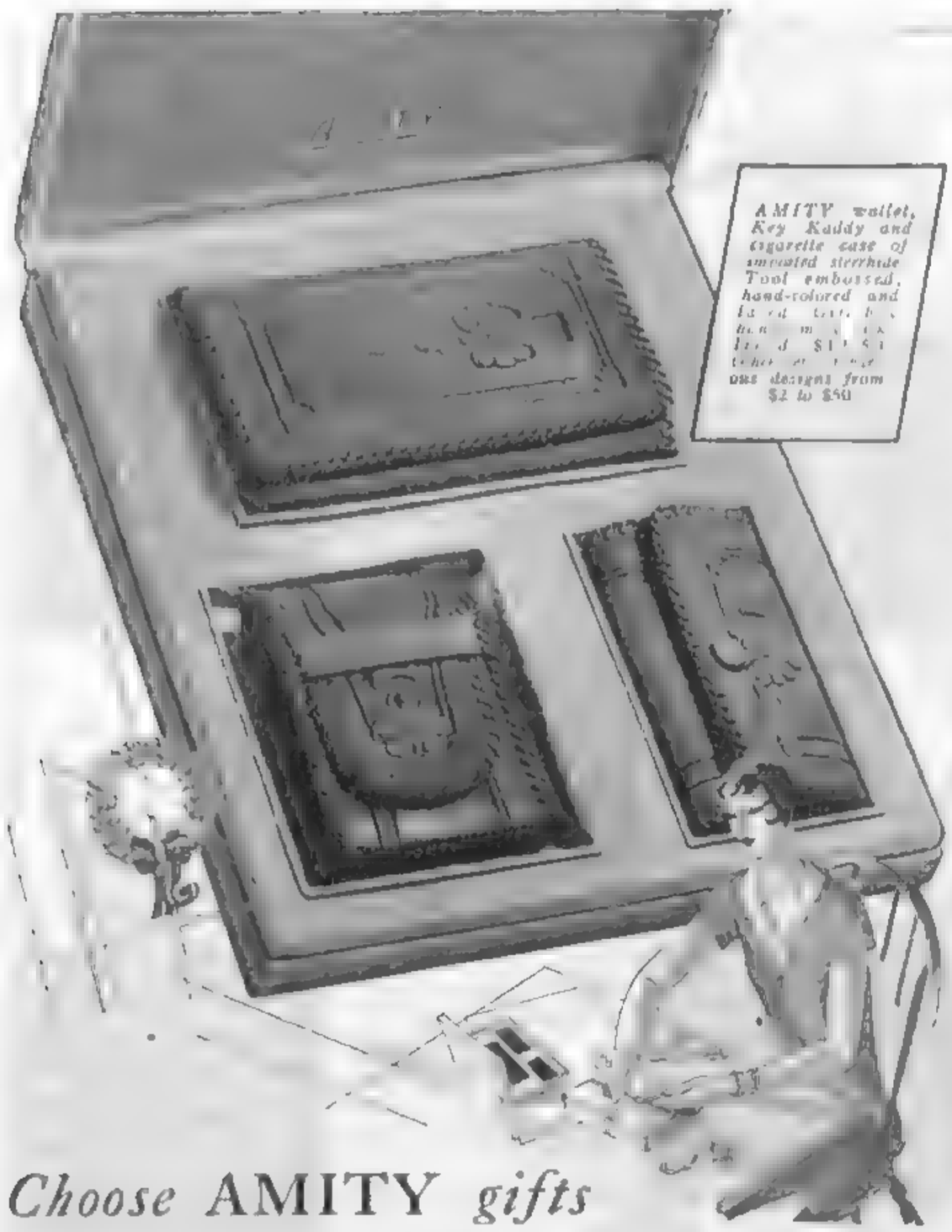


Junior Waffle Iron, for dainty, individual waffles, $3.95; in Canada $4.95.



[illegible] for a hundred uses, $20.00; in Canada $23.00.

Model A [illegible] Pad, two thermostatic single heat, $5.00; in Canada $6.25.



Choose AMITY *gifts —matched sets of durable, luxurious leather*

CHRISTMAS gifts are fun to give—but they're a problem. For women they should be smart. For men they should be sturdy. For both they should be friendly—and lasting as friendship itself.

That is why you should choose Amity Christmas gifts this year. Made of only the most perfect leathers obtainable, they come in matched sets. Some plain, some trimmed with gold, others richly tooled and hand-laced.

Amity gifts have a quality of richness that delights you from the very beginning. As time goes on the leather softens—mellows—and they become one of the most precious possessions of their owners.

For men you can buy wallets, billfolds, Key Kaddies and cigarette cases, while there are smart hand-bags for women. They come in silk-lined gift boxes, and make Christmas gifts you will be as proud to give as you would be happy to receive.

There is an Amity display at your dealer's. Or write us for our booklet No. 4. Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wisconsin.

if stamped AMITY *it's leather*

(Continued from Page 186

district. Washington was rather dizzy the next morning, but had a comprehensive idea of what a hostile aviator could do to a city during the night. It delighted Army and Navy officials, who were plugging for preparedness, and happened at the right moment. The Army gave Thompson the use of the Governor's Island flying field as a base for a night-bombing raid over New York. It was a front-page story all over the country and editorial writers added red and white pencils to their blue ones. It was a big boost for preparedness and Thompson's name became a household word. We raided New York and Chicago in quick succession and rolled back East with enthusiasm, gathering compound interest by the minute.

The time had arrived for Will H. Pickens to cash in on the publicity. The ballyhoo was over and profits depended on quick actions. The nut, which is outdoor showmen's patois for overhead expense, was terrific. I had arranged to show the preparedness spectacle from coast to coast, a corps of press agents were working in twenty different cities, crews were hanging up twenty-four-sheets on every flat space where paste would stick, and the initial expenses had swelled to more than $50,000. The first show was planned to take place at the mammoth Sheepshead Bay Speedway on May 5,1916, only three weeks after the Washington raid. We figured to play to 100,000 spectators at each performance, for patriotism was hotter than iron on the anvil. Two days before the grand opening I was awaiting the arrival of Thompson from Mineola, Long Island. Picking up a New York paper I read of the crash of an aviator by the name of Blakely, whom I knew slightly. He didn't interest me, for my life was bound up in Thompson. Then I read that Blakely's passenger also had been seriously injured. The passenger was De Lloyd Thompson.

I went to the hospital to see him and found that he had just gone up to oblige a friend. His ankle was crushed, his arm was broken, he was internally injured, but he wasn't half so badly hurt as my feelings. The Sheepshead Bay carnival was postponed indefinitely, for Thompson was in the hospital for months. All of which proves that you shouldn't count your eggs until your omelet is scorched.

A joy ride in a pal's plane had flattened the greatest and most successful ballyhoo ever staged in the world. In my judgment there never was a publicity stunt in the annals of science and sheer impudence like De Lloyd Thompson's raid on Washington.

The carrying power of that raid is illustrated by the fact that the preparedness spectacle didn't get into swing until four months later. Then Thompson staged the first one in Boston and we swung a successful trip through the West. My bunged-up star was on crutches for a year, but flying inside of four months.

His injuries kept him out of the war. He did his share by teaching others to fly, and it was in De Lloyd's plane that Eddie Rickenbacker, the future American ace, had his first flight.

The reverses I have spoken about in this article indicate there is no such thing as winning without losing. The promoter who gambles for big dough must be ready to shake off his bad breaks and start all over again.

Everybody must take the good with the bad. My advice is not to mix them.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr Pickens. The fifth will appear in the issue of December 24th.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

December 10, 1927

Cover Design by Haskell Coffin

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
The Harvard Square Student—*J. P. Marquand*	8
Story By ——*—Frank Condon*	12
Up for Glory—*Richard Howells Watkins*	14
Gun-Shy—*Charles Francis Coe*	18
Uncle Helps Out—*Kennett Harris*	20
Counterbalance—*A. W. Somerville*	24
The Van Landingham Diamond—*Richard Connell*	26

ARTICLES

The American Book of Wonder—*Garet Garrett*	3
Hardships of New Mexico—*Kenneth L. Roberts*	10
What Can a City Afford?—*Albert W. Atwood*	16
American Travels of a Gem Collector—*Dr. George Kunz*	22
Accelerating Sentiment—*William Hickman Pickens*	28
European Trade Barriers—*Alfred Pearce Dennis*	31

SERIALS

The Stranger at the Feast (In six parts)—*George Agnew Chamberlain*	6
The River (Conclusion)—*Tristram Tupper*	34

MISCELLANY

Editorials	30
Short Turns and Encores	32

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Between you and Gift-hunting
They hold their shape
"travelo"
knit jackets & vests for men & boys
PECKHAM-FOREMAN, INC.,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
The greatest value you can buy at less than the cost of a "travelo"
Lido
KNIT JACKETS

© 1927

All of the Johnston favourite boxes are dressed in special holiday wrappings—gay with the Christmas spirit

Advice to a Young Man with a Christmas List

THE turmoil of last-minute Christmas shopping! The frantic selection of presents—then the doubts—wonder if you selected the right thing for the right person. Not so the wise young man whose unerring judgment and good taste prompt him to send Johnston's. . . . His Christmas shopping is simple. And his is the satisfaction of knowing that each recipient, besides appreciating his gift, is impressed by his thoughtfulness in selecting candy that she prefers.

Johnston's

CHOCOLATES

You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better-class stores in your neighbourhood

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

STAINLESS STEEL STEAK CARVERS
in lined gift box. Illustrated in Mayfair Pattern.
$3.75 per set

COLD MEAT FORK
in lined gift box. Illustrated in Mayfair Pattern.
$1.25 each

BUTTER SPREADERS
a half dozen in a lined gift box. Illustrated in Mayfair Pattern.
$4.40 per set of 6

Mayfair Pattern
Tea Spoon
$3.50 per dozen

For Christmas and for always

There is a sentiment that includes the giver in the gift, and a lasting quality of delight to enrich the years, in Wm. Rogers & Son fine silverplate. Beauty and usefulness, at little cost, for Christmas and for always.

THE CASE OF PLENTY
(illustrated above) is complete service for 8 covers with all the useful serving pieces as well—86 pieces in all—with stainless steel knives $74.50
Triumph Pattern shown

"PIECES OF 8"
set in a glass bottom serving tray. 8 tea spoons, 8 table spoons, 8 medium forks, 8 medium knives, 1 butter knife, 1 sugar shell, 34 pieces in all for $20.25
26-piece set with tray $16.00
Triumph Pattern shown

The gifts illustrated can be supplied by your dealer in Triumph, Mayfair and La France Patterns

WM. ROGERS & SON
SILVERPLATE

Quality guaranteed by

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

FLAT SERVER
in lined gift box. Illustrated in Triumph Pattern.
$2.40 each

GRAVY LADLE
in lined gift box. Illustrated in Triumph Pattern.
$1.50 each

INDIVIDUAL SALAD FORKS
a half dozen in a lined gift box. Illustrated in Triumph Pattern.
$4.80 per set of 6

Triumph Pattern
Tea Spoon
$3.50 per dozen

Music, the Imperishable Gift

Melodies that sing in the memory . . . that burn their beauty into the consciousness . . . these are joys for all time. The gift of Music is not for a day or a year — it is imperishable, priceless. The Victor instruments shown on this page are representative of a comprehensive line that meets every requirement, from modest bungalow to stately mansion. There is no finer expression of music to be had. See the nearest Victor dealer and make your selection (and reservation!) now.

List price **$1550**

Number Nine-fifty-five. The Automatic Electrola-Radiola. The very last word in music for the home. Electrola, eight-tube Radiola, and Automatic record-changer.

List price **$385**

Number Seven-twenty-five. Orthophonic Victrola combined with Radiola six-tube tuned radio-frequency receiver. Just plug into any nearby electric-light socket.

List price **$1100**

Number Ten-seventy. The Automatic Electrola. Changes its own records. Volume may be regulated to suit any size room. Operates from electric-light socket.

List price **$235**

Number Eight-twelve. The Orthophonic Victrola in a cabinet of new and striking design. Adapts itself admirably to any modern scheme of home-decoration.

In the great Victor line, you will find the instrument you want at the price you can afford. Insist on

Victor

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY
CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

List price **$300**

Number Eight-thirty, the famous Credenza model. Very popular. The Orthophonic Victrola in its highest development. Reproduces all tones with uncanny fidelity.

List price **$165**

Number Four-forty. Console-type Orthophonic Victrola in classical design. A very popular model. Equipped with electric motor, $200, list price.

List price **$95**

Number Four-three. A smaller but very desirable Orthophonic Victrola. Its low price is no indication of its volume or the character of its musical reproduction.

List price **$600**

Number Ten-fifty. The Automatic Orthophonic Victrola. Changes its own records. Plays an hour's continuous program. Ideal for music at dinner, bridge, etc.